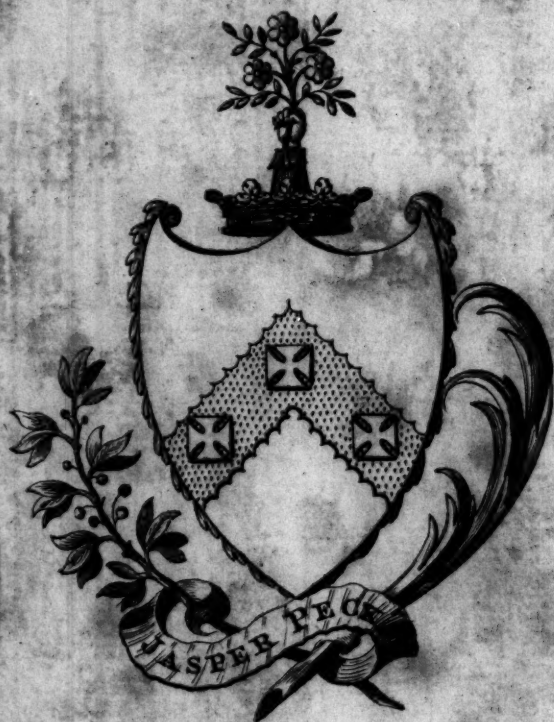
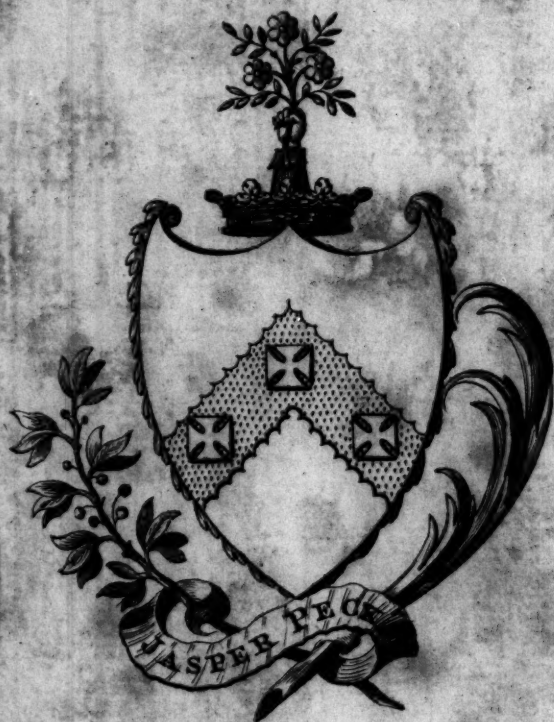






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O F T H E
S E C O N D V O L U M E.

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believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my vanity or concealing happiness.

I was soon addressed by many lovers, from among whom I selected Elfrida, the elder brother of a good family, whose parental estate was something more than equivalent to my fortune.

THE

Narrative Companion:

ENTERTAINING MORALIST.

XXXIII. The Danger of assuming the Appearance of Evil.

STORY OF DESDEMONA, ADVENTURER, NUMB. 117.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

I WILL not anticipate the subject of this letter, by relating the motives from which I have written it; nor shall I expect it to be published, if, when you have read it, you do not think that it contains more than one topic of instruction.

My mother has been dead so long that I do not remember her; and when I was in my eighteenth year, I was left an orphan with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at my own disposal. I have often been told, that I am handsome; and I have some reasons to

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believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my vanity or conferring happiness.

I was soon addressed by many lovers, from among whom I selected Hilario, the elder brother of a good family, whose paternal estate was something more than equivalent to my fortune.

Hilario was universally admired as a man of sense; and to confess the truth, not much less as a man of pleasure. His character appeared to rise in proportion as it was thought to endanger those about him; he derived new dignity, not only from the silence of the men, but the blushes of the ladies; and those, whose wit or virtue did not suffer by the admission of such a guest, were honoured as persons who could treat upon equal terms with a hero, who was become formidable by the number of his conquests: his company, therefore, was courted by all whom their fears did not restrain; the rest considered him as moving in a sphere above them, and, in proportion as they were able to imitate him, they became vicious and petulant in their own circle.

I was myself captivated with his manner and conversation; I hoped that upon Understanding I should be able to ingraft Virtue; I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my friends, and after a few months courtship I became his wife.

During a short time all my expectations were gratified, and I exulted in my choice. Hilario was at once tender and polite; present pleasures were heightened by the anticipation of future; my imagination was perpetually wandering among the scenes of poetry and romance; I appropriated every luxurious description of happy lovers; and believed, that whatever time should take from desire, would be added to complacency; and that in old age we should only exchange the tumultuous ecstasy of love, for the calm rational and exalted delights of friendship, which every year would

would increase by new reciprocations of kindness, more tried fidelity, and implicit confidence.

But from this pleasing dream it was not long before I awaked. Although it was the whole study of my life to unite my pleasures with those of Hilario, to regulate my conduct by his will, and thus prolong the felicity which was reflected from his bosom to mine; yet his visits abroad in which I was not a party became more frequent, and his general behaviour less kind. I perceived that when we were alone his mind was often absent, and that my prattle became irksome; my assiduities to recover his attention, and excite him to cheerfulness, were sometimes suffered with a cold civility, sometimes wholly neglected, and sometimes peevishly repressed as ill-timed officiousness by which he was rather disturbed than obliged. I was, indeed, at length convinced, with whatever reluctance, that neither my person nor my mind had any charm that could stand in competition with variety; and though, as I remember, I never even with my looks upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myself, and spent those hours in which I was forsaken by Hilario in solitude and care.

But my distress still increased, and one injury made way for another. Hilario, almost as soon as he ceased to be kind, became jealous; he knew that disappointed wishes, and the resentment which they produce, concur to render beauty less solicitous to avoid temptation, and less able to resist it; and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but discover, he thought he had greater reason to suspect that I made reprisals: thus his sagacity multiplied his vices, and my virtue defeated its own purpose.

Some maxims, however, which I had gathered from novels and plays, were still uppermost in my mind. I reflected often upon the arts of Amanda, and the persevering tenderness and discretion of Lady Easy; and I believed, as I had been taught by the sequel of

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every story, that they could not be practised without success, but against sordid stupidity and obdurate ill nature; against the Brutes and the Sullens, whom, on the contrary, it was scarce a crime to punish, by admitting a rake of parts to pleasures of which they were unworthy.

From such maxims, and such examples, I therefore derived some hope. I wished earnestly to detect Hilario in his infidelity; that in the moment of conviction I might rouse his sensibility of my wrongs, and exalt his opinion of my merit; that I might cover him with confusion, melt him with tenderness, and double his obligations by generosity.

The opportunity for which I had so often wished, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned by accident one morning, that he intended to go in the evening to a masquerade; and I immediately conceived a design to discover his dress, and follow him to the theatre; to single him out, make some advances, and if possible bring on an assignation, where in the ardour of his first address I might strike him with astonishment by taking off my mask, reprove him without reproach, and forgive him without parade, mingling with the soft distress of violated affection the calm dignity of injured virtue.

My imagination was fired with these images, which I was impatient to realize. My pride, which had hitherto sustained me above complaint, and thrown a veil of cheerfulness over my distress, would not suffer me to employ an assistant in the project I had undertaken; because this could not be done without revealing my suspicions, and confiding my peace to the breast of another by whose malice or caprice it might be destroyed, and to whom I should, therefore, be brought into the most slavish subjection, without insuring the secrecy of which my dependance would be the price. I therefore resolved, at whatever risque of disappointment or detection, to trace him to the warehouse

house where his habit was to be hired, and discover that which he should chuse myself.

He had ordered his chariot at eleven: I, therefore, wrapped myself up in an undress, and sat alone in my room till I saw him drive from the door. I then came down, and as soon as he had turned into St. James's Street, which was not more than twenty yards, I went after him, and meeting with a hackney coach at the end of the street, I got hastily into it, and ordered the driver to follow the chariot at some distance, and to stop when it stopped.

I pulled up both the windows; and after half an hour spent in the most tormenting suspense and anxiety, it stopped at the end of Tavistock Street. I looked hastily out of the window, hiding my face with my handkerchief, and saw Hilario alight at the distance of about forty yards, and go into a warehouse of which I could easily distinguish the sign. I waited till he came out, and as soon as the chariot was out of sight, I discharged the coach, and going immediately to the warehouse that Hilario had left, I pretended to want a habit for myself. I saw many lying upon the counter, which I supposed had been brought out for Hilario's choice; about these, therefore, I was very inquisitive, and took particular notice of a very rich Turkish dress, which one of the servants took up to put away. When I saw he was about to remove it, I asked hastily whether it was hired, and learned with unspeakable satisfaction, that it had been chosen by the gentleman who was just gone. Thus far I succeeded to the utmost of my hopes, not only by discovering Hilario's dress, but by his choice of one so very remarkable; for if he had chosen a domino, my scheme would have been rendered impracticable, because in a domino I could not certainly have distinguished him from others.

As I had now gained the intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the shop; which it was not

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difficult to do, as it was just filled with ladies from two coaches, and the people were in a hurry to accommodate them. My dress did not attract much notice, nor promise much advantage; I was, therefore, willingly suffered to depart, upon slightly leaving word that I would call again.

When I got into the street, I considered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a habit, where Hilario would either come to dress, or send for that which he had hired for himself: I, therefore, took another coach at the end of Southampton Street, and went to a shop near the Hay-market, where I had before purchased a capuchin and some other trifles, and where I knew habits were to be hired, though not in so public a manner as at other places.

I now returned home; and such was the joy and expectation which my success inspired, that I had forgot I had succeeded only in an attempt, for which I could find neither motive nor apology but in my wretchedness.

During the interval between my return and the time when the doors of the theatre were to be opened, I suffered the utmost inquietude and impatience. I looked every moment at my watch, could scarce believe that it did not by some accident go too slow, and was continually listening to discover whether it had not stopped: but the lingering hour at length arrived; and though I was among the first that entered, yet it was not long before I singled out my victim, and found means to attract his regard.

I had, when I was at school, learned a way of expressing the alphabet with my fingers, which I have since discovered to be more generally known than at that time I imagined. Hilario, during his courtship, had once observed me using it to a lady who had been my school-fellow, and would never let me rest till I had taught it him. In this manner I saw my Turk conversing with a Nun, from whom he suddenly turned
with

with an appearance of vexation and disappointment. I thought this a favourable opportunity to accost him; and, therefore, as he passed by me, I pulled him gently by the sleeve, and spelt with my fingers the words "I understand." At first I was afraid of being discovered by shewing my art; but I reflected, that it would effectually secure me from being discovered by my voice, which I considered as the more formidable danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleased; and after a very short conversation, which he seemed to make a point of continuing in the manner I had begun, an assignation was made, in consequence of which we proceeded in chairs to a bagnio near Covent-Garden. During this journey my mind was in great agitation; and it is difficult to determine, whether pleasure or pain was predominant. I did not, however, fail to anticipate my triumph in the confusion of Hilario; I conceived the manner and the terms in which I would address him, and exulted in the superiority which I should acquire by this opposition of his character to mine.



STORY of DESDEMONA concluded. ADVENTURER,
NUMB. 118.

HE was ready to receive me when my chair was brought into the entry, and giving me his hand led me hastily up stairs. As soon as we entered the room he shut the door, and taking off his mask, run to me with the utmost impatience to take off mine. This was the important moment; but, at this moment I discovered, with inexpressible astonishment and terror, that the person with whom I was alone in a brothel, was not Hilario, but Caprinus, a wretch whom I well remembered to have seen among the rakes that he frequently brought to his table.

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At this sight, so unexpected and so dreadful, I shrieked aloud, and threw myself from him into an easy chair that stood by the bedside. Caprinus, probably believing I had fainted, hastily tore away my mask to give me air. At the first view of my face, he started back, and gazed at me with the same wonder that had fixed my eyes upon him. But our amazement was the next moment increased; for Hilario, who had succeeded in his intrigue, with whatever lady, happened to be in the next room, and either alarmed by the voice of distress, or knowing it to be mine, rushed in at the door which flew open before him; but, at the next step, stood fixed in the same stupor of astonishment which had seized us. After a moment's recollection, he came up to me, and, dragging me to the candle, gazed stedfastly in my face with a look so frightful as never to be forgotten; it was the pale countenance of rage, which contempt had distorted with a smile; his lips quivered, and he told me, in a voice scarce articulate, that "though I might well be
"frighted at having stumbled upon an acquaintance
"whom I doubted whether I could trust, yet I should
"not have screamed so loud." After this insult, he quitted me with as much negligence as he could assume; and bowing obsequiously to Caprinus, told him, "he would leave me to his care." Caprinus had not sufficient presence of mind to reply; nor had I power to make any attempt, either to pacify or retain Hilario.

When he was gone I burst into tears, but was still unable to speak. From this agony Caprinus laboured to relieve me; and I began to hope, that he sincerely participated my distress: Caprinus, however, soon appeared to be chiefly solicitous to improve what, with respect to himself, he began to think a fortunate mistake. He had no conception, that I intended an assignation with my husband; but believed, like Hilario, that I had mistaken the person for whom my favours were intended: while he lamented my distress and disappointment, therefore, he pressed my hand with
great

great ardor, wished that he had been thought worthy of my confidence and my love; and to facilitate his design upon the wife of his friend, declared himself a man of honour, and that he would maintain the character at the hazard of his life.

To such an address in such circumstances, what could I reply? Grief had disarmed my resentment, and the pride of suspected virtue had forsaken me. I expressed myself, not in reproaches but complaints; and abruptly disengaging myself from him, I adjured him to tell me, "how he had procured his habit, and whether it had not been hired by Hilario." He seemed to be struck with the question, and the manner in which I urged it: "I hired it," said he, "myself, at a warehouse in Tavistock Street; but when I came to demand it, I was told it had been the subject of much confusion and dispute. When I made my agreement, the master was absent; and the servant neglecting to acquaint him with it at his return, he afterwards, in the absence of the servant, made the same agreement with another; but I know not with whom; and it was with great difficulty that he was brought to relinquish his claim, after he had been convinced of the mistake."

I now clearly discovered the snare in which I had been taken, and could only lament that it was impossible to escape. Whether Caprinus began to conceive my design, or whether he was indeed touched at my distress, which all his attempts to alleviate increased, I know not; but he desisted from further protestations and importunity, and at my earnest request procured me a chair and left me to my fortune.

I now reflected, with inconceivable anguish, upon the change which a few hours had made in my condition. I had left my house in the height of expectation, that in a few hours I should add to the dignity of an untainted reputation the felicity of conjugal endearments. I returned disappointed and degraded; detected

detected in all the circumstances of guilt, to which I had not approached even in thought; having justified the jealousy which I sought to remove, and forfeited the esteem which I hoped to improve to veneration. With these thoughts I once more entered my dressing room, which was on the same floor with my chamber, and in less than half an hour I heard Hilario come in.

He went immediately to his chamber; and being told that I was in the next room, he locked the door, but did not go to bed, for I could hear him walk backward and forward all the night.

Early in the morning I sent a sealed billet to him by his valet; for I had not made a confidante, even of my woman: it contained only a pressing intreaty to be heard, and a solemn asseveration of my innocence, which I hoped it would not be impossible to prove. He sent me a verbal answer, that I might come to him: to him, therefore, I went, not as a judge but a criminal; not to accuse him whom I knew to be guilty, but to justify myself whom I knew to be innocent; and at this moment, I would have given the world to have been restored to that state, which the day before I had thought intolerable.

I found him in great agitation; which yet he laboured to conceal. I, therefore, hastened to relate my project, the motives from which it was undertaken, and the means by which it had been disappointed. He heard me with calmness and attention, till I related the particular of the habit: this threw him into a new fit of jealousy, and starting from his seat, "What," said he, "have you paid for this intelligence? Of whom could you learn it, but the wretch with whom I left you? Did he not, when he found you were disappointed of another, solicit for himself?" Here he paused for my reply; and as I could not deny the fact, I was silent: my inviolable regard for truth was mistaken for the confusion of guilt, and equally prevented my justification. His passion

sion returned with greater violence. "I know," said he, "that Caprinus related this incident, only that you might be enabled to impose upon my credulity, and that he might obtain a participation of the favours which you lavished upon others: but I am not thus to be deceived by the concurrence of accident with cunning, nor reconciled to the infamy which you have brought upon my name." With this injurious reproach he would have left me; but I caught hold of him, and intreated that he would go with me to the warehouse, where the testimony of persons, wholly disinterested, might convince him that I was there immediately after him, and enquired which dress he had chosen. To this request he replied, by asking me, in a peremptory tone, "Whether Caprinus had not told me where the habit was hired?" As I was struck with the suddenness and the design of the question, I had not fortitude to confess a truth which yet I disdained to deny. Hilario again triumphed in the successful detection of my artifices; and told me, with a sneer of insupportable contempt and derision, that "he, who had so kindly directed me to find my witnesses, was too able a solicitor, not to acquaint them what testimony they were to give."

Expostulation was now at an end, and I disdained to intreat any mercy under the imputation of guilt. All that remained, therefore, was still to hide my wretchedness in my bosom; and if possible, preserve that character abroad, which I had lost at home. But this I soon found to be a vain attempt: it was immediately whispered, as a secret, that "Hilario, who had long suspected me of a criminal correspondence, had at length traced me from the masquerade to a bag-nio, and surprised me with a fellow." It was in vain for me to attempt the recovery of my character by giving another turn to this report, for the principal facts I could not deny; and those who appeared to be most my friends, after they had attended to what they call nice distinctions and minute circumstances, could only say, that it was a dark affair, and they hoped I

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was not so guilty as was generally believed. I was avoided by my female acquaintance as infamous: if I went abroad, I was pointed out with a whisper, and a nod; and if I stayed at home, I saw no face but my servant's. Those, whose levity I had silently censured by declining to practise it, now revenged themselves of the virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked God they had never yet picked up fellows, though they were not so squeamish as to refuse going to a ball. But this was not the worst: every libertine, whose fortune authorised the insolence, was now making me offers of protection in nameless scrawls, and feared not to solicit me to adultery; they dared to hope I should accept their proposal by directing to A B, who declares, like Caprinus, that he is a man of honour, and will not scruple to run my husband through the body, who now, indeed, thought himself authorised to treat me with every species of cruelty but blows, at the same time that his house was a perpetual scene of lewdness and debauchery.

Reiterated provocation and insult soon became intolerable: I therefore applied to a distant relation, who so far interested himself in my behalf as to obtain me a separate maintenance, with which I retired into the country, and in this world have no hope but to perpetuate my obscurity.

In this obscurity, however, your paper is known; and I have communicated an adventure to the ADVENTURER, not merely to indulge complaint, or gratify curiosity, but because I think it confirms some principles which you have before illustrated.

Those who doubt of a future retribution, may reflect, that I have been involved in all the miseries of guilt, except the reproach of conscience and the fear of hell, by an attempt which was intended to reclaim another from vice, and obtain the reward of my own virtue.

My

My example may deter others from venturing to the verge of rectitude, and assuming the appearance of evil. On the other hand, those, who judge of mere appearances without charity, may remark, that no conduct was ever condemned with less shew of injurious severity, nor yet with less justice than mine. Whether my narrative will be believed indeed I cannot determine; but where innocence is possible, it is dangerous to impute guilt, because "with whatsoever judgement men judge they shall be judged;" a truth which, if it was remembered and believed by all who profess to receive it upon Divine Authority, would impose silence upon the censorious and extort candour from the selfish. And I hope that the ladies, who read my story, will never hear but with indignation, that the understanding of a Libertine is a pledge of reformation; for his life cannot be known without abhorrence, nor shared without ruin.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

DESDEMONA.

XXXIV. The HISTORY of NONSENSE.
CONNOISSEUR, NUMB. 118.

THERE is no race of people, that has been more conspicuous, in almost every relation of life, than the illustrious family of *Nonsense*. In every age of the world they have shone forth with uncommon lustre, and have made a wonderful progress in all the arts and sciences. They have at different seasons delivered speeches from the throne, harangued at the bar, debated in parliament, and gone amazing lengths in philosophical inquiries and metaphysical disquisitions. In a word, the whole history of the world, moral and political, is but a *Cyclopædia of Nonsense*. For which reason, considering the dignity and importance of the family, and the infinite service it has been of to me and many of my cotemporaries, I have resolved to oblige the public with a kind of abstract of the history of *Nonsense*.

Nonsense was the daughter of *Ignorance*, begot on *Falsehood*, many ages ago, in a dark cavern in *Bœotia*. As she grew up, she inherited all the qualities of her parents: she discovered too warm a genius to require being sent to school; but while other dull brats were poring over an horn-book, she amused herself with spreading fantastical lies, taught her by her mamma, and which have in later ages been familiarly known to us under the names of *Sham*, *Banter*, and *Humbug*. When she grew up, she received the addressee, and soon became the wife, of *Impudence*. Who he was, or of what profession, is uncertain: some say he was the son of *Ignorance* by another venter, and was suffered to become the husband of *Nonsense* in those dark ages of the world, as the Ptolemies of Egypt married their own sisters. Some record, that he was in the army; others, that he was an interpreter of the laws; and others, a divine. However this was, *Nonsense* and *Impudence* were soon inseparably united to each other, and
became

became the founders of a more noble and numerous family, than any yet preserved on any tree of descent whatsoever; of which ingenious device they were said to have been the first inventors.

It is my chief intent at present to record the great exploits of that branch of the family, who have made themselves remarkable in England: though they began to signalize themselves very early, and are still very flourishing in most parts of the world. Many of them were Ægyptian priests four thousand years ago, and told the people, that it was religion to worship dogs, monkeys, and green leeks: and their descendants prevailed on the Greeks and Romans to build temples in honour of supposed deities, who were, in their own estimation of them, whores and whoremongers, pick-pockets and drunkards. Others rose up some ages after in Turkey, and persuaded the people to embrace the doctrine of bloodshed and of the sword, *in the name of the most merciful God*: and others have manifested their lineal descent from *Nonsense* and *Impudence*, by affirming that there is no God at all. There were also among them many shrewd philosophers; some of whom, though they were racked with a fit of the stone, or laid up with a gouty toe, declared that they felt not the least degree of pain; and others would not trust their own eyes, but when they saw an horse or a dog, could not tell whether it was not a chair or a table, and even made a doubt of their own existence.

We have no certain account of the progress of *Nonsense* here in England, till after the reformation. All we hear of her and her progeny before that period of time is, that they led a lazy life among the monks in cloysters and convents, dreaming over old legends of saints, drawing up breviaries and mass-books, and stringing together some barbarous Latin verses in rhyme. In the days of queen Elizabeth, so little encouragement was given to her family, that it seemed to have been almost extinct: but in the succeeding reign it flourished again, and filled the most considerable offices in

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in the nation. *Nonsense* became a great favourite at court, where she was highly careffed on account of her wit, which confisted in puns and quibbles; and the bonny monarch himself was thought to take a more than ordinary delight in her conversation. At this time, many of her progeny took orders, and got themselves preferred to the best livings, by turning the Evangelists into punsters, and making St. Paul quibble from the pulpit. Among the rest, there was a bishop, a favourite son of *Nonsense*, of whom it is particularly recorded, that he used to tickle his courtly audience, by telling them that *matrimony* was become a *matter of money*, with many other right reverend jests recorded in *Joe Miller*. Several brothers of this family were likewise bred to the bar, and very gravely harangued against old women sucked by devils in the shape of ram-cats, &c. As an instance of their profound wisdom and sagacity, I need only mention that just and truly pious act of parliament made against the crying sin of witchcraft. 1 Jac. I. chap. 12. "Such
" as shall use invocation or conjuration of any evil
" spirit, or shall consult, covenant with, entertain,
" employ, fee or reward any evil spirit to any intent,
" or take up any dead person, or part thereof, to be
" used in witchcraft, or have used any of the said arts,
" whereby any person shall be killed, consumed, or
" lamed in his or her body, they, together with their
" accessories before the fact, shall suffer as felons, with-
" out benefit of clergy."

In the troublesome times of king Charles the first, *Nonsense* and her family sided with the parliament. These set up new sects in religion: some of them cropt their hair short, and called themselves the *enlightened*; some fell into trances, and pretended to see holy visions; while others got into tubs, and held forth, with many whinings, and groans, and snuffling through the nose. In the merry days of king Charles the second, *Nonsense* assumed a more gay and libertine air; and her progeny, from fanatics, became downright infidels. Several courtiers of the family wrote lewd plays, as well as
luscious

luscious love-songs, and other loose verses, which were collected together and greedily bought up in miscellanies. In the succeeding reign, some of the kindred, who had received their education at St. Omers, thought themselves on the point of establishing *Nonsense* in church and state, and were preparing to make bonfires on the occasion in Smithfield, when they were obliged to leave the kingdom.

Since the revolution, the field of politics has afforded large scope for *Nonsense* and her family to make themselves remarkable. Hence arose the various sects in party, distinguished by the names of *Whig* and *Tory*, *Ministerial* and *Jacobite*, *Sunderlandians*, *Oxfordians*, *Godolphinians*, *Bolingbrookians*, *Walpolians*, *Pelhamians*, &c. &c. &c. names, which have kindled as hot a war in pamphlets and journals, as the *Guelphs* and *Gibelines* in Italy, or the *Big* and *Little Endians* in the kingdom of Lilliput.

I have here endeavoured to give a short abridgement of the history of *Nonsense*; though a very small part of the exploits of the family can be included in so compendious a chronicle. Some of them were very deep scholars, and filled the professors chairs at the universities. They composed many elaborate dissertations, to convince the world, that two and two make four; and discovered, by dint of syllogism, that white is not black. Their inquiries in natural philosophy were no less extraordinary: many spent their lives and their fortunes in attempting to discover a wonderful stone, that should turn every baser metal into gold; and others employed themselves in making artificial wings, by the help of which they should fly up into the world of the moon. Another branch of the family took to the *Belles Lettres*, and were the original founders of the learned society of Grub-street.

Never was any æra in the annals of *Nonsense* more illustrious than the present; nor did that noble family ever more signally distinguish itself in every occupation.

In

In oratory, who are greater proficient than the progeny of *Nonsense*? Witness many long and eloquent speeches delivered in St. Stephen's chapel, in Westminster-hall, at assizes and quarter-sessions, at Clare-market, and the Robin-Hood.—In philosophy, what marvellous things have not been proved by *Nonsense*? The sometime professor of astronomy at Gresham college shewed Sir Isaac Newton to be a mere a's, and wire-drawed the books of Moses into a complete system of natural philosophy: lifeguard-men have, with the utmost certainty of *Nonsense*, foretold earthquakes; and others have penned curious essays on air-quakes, water-quakes, and comets.—In politics, how successfully have the sons of *Nonsense* bandied about the terms of Court and Country? How wisely have they debated upon taxes? and with what amazing penetration did they but lately foresee an invasion? — In religion, their domain is particularly extensive: for, though *Nonsense* is excluded, at least from the first part of the service, in all regular churches, yet she often occupies the whole ceremony at the Tabernacle and Foundery in Moorfields, and the Chapel in Long-Acre. But, for the credit of so polite an age, be it known, that the children of *Nonsense*, who are many of them people of fashion, are as often seen at the play-house as at church: and it is something strange, that the family of *Nonsense* is now divided against itself, and in high contest about the management of their favourite amusement—the *Opera*.

XXXV. Virtue in Distress.

STORY OF AMANDA. SPECTATOR, NUMB. 375.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of Seneca the philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the speculation of this day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends, in order to support the shew of an estate, when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaint, that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears; which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expence, their eldest daughter, (whom I shall call Amanda) was sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the lord of the manor,

manor, who often called in at the farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and having observed his growing passion for her, hoped, by so advantageous a match, she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express Amanda's confusion when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father with the following letter.

S I R,

" I Have heard of your misfortune, and have offered
 " your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle
 " on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down
 " the sum for which you are now distressed. I will be
 " so ingenuous, as to tell you that I do not intend marriage:
 " but if you are wise, you will use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

I am, &c.

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother; she opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger; but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows.

Dearest

Dearest Child,

“ **Y**OUR father and I have just now received a
 “ letter from a gentleman who pretends love to
 “ you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and
 “ would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any
 “ thing which is come upon us. How could this bar-
 “ barous man think that the tenderest of parents would
 “ be tempted to supply their want, by giving up the
 “ best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean
 “ and cruel artifice to make this proposal at a time
 “ when he thinks our necessities must compel us to any
 “ thing; but we will not eat the bread of shame; and
 “ therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to
 “ avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware
 “ of pitying us: it is not so bad as you have perhaps
 “ been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall
 “ write my child better news.

I have been interrupted. I know not how I was
 “ moved to say things would mend. As I was going
 “ on I was started by a noise of one that knocked at
 “ the door and had brought us an unexpected supply
 “ of a debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will
 “ now tell thee all. It is some days I have lived
 “ almost without support, having conveyed what little
 “ money I could raise to your poor father.—Thou wilt
 “ weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will
 “ soon be at liberty. That cruel letter would have
 “ broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him.
 “ I have no companion at present besides little Fanny,
 “ who stands watching my looks as I write, and is
 “ crying for her sister: she says she is sure you are not
 “ well, having discovered that my present trouble is
 “ about you. But do not think I would thus repeat
 “ my sorrows, to grieve thee. No, it is to intreat
 “ thee not to make them insupportable, by adding
 “ what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheer-
 “ fully an affliction, which we have not brought on
 “ ourselves, and remember there is a power who can
 “ better

“ better deliver us out of it, than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child.

Thy affectionate Mother——

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately, to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress; but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention: her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

M A D A M,

“ I AM full of shame, and will never forgive myself, if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a son. You cannot be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter: nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

M A D A M,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant.——

This

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

I am a woman, Mr. John Adams, and have lately experienced the same in a degree that would offend upon the supposition of ingratitude. I have been to do this public justice to the most excellent and generous of all lovers.

It is now upwards of a year since I received the address of this gentleman. He is a man of letters and family; perfectly agreeable in his person; with an engaging and conversable manner; with a warm heart and a generous mind; and a most kind and amiable temper. I have delighted him with my whole heart, and I have given him my whole heart.

XXXVI.

I will not give him a merit which he does not want. I will not give him a merit which he does not want. I will not give him a merit which he does not want.

XXXVI. ACCOUNT of a false LOVER. WORLD,
NUMB. 145.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

IT is with great pleasure that I see you frequently doing justice to the age you live in, and not running into that vulgar and ill-natured prejudice, that the present times are worse than the past. We are certainly better in every respect than our forefathers; and it is right we should be told so, to encourage us in our progress toward the summit of perfection. I could give a thousand instances of the virtues of these times; but shall at present content myself with one, which I do not remember that you have hitherto so much as touched upon. It is the extreme constancy and disinterestedness of the men, in affairs of love and marriage.

I am a woman, Mr. Fitz-Adam, and have lately experienced this truth, in a degree that would bring upon me the imputation of ingratitude, if I neglected to do this public justice to the most constant and generous of all lovers.

It is now upwards of a year since I received the addresses of this gentleman. He is a man of fortune and family; perfectly agreeable in his person; witty and engaging in his conversation; with a heart the most tender, and manners the most soft and amiable that can be imagined. Such as I have described him, you will not wonder that I gave him my whole heart, and waited with the utmost impatience to be united to him for ever.

I will not give him a merit which he does not want, that of intending my happiness only, and of raising me to a rank which neither my person nor fortune gave me
any

any pretensions to : on the contrary, I was young and handsome, and in the opinion of the world, one whose alliance could bring as much honour into my lover's family, as he could reflect on mine. Nor indeed did I ever wish that there should be any such obligation on either side ; having generally observed that the most equal matches are the most productive of happiness. But I only mention this circumstance, as it may serve to do honour to his behaviour since.

The time was now approaching, which was to make us inseparably one. What his sentiments were upon the occasion, may be seen by the following letter, which among a thousand of the same kind, I shall here transcribe.

“ It is as impossible for me to rise, and not write
 “ to my angel, as to lie down and not think of her.
 “ I am too happy. Pray use me a little ill, that I may
 “ come to a right state of mind ; for at present I can
 “ neither eat nor sleep : yet I am more good-humoured
 “ than all the world ; and then so compassionate, that
 “ I pity every man I see. My dearest loves only me,
 “ and all other men must be miserable. I wonder that
 “ anybody can laugh besides myself : If it be a man,
 “ he makes me jealous : I fancy that he entertains hopes
 “ of my charmer ; for the world has nothing else in
 “ it to make him cheerful.

“ And now, my life ! I have done with all my
 “ doubts ; the time approaches, that will change them
 “ into happiness. I know of nothing (sickness and
 “ death excepted) that can possibly prevent it. Our
 “ pleasures will lie in so narrow a compass, that we
 “ shall always be within reach of them. To oblige
 “ and be obliged will be all we want ; and how sweet it
 “ is to think, that the business of our lives, and the
 “ delight of our hearts, will be the same thing ! I mean,
 “ the making each other happy ! But I am doomed to
 “ be more obliged than I have power to oblige—What
 “ a wife am I to have ! Indeed, my love, I shall think
 Vol. II. C “ myself

26 The NARRATIVE COMPANION:

“ myself the worst, if I am not the very best of all husbands.

“ Adieu !”

Upon my making a visit of a few days to a friend near town, where I desired him not to come, he wrote to me as follows.

“ This lazy penny-post, how I hate it ! It is two tedious days that I must wait for an answer to what I write. I will set up a post of my own, that shall go and come every two hours ; and then, upon condition that I hear from you by every return of it, I will obey your commands, and not think of seeing you. I wonder that you have not taken it into your head to bid me live without breathing. But take care, my love, that you never give up the power you have over me : for if ever it comes to my turn to reign, I will be revenged on you without mercy. I will load you so with love and kind offices, that your little heart shall almost break, in struggling how to be grateful. I will be tormenting you every day, and all day long. I will prevent your very wishes. Even the poor comfort of hope shall be denied you ; for you shall know that none of your to-morrows shall be happier to you than your yesterdays. Your pride too shall be mortified ; for I will out-love you, and be kinder to you, than you can possibly be to me. All these miseries you shall suffer, and yet never be able to wish for death to relieve you from them. So if you have a mind to avoid my cruelties, resolve not to marry me ; for I am a tyrant in my nature, and will execute all I have threatened.”

How tender and obliging were these expressions ! I own to you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I answered them all, in an equal strain of fondness. But in the midst of this sweet intercourse, he was unhappily taken ill of the small pox. The moment he was sensible of his distemper, he conjured me in a letter not to come near him, lest his apprehensions for me (as I never had it) should

should prove more fatal to him than the disease. It was indeed of the most dangerous kind: but how was it possible for me to keep from him? I flew to him when he was at the worst, and would not leave him, till they took me away by force. The consequence of this visit was, that I caught the infection, and sickened the next day. My distemper was of the confluent sort, and much worse than my lover's, who in less than three weeks was in a condition to return my visit. He had sent almost every hour in the day to enquire how I did; and when he saw me out of danger (though totally altered from my former self) his transports were not to be told or imagined. I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing the letter that he sent me at his return home that evening.

“ What language shall I invent to tell the charmer
 “ of my soul how happy this visit has made me! To
 “ see you restored to health was my heart's only wish;
 “ nor can my eyes behold a change in that face (if
 “ they can be sensible of any change) that will not
 “ endear it to me beyond the power of beauty. Every
 “ trace of that cruel distemper will be considered by
 “ me as a love-mark, that will for ever revive in my
 “ soul the ideas of that kindness by which it came.
 “ Lament not a change then, that makes you lovelier
 “ to me than ever: for till your soul changes (which
 “ can never happen) I will be only and all
 “ Yours.”

This letter, and a thousand repetitions of the same engaging language, made me look upon the loss of my beauty, as a trivial loss. But the time was not yet come, that was to shew me this generous and disinterested lover in the most amiable of all lights. My father, whose only child I was, and who had engaged to give me a large fortune at my marriage, and the whole of his estate at his death, fell ill soon after; and to the surprize of all the world, died greatly involved, and left me without a shilling to my portion.

My lover was in the country, when I acquainted him with this fatal news. Indeed I had no doubt of his generosity; but how like a divinity he appeared to me, when by the return of the post, he sent me the following letter!

“ Think not, my soul, that any external accident
 “ can occasion the least change in my affections. I
 “ rather rejoice that an opportunity is at last given me
 “ of proving to my dearest creature, that I loved her
 “ only for herself. I have fortune enough for both;
 “ or if I had not, love would be sufficient to supply all
 “ our wants. This cruel business, how angry it
 “ makes me! But a very few days, my life, shall
 “ bring me to your arms. O! how I love you! Those
 “ are my favourite words, and I am sure I shall die
 “ with them; or if I should have the misery to out-
 “ live you, they will be only changed to — O! how I
 “ loved her! But the *how*, my dear, is not to be told;
 “ your own heart must teach it you. When is it that
 “ I shall love you best of all? Why, the last day of
 “ my life, after having lived many, many years

“ Your obliged,

“ and happy husband.”

How truly noble was this letter! But you will think me dwelling too long upon my own happiness; I shall therefore only add, that it is now a week since he wrote it; and that yesterday I received the undoubted intelligence, that my lover was married the very next day, to a fat widow of five and fifty, with a large jointure, a fine house, and a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient servant.

M. B.

XXXVII. The HERO distinguished from the modern
MAN of HONOUR.

The STORY of EUGENIO. ADVENTURER, NUMB. 64.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

AS Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but those of a man of honour, he avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are incompatible with that character: religion he supposed to be a contrivance of priests and politicians, to keep the vulgar in awe; and used by those in the rank of gentlemen who pretend to acknowledge its obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of spirit. By a conduct regulated upon these principles he gradually reduced a paternal estate of two thousand pounds per annum to five hundred. Besides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter: his wife died while they were infants. His younger brother, who had acquired a very considerable fortune in trade, retired unmarried into the country: he knew that the paternal estate was greatly reduced; and, therefore, took the expence of his nephew's education upon himself: after some years spent at Westminster-school, he sent him to the university, and supported him by a very genteel annuity.

Eugenio, though his temper was remarkably warm and sprightly, had yet a high relish of literature, and insensibly acquired a strong attachment to a college life. His apartment adjoined to mine, and our acquaintance was soon improved into friendship. I found in him great ardour of benevolence, and a sense of generosity and honour which I had conceived to consist only in romance. With respect to Christianity, indeed, he was as yet a sceptic: but I found it easy to obviate general objections; and, as he had great penetration and sagacity,

sagacity, was superior to prejudice, and habituated to no vice which he wished to countenance by infidelity, he began to believe as soon as he began to enquire : the evidence for Revelation at length appeared incontestible ; and without busying himself with the cavils of subtilty against particular doctrines, he determined to adhere inviolably to the precepts as a rule of life, and to trust in the promises as the foundation of hope. The same ardour and firmness, the same generosity and honour, were now exercised with more exalted views, and upon a more perfect plan. He considered me as his preceptor, and I considered him as my example : our friendship increased every day ; and I believe he had conceived a design to follow me into orders. But when he had continued at college about two years, he received a command from his father to come immediately to town ; for that his earnest desire to place him in the army was now accomplished, and he had procured him a captain's commission. By the same post he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was strongly urged to continue at college, with promises of succeeding to his whole estate ; his father's project was zealously condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence resented. Eugenio, though it was greatly his desire to continue at college, and his interest to oblige his uncle, yet obeyed his father without the least hesitation.

When he came to town, he discovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father upon this subject : his uncle, not being able to produce any effect upon the father, as a last effort had written to the son ; and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been equally ineffectual, he reproached him with folly and ingratitude ; and dying soon after by a fall from his horse, it appeared, that in the height of his resentment he had left his whole fortune to a distant relation in Ireland whom he had never seen.

Under this misfortune Eugenio comforted himself by reflecting, that he had incurred it by obedience to his father ;

father ; and though it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expressed his displeasure either by invective or complaint.

Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agrestis, a gentleman whose character and principles were very different from his own. Agrestis had very just notions of right and wrong, by which he regulated his conduct without any regard to the opinion of others : his integrity was universal and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open ; he abhorred whatever had the appearance of dissingenuity, he was extremely jealous of his authority, and there was a rough simplicity in his manner which many circumstances of his life had contributed to produce. His father left him a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds ; but as the parsimony which enabled him to amass it, extended to the education of his son by whom it was to be possessed, he had been taught neither politeness nor literature. He married a lady, whose influence would have polished the rough diamond by degrees ; but she died within the first year of her marriage, leaving him a daughter to whom he gave her name Amelia, and transferred all his affection : he, therefore, continued to live in great privacy ; and being used to have only servants and dependents about him, he indulged the peculiarities of his humour without that complaisance which becomes insensibly habitual to those, who mix in the company of persons whom it is their apparent interest to please, and whose presence is a perpetual restraint upon such irregular starts of temper as would incur contempt by arrogating a superiority which none would acknowledge. To this disposition his daughter accommodated herself as she grew up, from motives both of affection and duty : as he knew and regretted the defect of his own education, he spared no cost to compleat hers ; and she is indeed the most accomplished character I ever knew : her obedience is chearful and implicit, her affection tender and without parade ; her looks express the utmost sweetness and sensibility,

and yet there is a dignity in her manner which commands respect.

The intimacy between the father of Eugenio and Agrestis produced a tender friendship between his sister and Amelia, which began in their infancy, and increased with their years.

Such characters as Amelia and Eugenio could not be long familiarly known to each other, without exciting mutual esteem: the transition from esteem to love, between persons of different sexes, is often imperceptible even to themselves; and, perhaps, was not discovered, till long after it had happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the university, he was about eighteen: as her stature and her beauty were greatly increased during this interval, their first effect upon Eugenio was proportionably greater; and he perceived, from whatever cause, a more sensible emotion in her. He had too much discernment not to discover that she loved him; and too much generosity not to conceal his love of her, because he was so much her inferior in fortune: sometimes he reflected upon her partiality with pleasure, and sometimes with regret: but while they were thus mutually conscious to desires which they mutually suppressed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he distinguished himself equally by his courage and humanity: and though he had not much money, and therefore could but seldom display his bounty; yet his concern for the real interest of his men was so apparent, as well in such acts of kindness as were in his power, as in the strict discipline which he maintained among them, that his personal influence was very powerful and extensive. During this absence, though he felt his passion for Amelia increase, notwithstanding all his attempts to suppress it; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himself with mentioning her in general terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends, when he wrote to his father and his sister.

When

When he returned, as his sister's intimacy with Amelia still continued, his opportunities to see her were equally frequent : but the pleasure of those interviews were become yet more tumultuous and confused ; and the lovers were both conscious, that their sentiments were every moment involuntarily discovered to each other.

Amelia had dismissed many suitors, who were not less distinguished by their merit than their rank, because she still hoped to enrich Eugenio with her fortune ; and Eugenio persisted in a conduct by which this hope was disappointed, because he would not degrade Amelia by an alliance with dependance and poverty. The objections of duty might, indeed, have been removed, by obtaining the consent of Agrestis ; but those of honour would still have remained : he was not, however, absolutely without hope ; for though he had lost his uncle's fortune by obedience to his father, yet as he had greatly recommended himself to his commanding officer, who was of the highest rank, he believed it possible that he might be advanced to a post in the army, which would justify his pretensions to Amelia, and remove all his difficulties at once.

Agrestis wondered at the conduct of his daughter, but neither asked nor suspected her motives : for he had always declared, that as he believed she would never marry against his consent, he would never urge her to marry against her own inclination.

Amelia, therefore, continued to decline every offer, and Eugenio to see her almost every day, without the least intimation of his love, till the beginning of the last winter, when he lost his sister by the small pox. His interviews with Amelia were now less frequent, and, therefore, more interesting : he feared, that as he would be seldom in her sight, the assiduities of some fortunate rival might at length exclude him from her remembrance : he did not, however, falter in his resolution, nor did Amelia change her conduct.

STORY of EUGENIO continued. ADVENTURER,
NUMB. 65.

IT happened that about this time she was addressed by Ventofus, the eldest son of a noble family ; who, besides a large estate, had great expectations from his father's influence at court. Ventofus, though he was strongly recommended by Agrestis, and was remarkable for personal accomplishments, was yet received with great coldness by Amelia: he was surprized, mortified, and disappointed; yet he continued his visits, and was very diligent to discover what had prevented his success. One evening, just as he was about to take his leave, after much ineffectual entreaty and complaint, Eugenio unexpectedly entered the room. Ventofus instantly remarked the embarrassment both of his mistress and the stranger, whom he, therefore, supposed to be a rival, and no longer wondered at his own disappointment: these suspicions were every moment confirmed and increased ; for his presence produced emotions which could neither be concealed nor mistaken ; though by a less penetrating eye than that of jealousy, they might have been overlooked.

He was now fired with resentment and indignation ; and having left the room somewhat abruptly, he was met upon the stairs by Agrestis, with whom he desired to speak a few words in private. Agrestis turned back into another apartment, and Ventofus told him with some warmth, that he did not expect to have found his daughter pre-engaged ; and that he could not help thinking himself ill treated. Agrestis, with equal warmth, required him to explain his meaning ; and after some time had been spent in eager altercation, they parted in better temper ; Agrestis persuaded that a clandestine love had been carried on between his daughter and Eugenio, and Ventofus convinced that Agrestis had never encouraged the pretensions of his rival.

Agrestis

Agrestis immediately sent for Amelia, and sternly urged her with many questions, which she could only answer with blushes and tears : her silence and confusion convinced him that Ventosus was not mistaken ; and, therefore, desisting from enquiry, he severely reprehended her for the past, and enjoined her never to converse with Eugenio again ; to whom he also signified his displeasure, and requested that to prevent further uneasiness he would come no more to his house till Amelia should be married.

Eugenio, though his love was almost hopeless before, was yet greatly afflicted by this message ; because he feared that Amelia had fallen under her father's displeasure, and that now he was become jealous of his authority he might be tempted to abuse it. As to secure her peace was the principal object of his wish, he concealed what had happened from his father, lest a quarrel should be produced between him and Agrestis, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderness would be yet more deeply wounded. When a visit was intended to Agrestis, he always took care to have some engagement at another place : Agrestis, however, as he had no conception of the principles upon which Eugenio acted, did not doubt but that he had communicated the reason of his absence to his father, and that his father was secretly offended ; but as he expressed no resentment, he believed that his ambition had for once restrained the petulance of his pride, that he dissembled to prevent an open rupture, and had still hopes of effecting the purpose which he had concerted with his son.

A suspicion of ill-will always produces it ; but besides this cause of alienation, Agrestis had unjustly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and aversion ; he, therefore, treated him with coldness and reserve, supposing that he well knew the cause, and neglected to return his visits without thinking it necessary to assign any reason. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio,

who considered it as the caprice of a character which he always despised; he, therefore, retorted the neglect without expostulation: and thus all intercourse between the families was at an end.

Eugenio in the mean time was inflexible in his purpose; and Amelia in her next interview with Ventosus, acquainted him that she would see him no more. Ventosus again appealed to her father: but the old gentleman was steady in his principles, notwithstanding his resentment; and told him, that he had exerted all the authority which God and nature had given him in his favour; and that, however provoked, he would never prostitute his child, by compelling her to marry a person who was not the object of her choice.

Ventosus, who was extremely mortified at this disappointment, was very inquisitive about Eugenio, for whom he still supposed he had been rejected: he soon learned his situation and circumstances, and his long intimacy with Amelia; he reflected upon the confusion which both had expressed in the accidental interview at which he was present; and was willing to believe, that his rival, however contemptible, had been too successful to be supplanted with honour by a husband: this, however, if he did not believe, he was very diligent to propagate; and to remove the disgrace of a refusal, hinted that for this reason he had abruptly discontinued his addresses, and congratulated himself upon his escape.

It happened that about six weeks ago, Ventosus, as he was walking in the Mall with a young officer of distinction, met Amelia in company of several ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit to bow to Amelia with a supercilious respect, which had greatly the air of an insult: of this compliment Amelia, though she looked him in the face, took no notice: by this calm disdain he was at once disappointed and confounded; he was stung by an effort of his own malignity, and his breast swelled with passion which he could not vent.

In

In this agitation of mind he hastily turned back, and determined, for whatever reason, to follow her. After he had advanced about fifty paces, he saw Eugenio coming forward, who, the moment he perceived Amelia, turned into another walk. This was observed by Ventosus, whose contempt and indignation had now another object, upon which they might without violence to the laws of honour be gratified: he communicated his purpose to his companion, and hastily followed Eugenio. When they had overtaken him, they burst into a horse-laugh, and pushed so rudely by him, that he could scarce recover his step: they did not, however, go on; but stopping suddenly, turned about as if to apologize for the accident, and affected great surprize at discovering to whom it had happened. Ventosus bowed very low, and with much contemptuous ceremony begged his pardon; telling him at the same time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company. To this insult Eugenio answered, "That he was not willing to suppose that an affront was intended, and that if the lady he meant was a woman of honour, she ought always to be mentioned with respect." Ventosus replied, "That whether the lady he meant was a woman of honour, he would not determine; but he believed she had been very kind; and was pleased to see that her favours were not forgotten, though they were no longer accepted." Eugenio was not now master of his temper, but turning suddenly upon Ventosus, struck him with such violence that he fell at his feet: he rose, however, in an instant, and laid his hand upon his sword, but was prevented from drawing it by his companion; and the crowd beginning to gather about them, they parted with mutual expressions of contempt and rage.

In the morning the officer who had been in company with Ventosus at the quarrel, delivered a challenge to Eugenio, which he answered by the following billet.

SIR,

S I R,
 “**Y**OUR behaviour last night has convinced me
 “ that you are a scoundrel; and your letter this
 “ morning that you are a fool. If I should accept
 “ your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a
 “ duty to God and to my country, which I deem it
 “ infamous to violate; and I am entrusted with a life,
 “ which I think cannot without folly be staked against
 “ your’s. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot
 “ degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer
 “ over this letter, secretly exult in your own safety;
 “ but remember, that to prevent assassination I have a
 “ sword, and to chastise insolence a cane.”

With this letter the captain retired to Ventofus, who read it with all the extravagancies of rage and disdain: the captain, however, endeavoured to soothe and encourage him; he represented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, whom he ought no otherwise to punish than by removing him from the rank into which he had intruded; and this, he said, would be very easily accomplished. Ventofus at length acquiesced in the sentiments of his friend; and it was soon industriously reported, that Eugenio had struck a person of high rank, and refused him the satisfaction of a gentleman which he had condescended to ask. For not accepting a challenge, Eugenio could not be legally punished, because it was made his duty as a soldier by the articles of war; but it drew upon him the contempt of his superior officers, and made them very solicitous to find some pretence to dismiss him. The friends of Ventofus immediately intimated, that the act of violence to which Eugenio had been provoked, was committed within the verge of the court, and was, therefore, a sufficient cause to break him; as for that offence he was liable to be punished with the loss of his hand, by a law which though disused was still in force. This expedient was eagerly adopted, and Eugenio was accordingly deprived of his commission.

STORY of EUGENIO continued. ADVENTURER,
NUMB. 66.

HE had concealed his quarrel with Ventofus from his father, who was then at the family seat about twenty miles from London, because he was not willing to acquaint him with the cause: but the effect was such as could not be hidden; and it was now become necessary that he should anticipate the report of others. He, therefore, set out immediately for the country; but his father about the same time arrived in London: some imperfect account had been sent him of the proceedings against Eugenio; and though he concluded from his silence that he had been guilty of some indiscretion, yet he did not suspect an imputation of cowardice; and hoped by his interest to support him against private resentment. When he found that he had missed Eugenio in some of the avenues to town, he went immediately to the gentleman who had procured his commission, from whom he learned all the circumstances of the affair. The moment he heard that his son had refused a challenge, he was seized with rage so violent, that it had the appearance of distraction: he uttered innumerable oaths and execrations in a voice that was scarce human, declared his son to be unworthy of his name, and solemnly renounced him for ever.

Eugenio returned to London the same day, but it was late before he arrived: the servant that opened the door told him with tears in his eyes, that his father was gone to bed much disordered, and had commanded that he should no more be admitted into that house. He stood motionless a few moments; and then departing without reply, came directly to me; his looks were wild, his countenance pale, and his eyes swimming in tears: the moment he saw me, he threw himself into a chair; and putting a copy of his answer to Ventofus's challenge into my hand, anticipated my enquiries by relating all that had happened.

After

After having administered such consolation as I could, I prevailed upon him with much difficulty to go to bed. I sat up the rest of the night, devising various arguments to convince Orgilio, that his son had added new dignity to his character. In the morning I went to his house; and after much sollicitation was admitted to his chamber. I found him in bed, where he had lain awake all the night; and it was easy to see that his mind was in great agitation. I hoped that this tumult was produced by the struggles of paternal tenderness: but the moment I mentioned his son, he fell into an agony of rage that rendered him speechless; and I came away, convinced that the eloquence of an angel upon the same subject would have been without effect. I did not, however, relate these discouraging circumstances to Eugenio: I told him that it would be proper to wait a few days before any farther application was made; not only because his father's resentment would probably subside, but because he was now indisposed.

Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burst into tears. He went every evening, and knocking softly at the servant's window, enquired how he did; and when he found that his fever was become dangerous, he intreated me to go once more and intercede for him, that he might at least be permitted to see his father, if he might not hope to be forgiven. I went; but when Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a fresh transport of rage, which ended in a delirium: the effect which this incident produced upon Eugenio, who waited at the end of the street for my return, cannot be described: I prevailed upon him to go back to my house, where he sometimes hastily traversed the room, and sometimes sat fixed in a kind of stupid insensibility upon the floor. While he was in one of these fits, news was brought that his father was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill disinherited him, declaring that by the infamy of his conduct he had broke his heart.

Eugenio

Eugenio heard this account without any apparent surprize or emotion, but could not be persuaded to change his posture or receive any food; till his spirits being quite exhausted, sleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himself up in a horseman's coat that belonged to my servant, and followed the procession at a distance on foot. When the ceremony was over and the company departed, he threw himself on the grave; and hiding his face in the dust, wept over it in silence that was interrupted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude upon the solemnity of his sorrow, till the morning dawned: he was surprized, and I thought somewhat confounded to see me; he suffered me, however, to lead him away, but neither of us uttered a word.

He told me the next day, that he would trouble me a few nights longer for a lodging, and in the mean time think of some means by which he might obtain a subsistence: he was, indeed, totally destitute, without money and without a profession; but he made no complaint, and obstinately refused all pecuniary assistance.

In less than a week afterwards, having converted his watch, his sword, a snuff-box, and ring, into money, he engaged as a common sailor in a private undertaking to discover the north-west passage to India.

When he communicated this desperate enterprize, he appeared perfectly composed: "My dear friend," said he, "it has been always my point of honour to obey the commands of God, the prime author of my being and the ultimate object of my hope, at whatever risque; and I do not repent that I have steadily adhered to this principle at the expence of all that is valuable upon earth: I have suffered the loss of fortune, of love, and of fame; but I have preserved my integrity, and I know that I shall not
"lose

" lose my reward. To these I would indeed, add the
 " esteem, tho' not the love of Amelia. She will hear
 " of me as degraded and disinherited, a coward, a
 " vagabond and a fugitive; and her esteem, I think,
 " I have sufficient reason to give up: grief will
 " wound her deeper than contempt; it is, therefore,
 " best that she should despise me. Some of those, by
 " whom she is addressed, deserve her; and I ought
 " not to withhold a felicity which I cannot enjoy.
 " I shall embark to-morrow; and your friendly em-
 " brace is all the good that I expect to receive from
 " this country, when I depart in search of others which
 " are unknown."

To this address I was not in a condition to reply; and perceiving that I was overwhelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, lest his purpose should be shaken, and my weakness should prove contagious.

On the morrow I attended him to the ship. He talked to me of indifferent things; and when we parted wrung my hand, and turned from me abruptly without speaking. I hastened into the boat which waited to bring me on shore, and would not again feel the pangs of yesterday for all the kingdoms of the world.

Such is the friend I have lost! such is the man, whom the world has disgraced for refusing a challenge! But none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes, wish that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is surely to be a monster rather than a man.

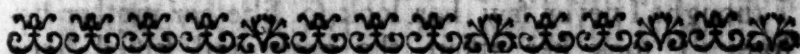
It may, perhaps, be questioned, whether I ought thus to have exhibited his story under feigned names; or have a right to attempt that which he forbore. My love to him, is, indeed, my motive; but I think my conduct is just when I consider, that though it is possible that Amelia may by the perusal of these papers suffer the most tender, and, therefore, the most exquisite distress, by the re-establishment of her esteem for him who

who most deserves it; yet the world may derive new virtue, from the dignity which the character of Eugenio reflects upon his conduct: his example is truly illustrious; and as it can scarce fail to excite emulation, it ought not to be concealed.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

BENEVOLUS.



STORY of EUGENIO concluded.

ADVENTURER. NUMB. 70.

MR. ADVENTURER,

I AM the person whom your correspondent Benevolus has thought fit to mention by the name of Agrestis. There are some particulars in my character, which, perhaps, he has mistaken: but I love plain dealing; and as he did not intend to flatter me, I forgive him: perhaps my heart is as warm as another's, and I am no stranger to any principles that would lead a man to a handsome thing. But to the point. I approve your publishing the story of Eugenio; and I am determined the world shall not lose the sequel of it, in which you are more concerned than perhaps you may imagine.

You must know, Sir, that I had observed my girl to go moping about of late more than common; though in truth she has been somewhat grave ever since she dismissed Ventosus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and so watching her pretty closely, I caught her last Saturday was sev'night almost drowned in tears with your paper in her hand. I laid hold of it in an instant, and putting on my spectacles began to

to read, with a shrewd suspicion that I should find out a secret. Her passion of crying still increased: and when I looked here and there in the paper, I was convinced that she was by some means deeply interested in the story, which, indeed, appeared to be full of misfortune. In short I pressed her so home upon the subject, that she put the other two papers into my hand, and telling me who were meant by the names, I began to read with great eagerness; though to confess a truth, I could scarce see the three last pages. Odds my life, thinks I, what an honest fellow this Eugenio is! and leering up at my girl, I thought I never saw her look so like her mother before. I took her about the neck and kissed her; but I did not tell her what I had in my head: however, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and instantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I enquired the ship's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when she sailed. The doctor, whether he guessed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his skin; and told me, with a kind of wild eagerness, that the vessel having met with an accident in going out was put back, and then lay in the river near Gravesend.

With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. “Emmy,” says I, “the
 “ Captain was always in my opinion a worthy man;
 “ and when I had reason to believe you liked him,
 “ I did not resolve to part you because he was with-
 “ out a title or an estate, but because I could not
 “ be reconciled to his profession. I was determined
 “ you should never marry a cockade, and carry a knap-
 “ sack; and if he had been a general officer, I would
 “ have preferred an honest citizen, who encourages
 “ trade and navigation, before him. Besides, I
 “ was angry that you should hold a private corres-
 “ pondence, and think to carry your point without
 “ me: but you were greatly misrepresented; so was
 “ the Captain: he has gallantly removed all my ob-
 “ jections

jections at once, he is not now in the army, nor has he ever attempted to subvert my authority; he is a true heart, and I feel that I love him as my son. He is still within reach, and you shall this moment write to him with your own hand, and tell him, that I say he shall be your husband. I have money enough for ye both; and if I please, I can make him a lord." The poor child sat with her handkerchief up to her eyes while I was speaking, and I did not immediately perceive, that, upon hearing the Captain was not gone, she had fainted. We could scarce keep life in her for above two hours; but at last she a little recovered her spirits, and brought me the following billet.

TO EUGENIO.

"SIR,

"MY dear papa commands me to intreat, that you would immediately come on shore, and from this hour consider his house as your own. He is greatly affected with the story of your generosity and distress, which he has just now learnt by an accident which I cannot now communicate; and he is determined to make you his heir, without prejudice to,

"SIR, your humble servant,

"AMELIA."

When I had perused this epistle, "Pshaw" says I, "put affectionate at the end of it, or else he won't come now." This made her smile. I was glad to see her look chearful; and having with some difficulty procured the proper addition, I dispatched the letter instantly by my own servant on horseback, and ordered a light chariot and four to follow him, and take up Eugenio's friend the doctor by the way. I will not tell you, Sir, how Eugenio, as he is called, behaved upon the receipt of this letter; It is enough, that in about eight hours he arrived with his friend

at

at my house: neither will I tell you how the lovers behaved when they met; it is enough, that they are to be married next Thursday. I add some particulars for your private inspection in the postscript, that you may give us your company at the wedding. I dare say you will share the happiness of which you have been the instrument; and I assure you that you will be extremely welcome to the company, but to none more than to

Yours heartily,

AGRESTIS.

I am extremely obliged to Agrestis for his postscript, but yet more for his letter; which, if I may be allowed to judge by its effect, is the most eloquent performance I ever read: its excellence, I am persuaded, will be universally acknowledged, because it will be felt. I shall, however, add some remarks, which, perhaps, may not occur to every mind, as every mind has not acquired a habit of speculation.

Eugenio's heroic perseverance in virtue, though it appeared to preclude all his hopes of temporal advantage, yet eventually fulfilled them. If he had with less generosity engaged in a clandestine love, either he would have forfeited the esteem of Amelia, or she would have incurred the resentment of her father; if he had succeeded to the remains of his paternal estate, he might still have been suspected by Agrestis; and if he had continued in the army, however preferred, he would still have been disapproved.

Thus, perhaps, if remote consequences could be discovered by human foresight, we should see the wisdom and the kindness of Divine Prescription; we should see, that the precepts which we are now urged to neglect by our desire of happiness, were given to prevent our being precipitated by error into misery; at least it would appear, that if some immediate advantage

vantage is gained by the individual, an equivalent loss is sustained by society ; and as society is only an aggregation of individuals, he who seeks his own advantage at the expence of society, cannot long be exempted from the general calamity which he contributes to produce.

Such is the necessary imperfection of human laws, that many private injuries are perpetrated of which they take no cognizance : but if these were allowed to be punished by the individual against whom they are committed, every man would be judge and executioner in his own cause, and universal anarchy would immediately follow. The laws, therefore, by which this practice is prohibited, ought to be held more sacred than any other : and the violation of them is so far from being necessary to prevent an imputation of cowardice, that they are enforced, even among those in whom cowardice is punished with death, by the following clause in the nineteenth Article of War :

“ Nor shall any officer or soldier upbraid another
 “ for Refusing a Challenge ; since, according to these
 “ our orders, they do but the Duty of Soldiers, who
 “ ought to subject themselves to discipline ; and we
 “ do acquit and discharge all men who have quar-
 “ rels offered, or challenges sent to them, of all dis-
 “ grace or opinion of disadvantage in their obedi-
 “ ence hereunto : and whosoever shall upbraid them,
 “ or offend in this case, shall be punished as a Chal-
 “ lenger.”

It is to be presumed, that of this clause no gentleman in the army is ignorant ; and those, who by the arrogance of their folly labour to render it ineffectual, should, as enemies to their Country, be driven out of it with detestation and contempt.

XXXVIII. The OBSERVATION of SUNDAY recommended. An ALLEGORY. RAMBLER, NUMB. 30.

Mr. RAMBLER,

THERE are few tasks more ungrateful, than for persons of modesty to speak their own praises. In some cases, however, this must be done for the general good, and a generous spirit will on such occasions assert its merit, and vindicate itself with becoming warmth.

My circumstances, sir, are very hard and peculiar. Could the world be brought to treat me as I deserve, it would be a publick benefit. This makes me apply to you, that my case being fairly stated in a paper so generally esteemed, I may suffer no longer from ignorant and childish prejudices.

My elder brother was a Jew. A very respectable person, but somewhat austere in his manner: highly and deservedly valued by his near relations and intimates, but utterly unfit for mixing in a larger society, or gaining a general acquaintance among mankind. In a venerable old age he retired from the world, and I in the bloom of youth came into it, succeeding him in all his dignities, and formed, as I might reasonably flatter myself, to be the object of universal love and esteem. Joy and gladness were born with me; cheerfulness, good humour and benevolence always attended and endeared my infancy. That time is long past. So long that idle imaginations are apt to fancy me wrinkled, old, and disagreeable; but, unless my looking-glass deceives me, I have not yet lost one charm, one beauty of my earliest years. However, thus far is too certain, I am to every body just what they chuse to think me; so that to very few I appear in my right shape; and though naturally I am the friend of human-kind,

kind, to few, very few comparatively, am I useful or agreeable.

This is the more grievous, as it is utterly impossible for me to avoid being in all sorts of places and companies; and I am therefore liable to meet with perpetual affronts and injuries. Though I have as natural antipathy to cards and dice, as some people have to a cat, many and many an assembly am I forced to endure; and though rest and composure are my peculiar joy, am worn out, and harrassed to death with journeys by men and women of quality, who never take one, but when I can be of the party. Some, on a contrary extreme, will never receive me but in bed, where they spend at least half of the time I have to stay with them; and others are so monstrously ill-bred as to take physick on purpose when they have reason to expect me. Those who keep upon terms of more politeness with me, are generally so cold and constrained in their behaviour, that I cannot but perceive myself an unwelcome guest; and even among persons deserving of esteem, and who certainly have a value for me, it is too evident that generally whenever I come I throw a dulness over the whole company, that I am entertained with a formal stiff civility, and that they are glad when I am fairly gone.

How bitter must this kind of reception be to one formed to inspire delight, admiration and love! To one capable of answering and rewarding the greatest warmth and delicacy of sentiments!

I was bred up among a set of excellent people, who affectionately loved me, and treated me with the utmost honour and respect. It would be tedious to relate the variety of my adventures, and strange vicissitudes of my fortune in many different countries. Here in England there was a time when I lived according to my heart's desire. Whenever I appeared, publick assemblies appointed for my reception were crowded with persons of quality and fashion, early dressed as for a court,

to pay me their devoirs. Cheerful hospitality every where crowned my board, and I was looked upon in every country parish as a kind of social bond between the squire, the parson, and the tenants. The laborious poor every where blest my appearance: they do so still, and keep their best clothes to do me honour; though as much as I delight in the honest country folks, they do now and then throw a pot of ale at my head, and sometimes an unlucky boy will drive his cricket-ball full in my face.

Even in these my best days there were persons who thought me too demure and grave. I must forsooth by all means be instructed by foreign masters, and taught to dance and play. This method of education was so contrary to my genius, formed for much nobler entertainments, that it did not succeed at all.

I fell next into the hands of a very different set. They were so excessively scandalized at the gaiety of my appearance, as not only to despoil me of the foreign topperies, the paint and the patches that I had been tricked out with by my last misjudging tutors, but they robbed me of every innocent ornament I had from my infancy been used to gather in the fields and gardens; nay they blacked my face, and covered me all over with a habit of mourning, and that too very coarse and awkward. I was now obliged to spend my whole life in hearing sermons; nor permitted so much as to smile upon any occasion.

In this melancholy disguise I became a perfect bugbear to all children and young folks. Wherever I came there was a general hush, an immediate stop to all pleasantness of look or discourse; and not being permitted to talk with them in my own language at that time, they took such a disgust to me in those tedious hours of yawning, that having transmitted it to their children, I cannot now be heard, though it is long since I have recovered my natural form;

form, and pleasing tone of voice. Would they but receive my visits kindly, and listen to what I could tell them — let me say it without vanity — how charming a companion should I be! to every one could I talk on the subjects most interesting and most pleasing. With the great and ambitious, I would discourse of honours and advancements, of distinctions to which the whole world should be witness, of unenvied dignities and durable preferments. To the rich I would tell of inexhaustible treasures, and the sure method to attain them. I would teach them to put out their money on the best interest, and instruct the lovers of pleasure how to secure and improve it to the highest degree. The beauty should learn of me how to preserve an everlasting bloom. To the afflicted I would administer comfort, and relaxation to the busy.

As I dare promise myself you will attest the truth of all I have advanced, there is no doubt but many will be desirous of improving their acquaintance with me; and that I may not be thought too difficult, I will tell you, in short, how I wish to be received.

You must know I equally hate lazy idleness and hurry. I would every where be welcomed at a tolerably early hour with decent good-humour and gratitude. I must be attended in the great halls peculiarly appropriated to me with respect; but I do not insist upon finery: propriety of appearance, and perfect neatness is all I require. I must at dinner be treated with a temperate, but a chearful social meal; both the neighbours, and the poor should be the better for me. Some time I must have tête à tête with my kind entertainers, and the rest of my visit should be spent in pleasant walks and airings among sets of agreeable people, in such discourse as I shall naturally dictate, or in reading some few selected out of those numberless books that are dedicated to me, and go by my name. A name that, alas! as the

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world stands at present, makes them oftner thrown aside than taken up. As those conversations and books should be both well chosen, to give some advice on that head may possibly furnish you with a future paper, and any thing you shall offer on my behalf will be of great service to,

Good Mr. RAMBLER,

Your Faithful Friend and Servant,

SUNDAY.

XXXX.

XXXIX. Wisdom and Knowledge recommended to the Fair Sex in a TRUE STORY. GUARDIAN, NUMB. 159.

S I R,

HAVING read over your paper of Tuesday last, in which you recommend the pursuits of wisdom and knowledge to those of the fair sex, who have much time lying upon their hands, and among other motives make use of this, that several women, thus accomplish'd, have rais'd themselves by it to considerable posts of honour and fortune: I shall beg leave to give you an instance of this kind, which many now living can testify the truth of, and which I can assure you is matter of fact.

About twelve years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman, who was in a post that brought him a yearly revenue, sufficient to live very handsomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other fortune than such a one as her father could raise out of the income of his place; which as they managed it was scarce sufficient for their ordinary expences. Miss Betty had always the best sort of clothes, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with those above her rank; so that it was no wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those she looked upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who had a daughter about miss's age, that could speak French, had read several books at her leisure hours, and was a perfect mistress of her needle and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the same time a pretty, modest, witty girl. She was hired to come to Miss an hour or two every day, to talk French with her and teach her to work; but Miss always

treated her with great contempt; and when Molly gave, her any advice, rejected it with scorn.

About the same time several young fellows made their addresses to Miss Betty, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the rest was a plain sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction. His passion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who used to be often discoursing of Mr. T——'s angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mrs. Betty rejected him with disdain. Insomuch that the young man, as is usual among those who are crossed in love, put himself aboard the fleet, with a resolution to seek his fortune, and forget his mistress. This was very happy for him, for in a very few years, being concerned in several captures, he brought home with him an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.

Mean while days and years went on, Miss lived high, and learnt but little, most of her time being employed in reading plays and practising to dance, in which she arrived at great perfection. When of a sudden, at a change of ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very desolate condition, but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what inquiry I could; and I must own, I immediately suspected their pride would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left inquiring after them for some years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was asking at a house for a gentleman I had some business with, to be led into a parlour by a handsome young woman, who I presently fancied was that very daughter I had so long sought in vain. My suspicion increased, when I observed her to blush at the sight of me

me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon, or speaking to me; Madam, said I, are not you, Mrs. such-a-one? At which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and she would fain have retired without giving me an answer; but I stopped her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not well discern by her dress, which was genteel, though not fine, whether she was the mistress of the house, or only a servant: But supposing her to be the first, I am glad, Madam, said I, after having long enquired after you, to have so happily met with you, and to find you mistress of so fine a place. These words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into such a disorder, that it was some time before she could recover herself; but as soon as she was able to speak, Sir, said she, you are mistaken; I am but a servant. Her voice fell in these last words, and she burst again into tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and confusion, and said what I could to comfort her. Alas, Sir, said she, my condition, is much better than I deserve. I have the kindest and best of women for my mistress. She is wife to the gentleman you come to speak withal. You know her very well, and have often seen her with me. To make my story short, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a servant to the barber's daughter whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The gentleman at whose house I now was, fell in love with Moll, and being master of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his satisfaction as he could desire. He treats her with all the friendship and respect possible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deserve. And it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard her maid dwell so long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and she lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's spirit could not bear the thoughts of asking relief of any of her own, or husband's acquaintance; so they retired from all

their friends, until they were providentially discovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her daughter a beggar, than a servant; but being freed by her death, she was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where she now lived, though much more like a friend or companion, than like a servant.

I went home full of this strange adventure; and about a week after chancing to be in company with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story of his angel, not questioning but he would feel on this occasion, the usual pleasures of a resenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would have bursted, which I took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head, I saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a smile at the end of my story, and we parted.

About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter.

‘ Dear SIR,

‘ I AM infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my angel. I have since married her, and think the low circumstances she was reduced to a piece of good luck to both of us, since it has quite removed that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that I disliked, and given me an opportunity of shewing her the constant and sincere affection which I professed to her in the time of her prosperity.’

Yours, R. T.

XL. Fatal INSTANCES of the Surprizes of Passion.

TATLER, NUMB. 172.

WHEN a man is in a serious mood, and ponders upon his own make, with a retrospect to the actions of his life, and the many fatal miscarriages in it, which he owes to ungoverned passions, he is then apt to say to himself, That experience has guarded him against such errors for the future : But nature often recurs in spite of his best resolutions, and it is to the very end of our days a struggle between our reason and our temper, which shall have the empire over us. However, this is very much to be helped by circumspection, and a constant alarm against the first onsets of passion. As this is in general a necessary care to make a man's life easy and agreeable to himself, so it is more particularly the duty of such as are engaged in friendship, and more near commerce with others. Those who have their joys, have also their griefs in proportion, and none can extremely exalt or depress friends but friends. The harsh things which come from the rest of the world, are received and repulsed with that spirit which every honest man bears for his own vindication ; but unkindness in words or actions among friends, affects us at the first instant in the inmost recesses of our souls. Indifferent people, if I may so say, can wound us only in heterogeneous parts, maim us in our legs or arms ; but the friend can make no pass but at the heart itself. On the other side, the most impotent assistance, the mere well-wishes of a friend, gives a man constancy and courage against the most prevailing force of his enemies. It is here only a man enjoys and suffers to the quick. For this reason, the most gentle behaviour is absolutely necessary to maintain friendship in any degree above the common level of acquaintance. But there is a relation of life much more near than the most strict and sacred friendship, that is to say, marriage. This union is of too close and de-

licate a nature to be easily conceived by those who do not know that condition by experience. Here a man should, if possible, soften his passions; if not for his own ease, in compliance to a creature formed with a mind of a quite different make from his own. I am sure, I do not mean it an injury to women, when I say there is a sort of sex in souls. I am tender of offending them, and know it is hard not to do it on this subject; but I must go on to say, That the soul of a man, and that of a woman, are made very unlike, according to the employments for which they are designed. The ladies will please to observe, I say, our minds have different, not superior qualities to theirs. The virtues have respectively a masculine and a feminine cast. What we call in men wisdom, is in women prudence. It is a partiality to call one greater than the other. A prudent woman is in the same class of honour as a wise man, and the scandals in the way of both are equally dangerous. But to make this state any thing but a burthen, and not hang a weight upon our very beings, it is very proper each of the couple should frequently remember, that there are many things which grow out of their very natures that are pardonable, nay becoming, when considered as such, but without that reflection must give the quickest pain and vexation. To manage well a great family, is as worthy an instance of capacity, as to execute a great employment; and for the generality, as women perform the considerable part of their duties, as well as men do theirs; so in their common behaviour, those of ordinary genius are not more trivial than the common rate of men; and, in my opinion, the playing of a fan is every whit as good an entertainment as the beating of a snuff box.

But however I have rambled in this libertine manner of writing by way of essay, I now sat down with an intention to represent to my readers, how pernicious, how sudden, and how fatal surprizes of passion are to the mind of man; and that in the more intimate commerces of life they are more liable to arise,

arise, even in our most sedate and indolent hours. Occurrences of this kind have had very terrible effects; and when one reflects upon them, we cannot but tremble to consider what we are capable of being wrought up to against all the ties of nature, love, honour, reason, and religion, though a man who breaks through them all had, an hour before he did so, a lively and virtuous sense of their dictates. When unhappy catastrophes make up part of the history of princes and persons who act in high spheres, or are represented in the moving language, and well-wrought scenes of tragedians, they do not fail of striking us with terror; but then they affect us only in a transient manner, and pass through our imaginations, as incidents in which our fortunes are too humble to be concerned, or which writers form for the ostentation of their own force; or, at most, as things fit rather to exercise the powers of our minds, than to create new habits in them. Instead of such high passages, I was thinking it would be of great use (if any body could hit it) to lay before the world such adventures as befall persons not exalted above the common level. This, methought, would better prevail upon the ordinary race of men, who are so prepossessed with outward appearances, that they mistake fortune for nature, and believe nothing can relate to them that does not happen to such as live and look like themselves.

The unhappy end of a gentleman, whose story an acquaintance of mine was just now telling me, would be very proper for this end, if it could be related with all the circumstances as I heard it this evening; for it touched me so much, that I cannot forbear entering upon it.

Mr. Eustace, a young gentleman of a good estate near Dublin in Ireland, married a lady of youth, beauty, and modesty, and lived with her, in general, with much ease and tranquillity; but was in his secret temper impatient of rebuke: She is apt to fall into

little fallies of passion, yet as suddenly recalled by her own reflections on her fault, and the consideration of her husband's temper. It happened, as he, his wife, and her sister, were at supper together about two months ago, that in the midst of a careless and familiar conversation, the sisters fell into a little warmth and contradiction. He, who was one of that sort of men who are never unconcerned at what passes before them, fell into an outrageous passion on the side of the sister. The person about whom they disputed was so near, that they were under no restraint from running into vain repetitions of past heats: On which occasion all the aggravations of anger and distaste boiled up, and were repeated with the bitterness of exasperated lovers. The wife observing her husband extremely moved, began to turn it off, and rally him for interposing between two people, who from their infancy had been angry and pleased with each other every half hour. But it descended deeper into his thoughts, and they broke up with a sullen silence. The wife immediately retired to her chamber, whither her husband soon after followed. When they were in bed, he soon dissembled a sleep, and she, pleased that his thoughts were composed, fell into a real one. Their apartment was very distant from the rest of their family, in a lonely country house. He now saw his opportunity, and with a dagger he had brought to bed with him stabbed his wife in the side. She awaked in the highest terror; but immediately imagining it was a blow designed for her husband by ruffians, began to grasp him, and strove to awake and rouse him to defend himself. He still pretended himself sleeping, and gave her a second wound.

She now drew open the curtain, and by the help of moon light saw his hand lifted up to stab her. The horror disarmed her from further struggling; and he enraged anew at being discovered, fixed his point in her bosom. As soon as he believed he had dispatched her, he attempted to escape out of the window:

window: But she, still alive, called to him not to hurt himself; for she might live. He was so stung with the insupportable reflection upon her goodness, and his own villany, that he jumped to the bed, and wounded her all over with as much rage as if every blow was provoked by new aggravations. In this fury of mind he fled away. His wife had still strength to go to her sister's apartment, and give her an account of this wonderful tragedy; but died the next day. Some weeks after, an officer of justice, in attempting to seize the criminal, fired upon him, as did the criminal upon the officer. Both their balls took place, and both immediately expired.

XLI. The MEDICINE, a TALE for the Ladies. SWIFT.

MISS Molly, a fam'd toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms — but then she had a
tongue !

From morn to night th'eternal larum rung,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame ;
Possess'd he thought of every joy of Life ;
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of Fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine.
From whence some pretty discords would arise.
As ' You're a fool ' — and, ' You are mighty wife !'

Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet ;
When she began — for hat and sword he'd call,
Then after a faint kiss, — cry, bye dear Moll ;
Supper and friends expect me at the Rose.
And, what sir John, you'll get your usual dose !
Go, stink and smoke, and guzzle nasty wine ;
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine.

Oft as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off, because alone ;
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,
But arm'd with Bourdeaux, he durst venture home.

My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard :
'Tis a fine hour ! in a sweet pickle made !
And this, sir John, is every day the trade.
Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight ;

'Till

'Till morn sends stagg'ring home a drunken beast,
Resolv'd to break my heart as well as rest.

Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstrep'rous spouse,
What, can't you find one bed about the house?
Will that perpetual clack lie never still?
That rival to the softness of a mill!
Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise.

Long this uncomfortable life they led.
With snarling meals, and each a sep'rate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was,
Chear up, cry'd he! and I'll remove the cause.

A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
Of sov'reign virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife;
The best elixir, t'appease man and wife;
Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine,
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his sullen airs sir John should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum:
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold,
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
One month this sympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
Or every prattling hussy'll beg a dose.

A water-bottle's brought for her relief,
Not Nants could sooner ease the lady's grief:
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female like, impatient for the event!

The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war;
Ent'ring, he cries,—hey! where's our thunder fled!
No hurricane! Betty's your lady dead?

Madam,

64 THE NARRATIVE COMPANION:

Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
Court'fies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks:
Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd,
Why, how now, Moll, what's the crotchet now?
She smiles and answers only with a bow.
Then clasping her about—why let me die!
These night-cloths, Moll, become thee mightily!
With that, he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
And Betty calls, her lady to undress.
Nay, kiss me, Molly — for I'm much inclin'd:
Her lace she cuts, to take him in the mind.
Thus the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
The lady pleas'd, and the good knight content.

For many days these fond endearments past,
The reconciling bottle fails at last;
'Twas us'd and gone, — then midnight storms arose,
And looks and words the union discompose;
Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies,
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies,
Transported does the strange effects relate,
Her knight's conversion, and her happy state!

Why, niece, says he, — I prithee apprehend:
The water's water. — Be thyself thy friend;
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
Be silent and complying. — You'll soon find,
Sir John without a med'cine, will be kind.

XLII. Fatal Effects of fashionable Levities.

STORY OF FLAVILLA. ADVENTURER, NUMB. 123.

I HAVE before remarked, that “to abstain from the appearance of evil,” is a precept in that law, which has every characteristic of Divinity; and I have in more than one of these papers, endeavoured to enforce the practice of it, by an illustration of its excellence and importance.

Circumstances have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the consequence of conviction; and a conduct by which evil is strongly implied, is little less pernicious than that by which it is expressed. With respect to society, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the same; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact: and with respect to the individual, as the esteem of the world is a motive to virtue only less powerful than the approbation of conscience, he, who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himself half disarmed when he is assailed by temptation; and as he will have less to lose, he will, indeed, be less disposed to resist. Of the sex, whose levity is most likely to provoke censure, it is eminently true, that the loss of character by imprudence frequently induces the loss of virtue: the ladies therefore, should be proportionably circumspect; as to those, in whom folly is most likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of most importance to be wise.

This subject has irresistibly obtruded itself upon my mind in the silent hour of meditation, because, as often as I have reviewed the scenes in which I have mixed among the busy and the gay, I have observed, that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dress and behaviour, are become almost universal;
virtue

virtue seems ambitious of a resemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which she has been used to hide.

A decent timidity and modest reserve, have been always considered as auxiliaries to beauty; but an air of dissolute boldness is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite: chastity, which used to be discovered in every gesture and every look, is now retired to the breast, and is found only by those who intend its destruction; as a general when the town is surrendered retreats to the citadel, which is always less capable of defence when the outworks are possessed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the prostitute; if they are not otherwise known, they may share the box and the drawing room without distinction. The same fashion which takes away the veil of modesty, will necessarily conceal lewdness; and honour and shame will lose their influence, because they will no longer distinguish virtue from vice. General custom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual security against general censure; but it will not always lull the inspicions of jealousy; nor can it familiarize any beauty without destroying its influence, or diminish the prerogative of a husband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The excess of every mode may be declined without remarkable singularity; and the ladies, who should even dare to be singular in the present defection of taste, would proportionably increase their power and secure their happiness.

I know that in the vanity and the presumption of youth, it is common to allege the consciousness of innocence, as a reason for the contempt of censure; and a license, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the last. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repressed by a sense of danger: and as the
persons

persons whom I wish to warn, are most impatient of declamation, and most susceptible of pity. I will address them in a story; and I hope the events will not only illustrate, but impress the precept which they contain.

Flavilla, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage were sold to pay his debts; the jewels which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and though some gratified their pride by assuming an appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolence, and a minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality; they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendor, which the caprice of others, like

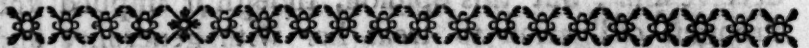
like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty but her wit: these qualifications she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered; and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, and sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did or said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less; and though she always treated her with respect from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast; and among other gay visitants who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband: but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind: but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made,

made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more : but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant, she still hoped to succeed in her project, Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him ; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view he went a short journey into the country ; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, “ That
 “ he had often reflected, with inexpressible regret,
 “ upon her resentment of his conduct in a late instance ;
 “ but that the delicacy and the ardour of his affection
 “ were insuperable obstacles to his marriage : that where
 “ there was no liberty, there could be no happiness :
 “ that he should become indifferent to the endearments
 “ of love, when they could no longer be distinguished
 “ from the officiousness of duty : that while they
 “ were happy in the possession of each other, it would
 “ be absurd to suppose they would part ; and that if
 “ this happiness should cease, it would not only ensure
 “ but aggravate their misery to be inseparably united :
 “ that

“ that this event was less probable, in proportion as
 “ their cohabitation was voluntary; but that he would
 “ make such provision for her upon the contingency,
 “ as a wife would expect upon his death. He con-
 “ jured her not to determine under the influence of
 “ prejudice and custom, but according to the laws of
 “ reason and nature. After mature deliberation, said
 “ he, remember that the whole value of my life de-
 “ pends upon your will. I do not request an explicit
 “ consent, with whatever transport I might behold
 “ the lovely confusion which it might produce. I shall
 “ attend you in a few days, with the anxiety, though
 “ not with the guilt of a criminal, who waits for the
 “ decision of his judge. If my visit is admitted, we
 “ will never part; if it is rejected, I can see you no
 “ more.”



STORY of FLAVILLA continued. ADVENTURER,
 NUMB. 124.

FLAVILLA had too much understanding as well as
 virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal.
 She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be ad-
 mitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to
 gratify her vanity, which she could not resist; she
 shewed it first to her mother, and then to the whole
 circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exulta-
 tion of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at the
 wheels of his chariot in a triumph; she considered it
 an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of
 all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct,
 and a licence to continue it without apology or re-
 straint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident,
 was seen in one of the boxes at the playhouse by Merca-
 tor, a young gentleman who had just returned from his
 first

first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendor of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curiosity than hope, to enquire who she was; and soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances, as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardor of his passion to her mother; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependance, and entreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some enquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled; that he ought, therefore, to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger; a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with

with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: he pressed his suit with that contagious ardor, which is caught at every glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that, of two evils, to marry without his consent was less, than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May Fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family: but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter; and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to compleat his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependance, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had

had concurred to render her character suspected; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but increase; a resolution, by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet to screen her from public infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his resentment, he told him, that "if he had taken Flavilla into keeping, he would have over-looked it; and if her extravagance had distressed him, he would have satisfied his creditors; but that his marriage was not to be forgiven; that he should never have another shilling of his money; and that he was determined to see him no more." Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply; and believing that he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicester-fields, and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude, which while he was at home had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent alarmed his suspicion: he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long ; the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished, the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity : she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera ; sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from town ; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure ; and that the person who had hired the lodgings for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known : but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence ; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character ; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning ; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crowded all day with messengers and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, “ that she was a fine
 “ young lady, that her husband was abroad, that she
 “ kept a great deal of company, and that the world
 “ was censorious ; she wished that less occasion for
 “ scandal was given ; and hoped to be excused the
 “ liberty

“ liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by
 “ those slanders which could have no influence upon
 “ the great, and which, therefore, they were not sol-
 “ licitous to avoid.” This address, however am-
 biguous, and however gentle, was easily understood,
 and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue,
 and impatient of controul, would have despised the
 counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an im-
 peachment of her conduct; before a person so much
 her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint;
 she answered with a mixture of contempt and indigna-
 tion, that “ those only who did not know her, would
 “ dare take any liberty with her character; and warned
 “ her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril.”
 Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the wo-
 man departed without reply, though she was scarce less
 offended than her lodger, and from that moment she
 determined when Mercator returned to give him
 warning.

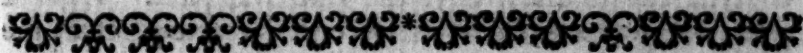
Mercator's voyage was prosperous; and after an
 absence of about ten months he came back. The
 woman, to whom her husband left the whole manage-
 ment of the lodgings, and who persisted in her pur-
 pose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution.
 Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punc-
 tually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offend-
 ed, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling
 him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was
 indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give;
 and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he
 became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After
 much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than
 any tale which malice could have invented, she told
 him, that “ Madam kept a great deal of company,
 “ and often staid out very late; that she had always
 “ been used to quiet and regularity; and was deter-
 “ mined to let her apartment to some person in a more
 “ private station.”

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that "he had no reason to be alarmed; for that she had no exception to his lady, but those gaieties which her station and the fashion sufficiently authorized." Mercator's suspicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidante whom it would be his interest to trust: he, therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed, that "he had some doubts concerning his wife, which it was of the utmost importance to his honour and his peace to resolve: he intreated that he might continue in the apartment another year; that, as he should again leave the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no incident, which might confirm either his hopes or his fears, to escape her notice in his absence; and that at his return she would give him such an account as would at least deliver him from the torment of suspense, and determine his future conduct."

There is no sophistry more general, than that by which we justify a busy and scrupulous enquiry after secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without hope of redress; and no service to which others are so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice but of friendship; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidante was on this occasion overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal;

Proposal ; and promised, that she would with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife ; and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove ; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation chiding and tears : but when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an ecstasy of fondness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection ; “ be-
“ cause,” said he, “ I know that my father keeps a
“ watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, there-
“ fore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either
“ intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune
“ as will prevent the pangs of separation which must
“ otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite
“ us to part no more.” To this caution she had then
no power to reply ; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.



STORY of FLAVILLA concluded. ADVENTURER,
NUMB. 125.

FLAVILLA, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child ; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary, that the vigils of whist and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended; and in this interval of langour and retirement Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the horse guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion, by the sudden and unexpected

unexpected sight of a person, whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room: she was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendor, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his appearance, that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After much deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependants; and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less chearful; she smiled with

inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection; and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once enquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hasting to enquire after his father; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to enquire how she had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, “that the child was born within less than eight months
“after his last return from abroad; that it was said to
“have come before its time, but that having pressed
“to see it she was refused.” This, indeed, was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion; for Flavilla, who had still repented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance; and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had

had been evaded; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship; and, soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented: he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest; but was, indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: but his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and, to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, that

“ the resentment which he expressed at his marriage,
 “ was every day increased by the conduct of his wife,
 “ whose character was now become notoriously infamous ; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of
 “ a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be
 “ well acquainted.” This account threw Mercator into another agony ; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and soothe his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings but go home with him ; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator in the mean time was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence ; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper was now ready : her impatience was increased ; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her ; she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence and dishonouring his bed ; “ of this,” he said, “ he had now obtained sufficient
 “ proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more.”

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be

not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting if she should have found him whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch and some other ornaments as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if possible the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but after much entreaty and expostulation at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprize and tumult which it

occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet, which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving that, in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who the moment he cast his eye upon the letter knew both the hand and the seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words :

“ Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should
 “ not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances, but
 “ those in which I write. I do not, therefore, but
 “ for your sake, wish them other than they are. The
 “ dear infant, whose birth has undone me, now lies
 “ dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion and
 “ your resentment. I am scarce able to guide my pen.
 “ But I most earnestly entreat to see you, that you
 “ may at least have the satisfaction to hear me attest
 “ my innocence with the last sigh, and seal our re-
 “ conciliation on my lips while they are yet sensible
 “ of the impression.”

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself and a petition for her; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester fields. But notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more.

more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house, he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

XLIII. Humorous Account of the VILLA's of LONDON
TRADESMEN. CONNOISSEUR, NUMB. 33.

To Mr. TOWN.

S I R,

I REMEMBER to have seen a little French novel, giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excursion into the country. He imagines himself about to undertake a long voyage to some strange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city as the most distant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is set on shore, he is amazed to find the people talk the same language, wear the same dress, and use the same customs with himself. He, who had spent all his life within the sight of *Pont Neuf*, looked upon every one, who lived out of Paris, as a foreigner; and though the utmost extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much surprised, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the *Terra Incognita*.

Most of our late novels are, with some little variation of circumstances, borrowed from the French: but if we should endeavour to adapt the novel I have been speaking of to a citizen of London, the humour of the whole piece would evaporate, and the fiction became unnatural and improbable. A London tradesman is as well acquainted with Turnham-Green or Kentish-Town as Fleet-street or Cheap-side, and talks as familiarly of Richmond or Hampton Court as of the 'Change or the Custom-house. In your late paper, on the amusements of Sunday, you have set forth in what manner our citizens pass that day, which most of them devote to the country: but I wish you had been more particular in your descriptions of those elegant rural mansions, which at once shew the opulence

lence and the taste of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

In these dusty retreats, where the want of London smoke is supplied by the smoke of Virginia tobacco, our chief citizens are accustomed to pass the end and the beginning of every week. Their boxes (as they are modestly called) are generally built in a row, to resemble as much as possible the streets in London. Those edifices which stand single, and at a distance from the road, have always a summer-house at the end of a small garden; which being erected upon a wall adjoining to the highway, commands a view of every carriage, and gives the owner an opportunity of displaying his best wig to every one that passes by. A little artificial fountain, spouting water sometimes to the amazing height of four feet, and in which frogs supply the want of fishes, is one of the most exquisite ornaments in these gardens. There are besides (if the spot of ground allows sufficient space for them) very curious statues of Harlequin, Caramouch, Pierrot, and Columbine, which serve to remind their wives and daughters of what they have seen at the play-house.

I went last Sunday, in compliance with a most pressing invitation from a friend, to spend the whole day with him at one of these little seats, which he had fitted up for his retirement once a week from business. It is pleasantly situated about three miles from London, on the side of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge consisting of two narrow planks, leading to the house. The hedge on the other side the road cuts off all prospect whatsoever, except from the garrets, from whence indeed you have a beautiful vista of two men hanging in chains on Kennington common, with a distant view of St. Paul's Cupola enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I set out on my visit betimes in the morning, accompanied by my friend's book-keeper, who was my guide, and carried over with him the London

don Evening Post, his mistress's hoop, and a dozen of pipes, which they were afraid to trust in the chair. When I came to the end of my walk, I found my friend sitting at the door in a black velvet cap, smoking his morning pipe. He welcomed me into the country; and after having made me observe the turnpike on my left and the Golden Wheatheaf on my right, he conducted me into his house, where I was received by his lady, who made a thousand apologies for being caught in such a dishabille.

The hall (for so I was taught to call it) had its white wall almost hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one side was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion-House, with several lesser views of the public buildings and halls; on the other was the Death of the Stag by the happy pencil of Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured: close by the parlour door there hung a pair of stag's horns, over which there was laid across a red roccelo and an amber-headed cane. When I had declared all this to be mighty pretty, I was shewn into the parlour, and was presently asked, who that was over the chimney-piece. I pronounced it to be a very striking likeness of my friend, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed periwig, a laced cravat with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a black livery-gown, a snuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimmed with gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter with the superscription — 'To Mr. — Common Council-Man of Farringdon Ward Without.' My eyes were then directed to another figure in a scarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been sheriff and knighted in the reign of King James the first. Madam herself filled up a pannel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess, smelling to a nosegay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns.

I was

I was then invited by my friend to see what he was pleased to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each side with lillies and coxcombs, supported by some old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he bade me take notice of a little square building surrounded with fileroy, which he told me an alderman of great taste had turned into a Temple, by erecting some battlements and spires of painted wood on the front of it; but concluded with an hint, that I might retire to it upon occasion.

After dinner, when my friend had finished his pipe, he proposed taking a walk, that we might enjoy a little of the country: so I was obliged to trudge along the foot path by the road-side, while my friend went puffing and blowing, with his hat in his hand, and his wig half off his head. At last I told him it was time for me to return home, when he insisted on going with me as far as the half-way house, to drink a decanter of Stingo before we parted. We here fell into company with a brother liveryman of the same ward, and I left them both together in an high dispute about Canning; but not before my friend had made me promise to repeat my visit to his country-house the next Sunday.

As the riches of a country are visible in the number of it's inhabitants and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to say, that the present state of England is very flourishing and prosperous: and if the taste for building encreases with our opulence for the next century, we shall be able to boast of finer country-seats belonging to our shop-keepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the most pompous descriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-seats, belonging to Pliny, Hortensius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were patricians of great rank and fortune: there can there-

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therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their Villas. But who has ever read of a Chinese-bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chandler or a Roman pastry-cook? or could any of their shoemakers or taylors boast a Villa with it's tin cascades, paper statues and Gothic root-houses? Upon the above principles we may expect, that posterity will perhaps see a cheesemonger's Apiarium at Brentford, a poulterer's Theriotrophium at Chiswick, and an Ornithon in a fishmongers's garden at Putney.

As a patriot and an Englishman I cannot but wish, that each successive century should encrease the opulence of Great Britain: but I should be sorry, that this abundance of wealth should induce our good citizens to turn their thoughts too much upon the country. At present we are deprived of our most eminent tradesmen two days out of six. It is true, the shopkeeper and the traveling part of his family, consisting generally of himself, his wife, and his two eldest daughters, are seldom sufficiently equipped to take leave of London, till about three o'clock on Saturday in the afternoon; but the whole morning of that day is consumed in papering up cold chickens, bottling brandy-punch, sorting clean shifts, and night-caps for the children, pinning baskets, and cording trunks; as again is the whole afternoon of the Monday following, in unpinning, uncording, locking up foul linnen, and replacing empty bottles in the cellar. I am afraid therefore, if the Villas of our future tradesmen should become so very elegant, that the shopkeepers will scarce ever be visible behind their counters above once in a month.

Yours, &c.

G. K.

SUPPLE-

SUPPLEMENT to the preceeding ACCOUNT.
CONNOISSEUR, NUMB. 135.

I NEED not offer any apology for laying the following verses before the public, which may be considered as a supplement to a former paper on the like subject. The easy elegance, which runs through the whole, will readily distinguish them to come from the same hand, that has more than once obliged us in the course of this undertaking.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the founder'd mare ;
While wedg'd in closely by his side
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With Jacky on a stool before 'em ;
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile !
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather ;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees ;
Admires it's views, it's situation ;
And thus she opens her oration.

“ What signify the loads of wealth,
“ Without that richest jewel, health ?
“ Excuse the fondness of a wife,
“ Who doats upon your precious life !
“ Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
“ Is more than human strength can bear :
“ One may observe it in your face —
“ Indeed, my dear, you break apace :
“ And nothing can your health repair.
“ But exercise and country air.

“ Sis

92 The NARRATIVE COMPANION:

“ Sir Traffick has an house, you know,
 “ About a mile from Cheney-Row :
 “ He’s a *good* man, indeed, ’tis true ;
 “ But not so *warm*, my dear, as you :
 “ And folks are always apt to sneer —
 “ One would not be outdone, my dear.”

Sir Traffick’s name, so well apply’d,
 Awak’d his brother merchant’s pride ;
 And Thrifty, who had all his life
 Paid utmost def’rence to his wife,
 Confess’d, her arguments had reason ;
 And, by th’ approaching summer season,
 Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
 And purchases his country box,

Some three or four mile out of town,
 (An hour’s ride will bring you down,)
 He fixes on his choice abode,
 Not half a furlong from the road :
 And so convenient does it lay,
 The stages pass it ev’ry day :
 And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
 To have an house so near the city !
 Take but your places at the Boar,
 You’re set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix’d at last,
 White-washing, painting, scrubbing past ;
 Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
 With all the fufs of moving over :
 Lo ! a new heap of whims are bred,
 And wanton in my lady’s head.
 “ Well ! to be sure, it must be own’d,
 “ It is a charming spot of ground :
 “ So sweet a distance for a ride,
 “ And all about so *countryfy’d* !
 “ ’Twould come to but a trifling price,
 “ To make it quite a paradise.
 “ I cannot bear those nasty rails,
 “ Those ugly, broken, mouldy pales :

“ Suppose,

" Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
 " We build a railing all Chinese.
 " Although one hates to be expos'd,
 " 'Tis dismal to be thus inclos'd :
 " One hardly any object sees —
 " I wish you'd fell those odious trees.
 " Objects continual passing by
 " Were something to amuse the eye :
 " But to be pent within the walls —
 " One might as well be at St. Paul's.
 " Our house beholders would adore,
 " Was there a level lawn before ;
 " Nothing it's views to incommode,
 " But quite laid open to the road ;
 " While ev'ry trav'ler, in amaze,
 " Should on our little mansion gaze,
 " And, pointing to the choice retreat,
 " Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat."

No doubt, her arguments prevail :
 For Madam's Taste can never fail.

Blest age ! when all men may procure
 The title of a Connoisseur ;
 When noble and ignoble herd
 Are govern'd by a single word ;
 Though, like the royal German dames,
 It bears an hundred Christian names ;
 As Genius, Fancy, Judgment, *Goût*,
 Whim, Caprice, *Je-ne-sçai-quoi*, *Virtù* :
 Which appellations all describe
 Taste, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.

Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
 With Chinese artists and designers,
 Produce their schemes of alteration,
 To work this wondrous reformation.
 The useful dome, which secret stood
 Embosom'd in the yew-tree's wood,
 The trav'ler with amazement sees
 A Temple, Gothic or Chinese,

With

94 The NARRATIVE COMPANION:

With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon.
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water four foot wide;
With angles, curves, and zigzag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.
In front a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green;
Where Taste would want it's first great law,
But for the skulking fly *Ha-Ha*;
By whose miraculous assistance
You gain a prospect two fields distance.
And now from Hyde-Park Corner come
The Gods of Athens and of Rome:
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus and the clumsy Graces;
Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.

The Villa thus completely grac'd,
All own, that Thrifty has a Taste:
And Madam's female friends and cousins,
With Common-Council-Men by dozens,
Flock ev'ry Sunday to the Seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

XLIV. THE STORY OF MELISSA.
RAMBLER, NUMB. 75.

To the RAMBLER.

S I R,

THE diligence with which you endeavour to cultivate the knowledge of nature, manners, and life, will perhaps incline you to pay some regard to the observation of one who has been taught to know mankind by unwelcome information, and whose opinions are the result, not of solitary conjectures, but of practice and experience.

I was born to a large fortune, and bred to the knowledge of those arts which are supposed to accomplish the mind, and adorn the person of a woman. To these attainments which custom and education almost forced upon me, I added some voluntary acquisitions by the use of books, and the conversation of that species of men whom the ladies generally mention with terror and aversion under the name of scholars, but whom I have found a harmless and inoffensive order of beings, not so much wiser than ourselves, but that they may receive as well as communicate knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their own character by cowardly submission, than to overbear or oppress us with their learning or their wit.

From these men, however, if they are by kind treatment encouraged to talk, something may be gained, which embellished with elegance, and softened by modesty, will always add dignity and value to female conversation; and from my acquaintance with the bookish part of the world I derived many principles of judgment and maxims of prudence, by which I was enabled to draw upon myself the general regard

gard in every place of concourse or pleasure. My opinion was the great rule of approbation, my remarks were remembred by those who desired the second degree of fame, my mein was studied, my dress was imitated, my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by those who copied them as sent to themselves, my visits were solicited as honours, and multitudes boasted of intimacy with Melissa, who had only seen me by accident, and whose familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courtesy.

I shall make no scruple of confessing that I was pleased with this universal veneration, because I always considered it as paid to my intrinsic qualities and inseparable merit, and very easily persuaded myself, that fortune had no part in my superiority. When I looked upon my glass I saw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reason to hope their continuance: when I examined my mind, I found some strength of judgment, and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was persuasion.

In this manner my life passed like a continual triumph amidst acclamations, and envy, and courtship, and caresses: to please Melissa was the general ambition, and every stratagem of artful flattery was practised upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them; for they prove, at least, our power, and shew that our favour is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood. But, perhaps, the flatterer is not often detected, for an honest mind is not apt to suspect, and no one exerts the powers of discernment with much vigour when self-love favours the deceit.

The number of adorers, and the perpetual distraction of my thoughts by new schemes of pleasure, prevented me from listening to any of those who croud
in

in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-seventh year, when, as I was towering in all the pride of uncontested excellency, with a face yet little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatness and independence.

I bore the diminution of my riches without any outrages of sorrow, or pusillanimity of dejection. Indeed I did not know how much I had lost, for, having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty, than of my fortune, it did not suddenly enter my imagination, that Melissa could sink beneath her established rank, while her form and mind continued the same; that she could cease to raise admiration but by ceasing to deserve it, or feel any stroke but from the hand of time.

It was in my power to have concealed the loss, and to have married, by continuing the same appearance, with all the credit of my original fortune; but I was not so far sunk in my own esteem, as to submit to the baseness of fraud, or to desire any other recommendation than sense and virtue. I therefore dismissed my equipage, sold those ornaments which were become unsuitable to my new condition, and appeared among those with whom I used to converse with less glitter, but with equal spirit.

I found myself received at every visit, with sorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamities in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and consolation, so frequently repeated, that my friends plainly consulted, rather their own gratification, than my relief. Some from that time refused my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my visits; some visited me, but after a longer interval than usual, and every return was still with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances

stances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes, to compare my present and former condition, to tell me how much it must trouble me to want the splendor which I became so well, to look at pleasures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to sink to a level with those by whom I had been considered as moving in a higher sphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence and submission, which I was no longer to expect.

Observations like these, are commonly nothing better than covert insults, which serve to give vent to the flatulence of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honesty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindness is intended; I will, therefore, so far maintain my antiquated claim to politeness, as to venture the establishment of this rule, that no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by absurd and unseasonable compassion.

My endless train of lovers immediately withdrew, without raising any emotions. The greater part had indeed always professed to court, as it is termed, upon the square, had enquired my fortune, and offered settlements; these had undoubtedly a right to retire without censure, since they had openly treated for money, as necessary to their happiness, and who can tell how little they wanted any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreasonable, who imagine themselves injured because the men who followed them upon the supposition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are discovered to have less. I have never known any lady, who did not think wealth a title to some stipulations in her favour; and surely what is claimed by the possession of money is justly forfeited by its loss. She that has once demanded a settlement has allowed the importance of fortune; and when she cannot shew pecuniary merit, why should she think her cheapener obliged to purchase?

My

My lovers were not all contented with silent desertion. Some of them revenged the neglect which they had formerly endured by wanton and superfluous insults, and endeavoured to mortify me by paying in my presence those civilities to other ladies, which were once devoted only to me. But, as it had been my rule to treat men according to the rank of their intellect, I had never suffered any one to waste his life in suspense, who could have employed it to better purpose, and had therefore no enemies but coxcombs, whose resentment and respect were equally below my consideration.

The only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loss of that influence which I had always exerted on the side of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the assertion of truth. I now find my opinions slighted, my sentiments criticised, and my arguments opposed by those that used to listen to me without reply, and struggle to be first in expressing their conviction. The female disputants have wholly thrown off my authority, and if I endeavour to enforce my reasons by an appeal to the scholars that happen to be present, the wretches are certain to pay their court by sacrificing me and my system to a finer gown, and I am every hour insulted with contradiction by cowards, who could never find till lately that Melissa was liable to error.

There are two persons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate that has passed his life in the duties of his profession, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety; the other is a lieutenant of dragoons. The parson made no difficulty in the height of my elevation to check me when I was pert, and instruct me when I blundered; and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous lest his freedom should be thought rudeness. The soldier never paid me any particular addresses, but very rigidly observed all the rules of politeness, which is now

100 The NARRATIVE COMPANION:

so far from relaxing, that when he serves the tea, he obstinately carries me the first dish, in defiance of the frowns and whispers of the table.

This, Mr. Rambler, is *to see the world*. It is impossible for those that have only known affluence and prosperity, to judge rightly of themselves or others: The rich and the powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we only discover in what estimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.

I am, &c.

MELISSA.

XLV:

XLV. AN ALLEGORICAL LETTER.
ADVENTURER, NUMB. 27.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

WITHOUT detracting from the merits of your correspondent of Tuesday last *, whose pretensions to public regard are undoubtedly well founded, I beg leave to make your paper my channel to fame; and am persuaded the judicious reader will admit of my claim, when he is acquainted with my history; and notwithstanding my sister has artfully enough insinuated her superiority, and indeed hinted reflections capable of wounding the most innocent character, as the first story is generally well told, I shall appeal to the impartial examiner, and expect my share of honour from his decision.

I shall begin then with informing you, that I am the elder, a circumstance my sister's pride made her suppress, and in the opinion of the best judges the handsomer; this her own vanity will hardly deny, nor does she attempt to shine but in my absence. She is indeed fairer; but dark beauties are not only more agreeable, but more durable; and as she has little to recommend her but her face, the indifference and neglect she complains of, is the less to be wondered at. Besides, the glare she affects in public, the fickleness of her behaviour, the pleasure she takes in discovering the secrets intrusted to her, and, above all, the fraud she practises by continual promises of being always the same, are sufficient reasons why half who know her pay her so little regard.

For my own part, ostentation is my aversion; and my pride, which makes me fond of admiration, prevents my using a mean condescension to procure it.

* Numb. XIII. of this Collection.

Though I dress well, I am never gaudy; and when I appear in my blue robe with gold spangles, and a crescent on my forehead, I have the satisfaction of seeing myself ogled even by philosophers. Some of my sex may think this a triumph of small importance, and prefer the unmeaning applauses of a coxcomb to the approbation of a man of understanding; but experience, the mother of true wisdom, has long since convinced me, that real beauty is best discerned by real judges, and the addresses of a sensible lover imply the best compliment to the understanding of his mistress.

The affability of my temper, indeed, exposes me to the visits of all parties; and my easiness of access too frequently engages me in the disagreeable company of fools and sharpers: nay more, sometimes I am the unwilling spectator of riot and intemperance; but when this happens, I generally throw in some reproof, and make the libertine, though he curses me, repent his excess: nor is it the least of my praise, that my approach strikes terror to the soul of the villain.

I might rise in the reputation I so justly demand, by recounting the many important services I have done mankind: I have conducted armies in safety, inspired politicians, rescued the distressed, and blessed the brightest eyes in Britain; I have industriously concealed the scandal my sister has propagated, and received with a condescension, scarce found in a rival, the wretch whom her follies had made weary of her service.

By this time you may be desirous of my name, and I think it no vanity to add, ambitious of my acquaintance, I formerly was a friend to the RAMBLER; nor will the ADVENTURER's intimacy with me lessen him in the opinion of his readers; for a proof of this, a great genius of the present age courted my assistance; and in gratitude for the favours he received from me, placed my name in the title page of the best book in the language. After this explanation, it is almost unnecessary to subscribe myself at your service,

NIGHT.

XLVI. Story of SEGED. RAMBLER, NUMB. 204.

SEGED, lord of Ethiopia, to the inhabitants of the world: To the sons of *presumption*, humility, and fear; and to the daughters of *sorrow*, content and acquiescence.

Thus in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, spoke Seged, the monarch of forty nations, the distributor of the waters of the Nile. "At length, Seged, thy toils are at an end, thou hast reconciled disaffection, thou hast suppressed rebellion, thou hast pacified the jealousies of thy courtiers, thou hast chased war from thy confines, and erected fortresses in the lands of thy enemies. All who have offended thee, tremble in thy presence, and wherever thy voice is heard, it is obeyed. Thy throne is surrounded by armies, numerous as the locusts of the summer, and resistless as the blasts of pestilence. Thy magazines are stored with ammunition, thy treasuries overflow with the tribute of conquered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy fields, and opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy nod is as the earthquake that shakes the mountains, and thy smile as the dawn of the vernal day. In thy hand is the strength of thousands, and thy health is the health of millions. Thy palace is gladdened by the song of praise, and thy path perfumed by the breath of benediction. Thy subjects gaze upon thy greatness, and think of danger or misery no more. Why, Seged, wilt not thou partake the blessings thou bestowest? Why shouldst thou only forbear to rejoice in this general felicity? Why should thy face be clouded with anxiety, when the meanest of those who call thee sovereign, gives the day to festivity, and the night to peace. At length, Seged, reflect and be wise. What is the gift of conquest but safety, why are riches collected but to purchase happiness?"

Seged then ordered the house of pleasure, built in an island of the lake Dambea, to be prepared for his reception. "I will retire, says he, for ten days from tumult and care, from counsels and decrees. Long quiet is not the lot of the governors of nations, but a cessation of ten days cannot be denied me. This short interval of happiness may surely be secured from the interruption of fear or perplexity, sorrow or disappointment. I will exclude all trouble from my abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever may confuse the harmony of the concert, or abate the sweetness of banquet. I will fill the whole capacity of my soul with enjoyment, and try what it is to live without a wish unsatisfied."

In a few days the orders were performed, and Seged halted to the palace of Dambea, which stood in an island cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads its colours to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden, were open walks for excursions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and silent arbours, and bubbling fountains for repose at noon. All that could solace the sense, or flatter the fancy, all that industry could extort from nature, or wealth furnish to art, all that conquest could seize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was excited and gratified.

Into this delicious region Seged summoned all the persons of his court, who seemed eminently qualified to receive, or communicate pleasure. His call was readily obeyed; the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haste to be sated with felicity. They sailed jocund over the lake, which seemed to smooth its surface before them: Their passage was cheered with musick, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged

Seged landing here with his band of pleasure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with discontent, to give his heart for ten days to ease and jollity, and then fall back to the common state of man, and suffer his life to be diversified, as before, with joy and sorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to consider where he shou'd begin his circle of happiness. He had all the artists of delight before him, but knew not whom to call, since he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He chose and rejected, he resolved and changed his resolution, till his faculties were harrassed, and his thoughts confused; then returned to the apartment where his presence was expected, with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and spread the infection of uneasiness over the whole assembly. He observed their depression, and was offended, for he found his vexation encreased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for consolation in his own mind; one thought flowed in upon another; a long succession of images seized his attention; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of pensiveness, till having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head, and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun. "Such," said Seged, sighing, is the longest day of human existence: Before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end."

The regret which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day, took from him all disposition to enjoy the evening; and, after having endeavoured, for the sake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and excite that mirth which he could not share, he resolved to refer his hopes to the next morning, and lay down to partake with the slaves of labour and poverty the blessing of sleep.

He rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, should appear in the presence of the king with dejected countenance, or utter any expression of discontent or sorrow, should be driven for ever from the palace of Dambea.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court, and bower of the gardens. Mirth was frightened away, and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or singing in the shades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Seged now met every face settled in a smile; but a smile that betrayed solicitude, timidity, and constraint. He accosted his favourites with familiarity and softness; but they durst not speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent or sorrow. He proposed diversions, to which no objection was made, because objection would have implied uneasiness; but they were regarded with indifference by the courtiers, who had no other desire than to signalize themselves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topics of conversation, but obtained only forced jests, and laborious laughter, and after many attempts to animate his train to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confess to himself the impotence of command, and resign another day to grief and disappointment.

He at last relieved his companions from their terrors, and shut himself up in his chamber to ascertain, by different measures, the felicity of the succeeding days. At length, he threw himself on the bed and closed his eyes, but imagined, in his sleep, that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, and awaked with all the terrors of a man struggling in the water. He composed himself again

again to rest, but was affrighted by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom, and striving, as is usual in dreams, without ability to move, fancied himself betrayed to his enemies, and again started up with horror and indignation.

It was now day, and fear was so strongly impressed on his mind, that he could sleep no more. He rose, but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and invasion, nor was he able to disengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy and ease in any amusement. At length his perturbation gave way to reason, and he resolved no longer to be harrassed by visionary miseries; but before this resolution could be completed half the day had elapsed: He felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of human schemes, and could not forbear to bewail the weakness of that being, whose quiet was to be interrupted by vapours of the fancy. Having been first disturbed by a dream, he afterwards grieved that a dream could disturb him. He at last discovered, that his terrors and grief were equally vain, and, that to lose the present in lamenting the past, was voluntarily to protract a melancholy vision. The third day was now declining, and Seged again resolved to be happy on the morrow.



Story of SEGED concluded. RAMBLER, NUMB. 205.

ON the fourth morning Seged rose early, refreshed with sleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden, attended by the princes and ladies of his court, and seeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulness, began to say to his heart, "This day shall be a day of pleasure." The sun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, and the gales quivered among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him, and sometimes listened to the songs, sometimes mingled with the
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dancers,

dancers, sometimes let loose his imagination in flights of merriment; and sometimes uttered grave reflections, and sententious maxims, and feasted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation, or intrusion of melancholy thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladness from his looks, and the sight of happiness conferred by himself filled his heart with satisfaction: But having passed three hours in this harmless luxury, he was alarmed on a sudden by an universal scream among the women, and turning back, saw the whole assembly flying in confusion. A young crocodile had risen out of the lake, and was ranging the garden in wantonness or hunger. Seged beheld him with indignation, as a disturber of his felicity, and chased him back into the lake, but could not persuade his retinue to stay, or free their hearts from the terror which had seized upon them. The princesses inclosed themselves in the palace, and could yet scarcely believe themselves in safety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and escape, and no mind was any longer at leisure for gay sallies or careless prattle.

Seged had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable casualties which lie in ambush on every side to intercept the happiness of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the consolation of thinking, that he had not been now disappointed by his own fault, and that the accident which had blasted the hopes of the day, might easily be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleasure of the next morning, he resolved to repeal his penal edict, since he had already found that discontent and melancholy were not to be frightened away by the threats of authority, and that pleasure would only reside where she was exempted from controul. He therefore in-

vited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded pleasantries, by proposing prizes for those who should, on the following day, distinguish themselves by any festive performances; the tables of the antechamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands, decreed the rewards of those who could refine elegance or heighten pleasure.

At this display of riches every eye immediately sparkled, and every tongue was busied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when Seged entered in hopes of uncommon entertainment from universal emulation, he found that any passion too strongly agitated, puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to mirth, and that the mind, that is to be moved by the gentle ventilations of gaiety, must be first smoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must in the same degree be afraid to lose, and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and solicitude. Nothing was done or spoken, but with so visible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it sometimes forced admiration: And Seged could not but observe with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself. As the evening approached, the contest grew more earnest, and those who were forced to allow themselves excelled, began to discover the malignity of defeat, first by angry glances, and at last by contemptuous murmurs. Seged likewise shared the anxiety of the day, for considering himself as obliged to distribute with exact justice the prizes which had been so zealously sought, he durst never remit his attention, but passed his time upon the rack of doubt in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjusting the claims of all the competitors.

At last knowing, that no exactness could satisfy those whose hopes he should disappoint, and thinking that on a day set apart for happiness, it would be cruel to oppress
any

any heart with sorrow, he declared that all had pleased him alike, and dismissed all with presents of equal value.

Seged soon saw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themselves secure of the highest prizes, were not pleased to be levelled with the crowd; and though by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promise had intitled them to expect, they departed unsatisfied, because they were honoured with no distinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph in the mortification of their opponents. "Behold here," said Seged, "the condition of him who places his happiness in the happiness of others." He then retired to meditate, and, while the courtiers were repining at his distributions, saw the fifth sun go down in discontent.

The next dawn renewed his resolution to be happy. But having learned how little he could effect by settled schemes or preparatory measures, he thought it best to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to please and be pleased his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffused a general complacency through the whole court, and the emperor imagined, that he had at last found the secret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But as he was roving in this careless assembly with equal carelessness, he overheard one of his courtiers in a close arbour murmuring alone: "What merit has Seged above us, that we should thus fear and obey him, a man, whom, whatever he may have formerly performed, his luxury now shews to have the same weakness with ourselves." This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always observed among the most abject of his flatterers. At first his indignation prompted him to severity; but reflecting, that what was spoken, without intention to be heard, was to be considered as only thought, and was perhaps but the sudden burst of casual and temporary vexation, he invented some decent pretence to send him away, that his retreat might

might not be tainted with the breath of envy, and after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the seventh day, and nothing happened to disturb the pleasure of Seged, till looking on the tree that shaded him, he recollected, that under a tree of the same kind he had passed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of Goïama. The reflection on his loss, his dishonour, and the miseries which his subjects suffered from the invader, filled him with sadness. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to solace himself with his usual pleasures, when his tranquillity was again disturbed by jealousies which the late contest for the prizes had produced, and which, having in vain tried to pacify them by persuasion, he was forced to silence by command.

On the eighth morning Seged was awakened early by an unusual hurry in the apartments, and enquiring the cause, was told, that the princess Balkis was seized with sickness. He rose, and calling the physicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity : All his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whose eyes he closed on the tenth day.

Such were the days which Seged of Ethiopia happily appropriated to a short respiration from the fatigues of war and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man hereafter may presume to say, " This day shall be a day of happiness."

XLVII. STORY of LIMBERTONGUE.
WORLD, NUMB. 35.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

THAT you may know who it is that offers you his correspondence, and how qualified I am to make a figure in the World, I shall let you into the secret of my birth and history.

I have the honour to be descended from the ancient family of the Limbertongues in Staffordshire. My grandfather was of the cabinet with Oliver Cromwell; but unfortunately happening to whisper a secret of some importance to his wife, the affair unaccountably became public, and sentence of dismissal was immediately passed upon him. My father was decypherer to king William. It was by his diligence and address that the assassination plot and some other combinations in that reign were brought to light. But being somewhat too officious in his zeal, he was suspected of betraying the secrets of his office (the better, as is supposed, to insinuate himself into those of the opposition) and was discarded with disgrace. With a fortune barely sufficient for support, he retired to his native village in Staffordshire; and soon after marrying the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman in the neighbourhood, he had issue male, the writer of this letter.

My earliest infancy gave indications of an inquisitive mind; and it was my father's care to implant in me, with the first knowledge of words, an insatiable desire to communicate. At twelve years old I discovered the frailty of a maiden aunt, and brought the curate of the parish into disgrace. A young lady of uncommon discretion, who boarded in the family,

was

was so delighted with the story, that she made me a party in all her visits, to give me new occasions of relating it: but happening one evening to steal a little abruptly upon the retirement of this lady, I discovered her in the prettiest familiarity imaginable with the harlequin of a strolling company.

It was about this time that a fever carried my mother to her grave. My father for some weeks was inconsolable; but making an acquaintance with an inn-keeper's daughter in the village, and marrying her soon after, he became the gayest man alive. By the direction of my new mother, who, for unknown reasons, grew uneasy at my prying disposition, I was sentenced to a grammar school at fifty miles distance. Mortified as I was at first, I began early to relish this change of life. A new world was opened to me for discovery: I wormed myself into the secrets of every boy, and made immediate information to the master. Many were the whippings upon these occasions; but as my heart always felt for the mischiefs of my tongue, I was the first to condole with the sufferer, and escaped suspicion by my humanity. But all human enjoyments are transitory. It happened in the course of my discoveries, that by a perverse boy's denying the fact he was charged with, I was unfortunately called up to give evidence against him; and though I delivered it with the strictest regard to truth, I found the whole school in combination against me, and every one branding me with the name of Tell-tale.

From this unlucky accident, hardly a day passed, but I was called upon to answer facts which I never committed, and was as certainly punished for denying them. I was buffeted and abused by every body, and then whipt for quarrelling; or if any thing was missing in the school, it was constantly found in one of my coat pockets, or locked up safely in my trunk. During this continued state of persecution, I wrote repeatedly to my father for leave to return home: but the government of that family was transferred, and

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and admittance to it, even at common vacation times, denied me. At the end of five years, however, and, as you will soon be informed, to my utter disgrace, I obtained the favour of passing the christmas holidays at home.

The morning after my arrival, I perceived at breakfast, by the demure looks of the maid, and now and then a side wink at her mistress, that there were secrets in the family. It was not long before I discovered some particular familiarities between my mother-in-law and a spruce exciseman in the neighbourhood. The room I lay in was the next to her's; but unadvisedly attempting a small peep hole in the wainscot, I unluckily bored through the face of my father's picture, which hung on the other side; by which misfortune I underwent the mortification of a discovery, and the severest discipline I ever felt. Stung with the reproaches I met with from this adventure, I doubled my assiduities, and had the satisfaction of discovering one afternoon in the garden, that the excise-man and my mother were made of the very same flesh and blood with the curate and my aunt. My father happening to be engaged at the next village, I had time to go from house to house and inform the parish of his disgrace: but how great was my surprise, when at my return home, instead of gaining credit to my story, my mother had art enough to turn the mischief upon myself, and to get me driven out of doors as the most wicked of incendiaries!

Enraged as I was at my father's inhumanity, I fell upon my knees in the street, and made a solemn oath never to enter his doors again, whatever misery might be the consequence. With this resolution, and somewhat more than a guinea in my pocket (which I had saved from the benefactions of some particular friends at my return from school) I took the road, by moonlight, for London. Nothing remarkable occurred to me on the way, till the last mile of my journey; when joining company with a very civil gentleman, who

who was kind enough to conduct me over the fields from Islington, and giving him a history of my life, I found this humane stranger so touched with my misfortunes, as to offer me a bed at his own house, and a supply of whatever money I wanted, till provision could be made for me. Such unexpected generosity drew tears from me. I thanked him for his goodness; and shewing him my guinea, which was yet unbroken, I told him the favour of his house would be sufficient obligation. I was indeed a little surprized to find at that very instant my benefactor's pistol at my breast, and a menace of immediate death, if I refused to deliver: but you will imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that I could withhold nothing from so kind a friend; and obligations being thus mutual between us, he left me to pursue my way with a few halfpence in my pocket.

To particularize my distresses on my first arrival in town, would be to write a volume instead of a letter. In a short time my inquisitive talents were taken notice of and I commenced business in the post of retainer to a bayliff's follower: but forgetting that secrecy was necessary to my commission, I communicated my errand wherever I was sent upon the look-out, and gave many a fine gentleman time to escape. This employment, though of short duration, got me a natural interest among the lawyers; and by the merit of scholarship, as well as writing a tolerable hand, I succeeded in time to the smart post of clerk to a solicitor. But here too it was my misfortune to be a little too unguarded in my discoveries: for happening sometimes to be sent abroad with bills of cost for business never done, and fees never paid, I found it impossible to conceal any thing from the clients, and was discarded as a betrayer of my master's secrets. In the course of a few years I was obliged to combat necessity in the various characters of a poet, a ballad-singer, a soldier, a tooth-drawer, a mountebank, an actor, and a travelling tutor to a Buck. In this last post I might have lived with ease and profit, if I could have concealed
from

from my pupil that he was the plague of every country he came to, and the disgrace of his own. By gradual progression, and having acquired some knowledge of French, I rose in time to be assistant secretary to an envoy abroad. Here it was that my enquiring mind began to be of service to me; but happening in a few months to make discovery of certain transactions, not much to the honour of my master, and being detected in transmitting them to my friends in England, I was discarded from my office with contempt and beggary. Upon this occasion my necessities hurried me to an act of guilt, that my conscience will ever upbraid me with: for being thus deserted in a country where charity was unfashionable, and reduced to the very point of starving, I renounced my religion for bread, and became a brother of the Mendicants of St. Francis. Under the sanctity of this habit and from the example of the brother-hood, I led a life of profligacy and wantonness. But though my conscience was subdued, my tongue retained its freedom: for it was my misfortune one day, through ignorance of my company, to betray the secrets of a lady's confession to her own husband. The story began to spread; and it was by a sort of miracle that I found the means of escaping with life.

At my return to England, I made a solemn renunciation of my apostacy; and by the favour of a certain great man, became of consequence enough for the service of a ministerial writer. My performances for sometime were highly applauded: but being a little too fond of communicating objections for the sake of answering them, I was accused of weakening the cause, and ordered to look out for other employment. Enraged at the injustice of this treatment, I devoted my pen to the service of patriotism; but being somewhat indiscreet in my zeal, and occasionally hinting to the world that my employers were only contending for power, I had the sentence of dismissal passed upon me for inadvertency.

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Being thus driven from all employment, and neither inclined, nor able to conquer the bent of my mind, I began seriously to consider how I might turn this very disposition to advantage. In the midst of these reflections it occurred to me that the ladies were naturally open-hearted like myself, and that if I tendered them my services, and supplied them with scandal upon all their acquaintance, I might find my account in it. But as wicked as this town is thought to be, and as knowing as I was in what was doing in it, I soon found that the real occurrences of life were too insipid for the attention of these fair ones, and that I must add invention to facts, or be looked upon as a trifter. I accordingly laid about me with all my might, and by a judicious mixture of truth and lies, succeeded so well, that in less than two months I carried off a dowager of quality, and am at present a very resigned widower with a handsome fortune.

This, sir, is my history; and as I cannot keep any thing I know, and as I know almost every thing that people would wish to keep, I intend myself the honour of corresponding with you often; and am, sir,

Your most humble servant,

NIC. LIMBERTONGUE.

XLVIII. STORY of a CASTILIAN and his WIFE,
shewing the Danger a Woman incurs by too great
a familiarity with a Male Companion.

SPECTATOR, NUMB. 198.

THERE is a species of women, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Salamanders. Now a Salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks to be in breeches or petticoats. She admits a male visitant to her bedside, plays with him a whole afternoon at piquet, walks with him two or three hours by moon-light, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of an husband, or the severity of a parent, that would debar the sex from such innocent liberties. Your Salamander is therefore a perpetual declaimer against jealousy, and an admirer of the French good-breeding, and a great stickler for freedom in conversation. In short, the Salamander lives in an invincible state of simplicity and innocence: her constitution is preserv'd in a kind of natural frost; she wonders what people mean by temptations, and defies mankind to do their worst. Her chastity is engaged in a constant Ordeal, or fiery trial: like good queen Emma, the pretty innocent walks blindfold among burning plough-shares, without being scorched or singed by them.

It is not therefore for the use of the Salamander, whether in a married or single state of life, that I design the following paper; but for such females only as are made of flesh and blood, and find themselves subject to human Frailties.

As for this part of the fair sex who are not of the salamander kind, I would most earnestly advise them
to

to observe a quite different conduct in their behaviour; and to avoid as much as possible what religion calls *Temptations*, and the world *Opportunities*. Did they but know how many thousands of their sex have been gradually betrayed from innocent freedoms to ruin and infamy; and how many millions of ours have begun with flatteries, protestations and endearments, but ended with reproaches, perjury, and perfidiousness; they would shun like death the very first approaches of one that might lead them into inextricable labyrinths of guilt and misery. I must so far give up the cause of the male world, as to exhort the female sex in the language of Chamont in the Orphan;

- “ Trust not a man, we are by nature false;
- “ Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and unconstant:
- “ When a man talks of love, with caution trust him:
- “ But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

I might very much enlarge upon this subject, but shall conclude it with a story which I lately heard from one of our Spanish officers, and which may shew the danger a woman incurs by too great familiarities with a male companion.

An inhabitant of the kingdom of Castile, being a man of more than ordinary prudence, and of a grave composed behaviour, determined about the fiftieth year of his age to enter upon wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his eye upon a young woman who had nothing to recommend her but her beauty and her education, her parents having been reduced to great poverty by the wars, which for some years have laid that whole country waste. The Castilian having made his addresses to her and married her, they lived together in perfect happiness for some time; when at length the husband's affairs made it necessary for him to take a voyage to the kingdom of Naples where a great part of his estate lay. The wife loved him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been a shipboard above a day, when they unluckily fell into the hands of
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an Algerine pirate, who carried the whole company on shore, and made them slaves. The Castilian and his wife had the comfort to be under the same master; who seeing how dearly they loved one another, and gasped after their liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was so moved with compassion towards his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain, (who happened to be his next relation) to sell his estate, and transmit the money to him. His friend hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which he himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed so many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French Renegado in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manners of the Algerines, enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this renegado, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that exigency: He further told the renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his estate. The renegado, after having represented to him that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt; and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determining to perish with it rather than lose one who

was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt on this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegado, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegado how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend the renegado with the money he had brought over for their ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms of it, and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story, but since I cannot I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him: he immediately arose and inquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the renegado about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things ready for their departure, they soon made their escape out of the territories of Algiers, carried away the money, and left the Castilian in captivity; who partly through the cruel treatment of the incensed Algerine his master, and partly through the unkind usage of his unfaithful wife, died some few months after.

XLIX. TRANSMIGRATIONS related by a FLEA.
ADVENTURER, NUMB. 5.

I HAVE before remarked, that it is the peculiar infelicity of those who live by intellectual labour, not to be always able equally to improve their time by application: there are seasons when the power of invention is suspended, and the mind sinks into a state of debility from which it can no more recover itself, than a person who sleeps can by a voluntary effort awake. I was sitting in my study a few nights ago in these perplexing circumstances, and after long rumination and many ineffectual attempts to start a hint which I might pursue in my lucubration of this day, I determined to go to bed, hoping that the morning would remove every impediment to study, and restore the vigour of my mind.

I was no sooner asleep than I was relieved from my distress by means which, if I had been waking, would have increased it; and instead of impressing upon my mind a train of new ideas in a regular succession, would have filled it with astonishment and terror. For in dreams, whether they are produced by a power of the imagination to combine images which reason would separate, or whether the mind is passive and receives impressions from some invisible agent, the memory seems to lie wholly torpid, and the understanding to be employed only about such objects as are then presented, without comparing the present with the past. When we sleep, we often converse with a friend who is either absent or dead, without remembering that the grave or the ocean is between us. We float like a feather upon the wind, or we find ourselves this moment in England and the next in India, without reflecting that the laws of nature are suspended, or inquiring how the scene could have been so suddenly shifted before us. We are familiar with prodigies, we accom-

accommodate ourselves to every event however romantic; and we not only reason, but act upon principles which are in the highest degree absurd and extravagant.

In that state, therefore, in which no prodigy could render me unfit to receive instruction, I imagined myself to be still sitting in my study, pensive and dispirited, and that I suddenly heard a small shrill voice pronounce these words, "Take your pen; I will dictate an ADVENTURER." I turned to see from whom this voice proceeded, but I could discover nothing: believing, therefore, that my good genius or some favouring muse was present, I immediately prepared to write, and the voice dictated the following narrative.

"I was the eldest son of a country gentleman who possessed a large estate, and when I was about nineteen years of age fell with my horse as I was hunting, my neck was dislocated by the fall, and for want of immediate assistance I died before I could be carried home: but I found myself the next moment, with inexpressible grief and astonishment, under the shape of a mongrel Puppy in the stable of an inn, that was kept by a man who had been butler to my father, and had married the cook.

"I was indeed greatly caressed; but my master, in order as he said to increase my beauty as well as my strength, soon disencumbered me of my ears and my tail. Besides the pain that I suffered in the operation, I experienced the disadvantages of this mutilation in a thousand instances: this, however, was but a small part of the calamity which in this state I was appointed to suffer.

"My master had a son about four years old, who was yet a greater favourite than myself; and his passions having been always indulged as soon as they appeared, he was encouraged to gratify his resentment against any thing, whether animate or inanimate, that had offended him, by beating me; and when

“ he did any mischief, for of other faults little notice
 “ was taken, the father, the mother, or the maid, was
 “ sure to chastise me in his stead.

“ This treatment from persons whom I had been
 “ accustomed to regard with contempt, and command
 “ with insolence, was not long to be borne: early one
 “ morning, therefore, I departed. I continued my
 “ journey till the afternoon without stopping, though
 “ it rained hard: about four o'clock I passed through a
 “ village; and perceiving a heap of shavings that were
 “ sheltered from the wet by the thatch of a house which
 “ some carpenters were repairing, I crept as I thought
 “ unnoticed into the corner, and laid myself down
 “ upon them: but a man who was planing a board,
 “ observing that I was a strange dog and of a mongrel
 “ breed, resolved to make himself and his companions
 “ merry at my expence: for this purpose, having made
 “ a hole about two inches diameter in a piece of deal,
 “ he suddenly caught me up, and putting the re-
 “ mainder of my tail through this diabolical engine,
 “ he made it fast by driving in a wedge with a heavy
 “ mallet, which crushing the bone put me to inex-
 “ pressible torment. The moment he set me down,
 “ the wretches, who had been spectators of this wag-
 “ gery, burst into immoderate laughter at the aukward
 “ motions by which I expressed my misery, and my
 “ ridiculous attempt to run away from that which I
 “ could not but carry with me. They hooted after me
 “ till I was out of their sight: however, fear, pain,
 “ and confusion, still urging me forward with involun-
 “ tary speed, I ran with such force between two pales
 “ that were not far enough asunder to admit my clog,
 “ that I left it with the remainder of my tail behind
 “ me. I then found myself in a farm yard; and
 “ fearing that I should be worried by the mastiff which
 “ I saw at a distance, I continued my flight: but some
 “ peasants who were at work in a neighbouring barn,
 “ perceiving that I ran without being pursued, that
 “ my eyes were inflamed, and that my mouth was
 “ covered

“ covered with foam, imagined that I was mad, and
 “ knocked out my brains with a flail.

“ Soon after I had quitted this maimed and perse-
 “ cuted carcass, I found myself under the wings of a
 “ Bullfinch with three others that were just hatched.
 “ I now rejoiced in the hope of soaring beyond the
 “ reach of human barbarity, and becoming like my
 “ mother a denizon of the sky : but my mother, be-
 “ fore I was perfectly fledged, was surprized in her
 “ nest by a schoolboy, who grasped her so hard to pre-
 “ vent her escape, that she soon after died : he then
 “ took the nest with all that it contained, which he
 “ deposited in a basket, where I presently lost my three
 “ companions in misfortune, by change of food and
 “ unskilful management. I survived ; and soon after I
 “ could feed myself, I was taken by my tyrant’s mo-
 “ ther, when she went to pay her rent, as a present to
 “ her landlord’s daughter, a young lady who was ex-
 “ tremely beautiful and in the eighteenth year of her
 “ age.

“ My captivity now began to lose its terrors ; I no
 “ longer dreaded the rude gripe of a boisterous urchin,
 “ whose fondness was scarce less dangerous than his
 “ resentment ; who in the zeal of his attachment to
 “ a new plaything, might neglect me till I perished
 “ with hunger ; or who might wring off my neck,
 “ because he had some other use for the half-penny
 “ which should procure me food : the confinement of a
 “ cage became habitual ; I was placed near a pleasant
 “ window ; I was constantly fed by one of the finest
 “ hands in the world ; and I imagined, that I could suffer
 “ no misery under the patronage of smiles and
 “ graces.

“ Such was my situation, when a young lady from
 “ London made an afternoon’s visit to my mistress :
 “ she took an opportunity to caress me among her
 “ other favourites, which were a parrot, a monkey
 “ and a lap-dog ; she chirped, and holding out her
 “ finger

“ finger to me, I hopped upon it; she stroked me,
 “ put my head to her cheek, and to shew my sensibility
 “ of her favours I began to sing: as soon as my song
 “ was over, she turned to my mistress, and told her,
 “ that the dear little creature might be made absolutely
 “ the sweetest bird in the world, only by putting out
 “ its eyes, and confining it in a less cage: to this
 “ horrid proposal my fair keeper agreed, upon being
 “ again assured that my song would be very greatly
 “ improved; and the next day performed herself the
 “ operation, as she had been directed, with the end
 “ of a hot knitting-needle. My condition was now
 “ more easily to be conceived than expressed: but I
 “ did not long suffer the mournful solitude of perpetual
 “ darkness; for a cat came one night into the room
 “ undiscovered, dragged me through the wires of the
 “ cage, and devoured me.

“ I was not displeased to find myself once more at
 “ large; delivered from blindness and captivity, and
 “ still able to sport upon the breeze in the form of a
 “ Cockchafer. But I had scarce entered this new scene
 “ of existence, when a gentleman, in whose garden I
 “ was feasting on one of the leaves of a cherry-tree,
 “ caught me, and turning to his son, a boy who had
 “ just been put into his first breeches, Here Tommy,
 “ says he, is a bird for you. The boy received me
 “ with a grin of horrid delight, and, as he had been
 “ taught, immediately impaled me alive upon a
 “ corking-pin, to which a piece of thread was fasten-
 “ ed, and I was doomed to make my young master
 “ sport, by fluttering about in the agonies of death;
 “ and when I was quite exhausted, and could no
 “ longer use my wings, he was bid to tread upon me
 “ for that I was now good for nothing; a command
 “ with which he mercifully complied, and in a moment
 “ crushed me to atoms with his foot.

“ From a Cockchafer I transmigrated into an Earth-
 “ worm, and found myself at the bottom of a farmer's
 “ dunghill. Under this change of circumstances I
 “ comforted

“ comforted myself by considering, that if I did not
 “ now mount upon the wind, and transport myself
 “ from place to place with a swiftness almost equal to
 “ thought, yet I was not likely either to please or to
 “ offend mankind, both of which were equally fatal;
 “ and I hoped to spend my life in peace, by escaping
 “ the notice of the most cruel of all creatures.

“ But I did not long enjoy the comfort of these re-
 “ flections. I was one morning disturbed by an un-
 “ usual noise, and perceived the ground about me to
 “ shake. I immediately worked my way upward to
 “ discover the cause; and the moment I appeared
 “ above the surface, I was eagerly snatched up by a
 “ man who had stuck a dung-fork into the ground,
 “ and moved it backward and forward to produce the
 “ effect that had now happened. I was put into a
 “ broken pan with many other associates in misfortune,
 “ and soon after disposed of to one of those gentle
 “ swains who delight in angling. This person carried
 “ us the next morning to the brink of a river, where
 “ I presently saw him take out one of my companions,
 “ and, whistling a tune, pass a barbed hook through
 “ the whole length of his body, entering it at the
 “ head and bringing it out at the tail. The wretched
 “ animal writhed itself on the bloody hook, in torture
 “ which cannot be conceived by man, nor felt by any
 “ creature that is not vital in every part. In this con-
 “ dition he was suspended in the water as a bait for
 “ fish, till he was, together with the hook on which
 “ he hung, swallowed by an eel. While I was be-
 “ holding this dreadful spectacle, I made many re-
 “ flections on the great inequality between the pleasure
 “ of catching the prey, and the anguish inflicted on
 “ the bait. But these reflections were presently after
 “ lost, in the same agonies of which I had been a
 “ spectator.

“ You will not have room in this paper to relate all
 “ that I suffered from the thoughtless barbarity of
 “ man-

“ mankind, in a Cock, a Lobster, and a Pig: let it
 “ suffice to say, that I suffered the same kind of death
 “ with those who are broken upon the wheel, I was
 “ roasted alive before a slow fire, and was scourged to
 “ death with small cords, to gratify the wanton ap-
 “ petite of luxury, or contribute to the merriment of a
 “ rabble.”

Thus far I had written as amanuensis to an invisible dictator; when my dream still continuing, I felt something tickle my wrist, and turning my eye from the paper to see what it was, I discovered a Flea, which I immediately caught and killed, by putting it into the candle. At the same instant the Flea vanished, and a young Lady of exquisite beauty stood before me. “ Thoughtless wretch,” said she, “ thou hast again
 “ changed the state of my existence, and exposed me to
 “ still greater calamities than any that I have yet suf-
 “ fered. As a Flea I was thy monitor, and as a Flea
 “ I might have escaped thy cruelty if I had not in-
 “ tended thy instruction. But now to be concealed is
 “ impossible, and is therefore impossible to be safe.
 “ The eyes of desire are upon me, and to betray me
 “ to infamy and guilt will be the toil of perseverance
 “ and the study of reason. But though man is still
 “ my enemy, though he assails me with more violence
 “ and persists with more obstinacy, I have yet less
 “ power of resistance; there is a rebel in my own
 “ bosom who will labour to give me up, whose in-
 “ fluence is perpetual, and perpetual influence is not
 “ easily surmounted. Publish, however, what I have
 “ communicated; if any man shall be reclaimed from
 “ a criminal inattention to the felicity of inferior
 “ beings, and restrained from inflicting pain by con-
 “ sidering the effect of his actions, I have not suffered
 “ in vain. But as I am now exposed not only to
 “ accidental and casual evils, as I am not only in
 “ danger from the frolicks of levity, but from the
 “ designs of cunning; to atone for the injury which
 “ thou hast done me, let the ADVENTURER warn the
 “ sex of every wile that is practised for their destruction;
 “ and

“ and deter men from the attempt, by displaying the
 “ aggravated guilt, and shameless disingenuity of
 “ assuming an appearance of the most ardent and
 “ tender affection, only to overwhelm with unutter-
 “ able distress the beauty whom love has made cre-
 “ dulous, and innocence keeps unacquainted with
 “ suspicion.”

While I listened to this address, my heart throbbed
 with impatience; and the effort that I made to reply,
 awakened me.

L. Distresses of an unfortunate FAMILY. WORLD,
NUMB. 144.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

IF your breast has any feeling for the distresses of a ruined wife and mother, I beseech you to give my most unhappy story a place in your next paper. It may possibly come time enough to prevent a catastrophe, which would add horror to ruin, and drive to utter distraction a poor helpless family, who have more misery already than they are able to bear.

I am the wife of a very worthy officer in the army, who by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, was obliged to sell his commission; and from a state of ease and plenty, has been long since reduced to the utmost penury and want. One son and a daughter were our only children—Alas! that I should live to say it! happy would it have been for us, if one of them had never been born!—The boy was of a noble nature, and in happier times his father bought him a commission in the service, where he is now a lieutenant, and quartered in Scotland with his regiment. O! he is a dear and dutiful child, and has kept his poor parents from the extremity of want, by the kind supplies which he has from time to time sent us in our misfortunes.

His sister was in the eyes of a fond father and mother lovely to an extreme. Alas, Mr. Fitz-Adam! she was too lovely—The times I have watered her dear face with my tears, at the thought that her temper was too meek and gentle for so engaging a form! She lived with us till she was turned of fourteen, at which time we were prevailed on by a friend to place her with a gentleman of fortune in the country (who had lately buried his

his lady) to be the companion of his daughters. The gentleman's character was too honourable, and the offer too advantageous to suffer us to hesitate long about parting with a child, whom, dear to us as she was, we were not able to support. It is now a little more than two years since our separation; and till within a very few months, it was our happiness and joy that we had provided for her so fortunately. She lived in the esteem and friendship of the young ladies, who were indeed very amiable persons; and such was their father's seeming indulgence to us, that he advanced my husband a sum of money upon his bond, to free him from some small debts, which threatened him hourly with a jail.

But how shall I tell you, sir, that this seeming benefactor has been the cruellest of all enemies! The enjoyment of our good fortune began to be interrupted, by hearing less frequently from our daughter than we used to do; and when a letter from her arrived, it was short and constrained, and sometimes blotted, as if with tears, while it told us of nothing that should occasion any concern. It is now upwards of two months since we have heard from her at all; and while we were wondering at her silence, we received a letter from the eldest of the young ladies, which threw us into a perplexity, which can neither be described nor imagined. It was directed to me, and contained these words.

“ MADAM,

“ For reasons that you will too soon be acquainted
 “ with, I must desire that your daughter may be a
 “ stranger to our family. I dare not indulge my
 “ pity for her as I would, lest it should lead me to
 “ think too hardly of one, whom I am bound in duty
 “ to reverence and honour. The bearer brings you a
 “ trifle, with which I desire you will immediately hire
 “ a post-chaise, and take away your daughter. My
 “ father is from home, and knows nothing of this

" letter; but assure yourself it is meant to serve you,
 " and that I am,

" MADAM,

" Your very sincere friend

" and humble servant."

Alarmed and terrified as I was at this letter, I made no hesitation of complying with its contents. The bearer of it either could not, or would not inform me of a syllable that I wanted to know. My husband indeed had a fatal guess at its meaning; and in a fury of rage, insisted on accompanying me: but as I really hoped better things, and flattered myself that the young ladies were apprehensive of a marriage between their father and my girl, I soothed him into patience, and sat out alone.

I travelled all night; and early the next morning, saw myself at the end of my journey.—O, sir! am I alive to tell it? I found my daughter in a situation the most shocking that a fond mother could behold! She had been seduced by her benefactor, and was visibly with child. I will not detain you with the swoonings and confusion of the unhappy creature at this meeting, nor with my own distraction at what I saw and heard. In short, I learnt from the eldest of the ladies, that she had long suspected some unwarrantable intimacies between her father and my girl; and that finding in her altered shape and appearance a confirmation of her suspicions, she had questioned her severely upon the subject, and brought her to a full confession of her guilt: that farther, her infatuated father was then gone to town, to provide lodgings for the approaching necessity, and that my poor deluded girl had consented to live with him afterwards in London, in the character of a mistress.

I need not tell you, sir, the horror I felt at this dismal tale. Let it suffice that I returned with my
 unhappy

unhappy child, with all the haste I was able. Nor is it needful that I should tell you of the rage and indignation of a fond and distracted father at our coming home. Unhappily for us all, he was too violent in his menaces, which I suppose reached the ears of this cruellest of men, who eight days ago caused him to be arrested upon his bond, and hurried to a prison.

But if this, Mr. Fitz-Adam, had been the utmost of my misery, cruel as it is, I had spared you the trouble of this relation, and buried my grief in my own bosom. Alas! sir, I have another concern, that is more insupportable to me than all I have told you. My distracted husband, in the anguish of his soul, has written to my son, and given him the most aggravated detail of his daughter's shame, and his own imprisonment; conjuring him (as he has confessed to me this morning) by the honour of a soldier, and by every thing he holds dear, to lose not a moment in doing justice with his sword upon this destroyer of his family. The fatal letter was sent last week, and has left me in the utmost horror at the thought of what may happen. I dread every thing from the rashness and impetuosity of my son, whose notions of honour and justice are those of a young soldier, who in defiance of the law, will be judge in his own cause, and the avenger of injuries, which Heaven only should punish.

I have written to him upon this occasion in all the agony of a fond mother's distresses. But O! I have fatal forebodings that my letter will arrive too late. What is this honour, and what this justice, that prompts men to acts of violence and blood, and either leaves them victims to the law, or to their own unwarrantable rashness? As forcibly as I was able in this distracted condition, I have set his duty before him; and have charged him, for his own soul's sake, and for the sake of those he most tenderly loves, not to bring utter ruin on a family, whose distresses already are near sinking them to the grave.

The

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The only glimmèring of comfort that opens upon me, is the hope that your publication of this letter may warn the wretch who has undone us of his danger, and incline him to avoid it. Fear is generally the companion of guilt, and may possibly be the means of preserving to me the life of a son, after worse than death hath happened to a daughter.

If you have pity in your nature, I beg the immediate publication of this letter, which will infinitely oblige,

S I R,

Your greatly distressed,

but most faithful humble servant.

LI.

LI. The Cruelty of gratifying a thoughtless VANITY
in hiring Servants, represented in the STORY of
ZOSIMA. RAMBLER, NUMB. 12.

To the RAMBLER.

S I R,

AS you seem to have devoted your labours to virtue,
I cannot forbear to inform you of one species
of cruelty, with which the life of a man of letters
perhaps does not often make him acquainted; and
which, as it seems to produce no other advantage to
those that practise it than a short gratification of thought-
less vanity, may become less common when it has
been once exposed in its various forms, and its full
magnitude.

I am the daughter of a country gentleman, whose
family is numerous, and whose estate, not at first suffi-
cient to supply us with affluence, has been lately so
much impaired by an unsuccessful lawsuit, that all the
younger children are obliged to try such means as their
education affords them, for procuring the necessaries of
life. Distress and curiosity concurred to bring me to
London, where I was received by a relation with the
coldness which misfortune generally finds. A week,
a long week, I lived with my cousin, before the most
vigilant enquiry could procure us the least hopes of a
place, in which time I was much better qualified to
bear all the vexations of servitude. The first two days
she was content to pity me, and only wish'd I had not
been quite so well bred, but people must comply with
their circumstances. This lenity, however, was soon
at an end; and, for the remaining part of the week,
I heard every hour of the pride of my family, the ob-
stinacy of my father, and of people better born than
myself that were common servants.

At

At last, on Saturday noon, she told me, with very visible satisfaction, that Mrs. Bombasine, the great silk-mercenary's lady, wanted a maid, and a fine place it would be, for there would be nothing to do but to clean my mistress's room, get up her linen, dress the young ladies, wait at tea in the morning, take care of a little miss just come from nurse, and then sit down to my needle. But madam was a woman of great spirit, and would not be contradicted, and therefore I should take care, for good places were not easily to be got.

With these cautions, I waited on madam Bombasine, of whom the first sight gave me no ravishing ideas. She was two yards round the waist, her voice was at once loud and squeaking, and her face brought to my mind the picture of the full-moon. Are you the young woman, says she, that are come to offer yourself? It is strange when people of substance want a servant, how soon it is the town-talk. But they know they shall have a belly-full that live with me. Not like people at the other end of the town, we dine at one o'clock. But I never take any body without a character; what friends do you come of? I then told her that my father was a gentleman, and that we had been unfortunate. — A great misfortune, indeed, to come to me and have three meals a-day! — So your father was a gentleman, and you are a gentlewoman I suppose — such gentlewomen! — Madam, I did not mean to claim any exemptions, I only answered your enquiry — Such gentlewomen! people should set their children to good trades, and keep them off the parish. Pray go to the other end of the town, there are gentlewomen, if they would pay their debts: I am sure we have lost enough by gentlewomen. Upon this, her broad face grew broader with triumph, and I was afraid she would have taken me for the pleasure of continuing her insult; but happily the next word was, Pray, Mrs. Gentlewoman, troop down stairs. You may believe I obeyed her.

I re-

I returned and met with a better reception from my cousin than I expected; for while I was out, she had heard that Mrs. Standish, whose husband had lately been raised from a clerk in an office, to be commissioner of the excise, had taken a fine house, and wanted a maid.

To Mrs. Standish I went, and, after having waited six hours, was at last admitted to the top of the stairs, when she came out of her room, with two of her company. There was a smell of punch. So young woman you want a place, whence do you come?—From the country, madam. — Yes, they all come out of the country. And what brought you to town, a bastard? Where do you lodge? At the Seven-Dials? What you never heard of the foundling house? Upon this, they all laughed so obstreperously, that I took the opportunity of sneaking off in the tumult.

I then heard of a place at an elderly lady's. She was at cards; but in two hours, I was told, she would speak to me. She asked me if I could keep an account, and ordered me to write. I wrote two lines out of some book that lay by her. She wonder'd what people meant, to breed up poor girls to write at that rate. I suppose, Mrs. Flirt, if I was to see your work, it would be fine stuff!— You may walk. I will not have love-letters written from my house to every young fellow in the street.

Two days after, I went on the same pursuit to lady Lofty, dressed, as I was directed, in what little ornament I had, because she had lately got a place at court. Upon the first sight of me, she turns to the woman that showed me in, Is this the lady that wants a place? Pray what place wou'd you have, miss? a maid of honour's place? Servants now a-days! — Madam, I heard you wanted — Wanted what? Somebody finer than myself! A pretty servant indeed — I should be afraid to speak to her — I suppose, Mrs. Minx, these fine hands cannot bear wetting. — A servant

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vant indeed! Pray move off. — I am resolved to be the head person in this house—You are ready dress'd, the taverns will be open.

I went to enquire for the next place in a clean linen gown, and heard the servant tell his lady, there was a young woman, but he saw she would not do. I was brought up however. Are you the trollop that has the impudence to come for my place? What, you have hired that nasty gown, and are come to steal a better.—Madam, I have another, but being obliged to walk — Then these are your manners, with your blushes and your courtesies, to come to me in your worst gown. Madam, give me leave to wait upon you in my other. Wait on me, you saucy slut! Then you are sure of coming. — I could not let such a drab come near me. —Here, you girl that came up with her, have you touch'd her? If you have, wash your hands before you dress me. — Such trollops! Get you down. What, whimpering? Pray walk.

I went away with tears; for my cousin had lost all patience. However she told me, that having a respect for my relations, she was willing to keep me out of the street, and would let me have another week.

The first day of this week I saw two places. At one I was asked where I had lived? And upon my answer, was told by the lady, that people should qualify themselves in ordinary places, for she should never have done if she was to follow girls about. At the other house, I was a smirking hussy, and that sweet face I might make money of.—For her part, it was a rule with her, never to take any creature that thought herself handsome.

The three next days were spent in lady Bluff's entry, where I waited six hours every day for the pleasure of seeing the servants peep at me, and go away laughing — Madam will stretch her small thanks
in

in the entry; she will know the house again. — At sun-set the two first days I was told, that my lady would see me to-morrow; and on the third, that her woman staid.

My week was now near its end, and I had no hopes of a place. My relation, who always laid upon me the blame of every miscarriage, told me that I must learn to humble myself, and that all great ladies had particular ways; that if I went on in that manner, she could not tell who would keep me; she had known many that had refused places, sell their cloaths, and beg in the streets.

It was to no purpose that the refusal was declared by me to be never on my side; I was reasoning against interest and against stupidity; and therefore I comforted myself with the hope of succeeding better in my next attempt, and went to Mrs. Courtly, a very fine lady, who had routs at her house, and saw the best company in town.

I had not waited two hours before I was called up, and found Mr. Courtly and his lady at piquet, in the height of good humour. This I looked on as a favourable sign, and stood at the lower end of the room in expectation of the common questions. At last Mr. Courtly call'd out, after a whisper, Stand facing the light, that one may see you. I chang'd my place, and blush'd. They frequently turn'd their eyes upon me, and seem'd to discover many subjects of merriment; for at every look they whisper'd, and laugh'd with the most violent agitations of delight. At last Mr. Courtly cried out, Is that colour your own, child? Yes, says the lady, if she has not robb'd the kitchen hearth. This was so happy a conceit, that it renew'd the storm of laughter, and they threw down their cards in hopes of better sport. The lady then called me to her, and began with an affected gravity to enquire what I could do? But first turn about, and let us see your fine shape: Well, what are you fit for, Mrs. Mum? You would find

find your tongue, I suppose, in the kitchen. No, no, says Mr. Courtly, the girl's a good girl yet, but I am afraid a brisk young fellow, with fine tags on his shoulder—Come, child, hold up your head; what? you have stole nothing—Not yet, says the lady, but she hopes to steal your heart quickly. — Here was a laugh of happiness and triumph, prolonged by the confusion which I could no longer repress. At last the lady recollected herself: Stole? no—but if I had her, I should watch her; for that downcast eye—Why cannot you look people in the face? Steal? says her husband, she would steal nothing but, perhaps, a few ribbands before they were left off by her lady. Sir, answer'd I, why should you, by supposing me a thief, insult one from whom you had received no injury? Insult, says the lady; are you come here to be a servant, you saucy baggage, and talk of insulting? What will this world come to, if a gentleman may not jest with a servant? Well, such servants! pray be gone, and see when you will have the honour to be so insulted again. Servants insulted—a fine time. — Insulted! Get down stairs, you slut, or the footman shall insult you.

The last day of the last week was now coming, and my kind cousin talked of sending me down in the waggon to preserve me from bad courses. But in the morning she came and told me that she had one trial more for me; Euphemia wanted a maid, and perhaps I might do for her; for, like me, she must fall her crest, being forced to lay down her chariot upon the loss of half her fortune by bad securities, and with her way of giving her money to every body that pretended to want it, she could have little beforehand; therefore I might serve her; for, with all her fine sense, she must not pretend to be nice.

I went immediately, and met at the door a young gentlewoman, who told me she had herself been hired that morning, but that she was order'd to bring any that offered up stairs. I was accordingly introduced to Euphemia, who, when I came in, laid down her book,
and

and told me, that she sent for me not to gratify an idle curiosity, but lest my disappointment might be made still more grating by incivility; that she was in pain to deny any thing, much more what was no favour; that she saw nothing in my appearance which did not make her wish for my company; but that another, whose claims might perhaps be equal, had come before me. The thought of being so near to such a place, and missing it, brought tears into my eyes, and my sobs hinder'd me from returning my acknowledgments. She rose up confused, and supposing by my concern that I was distressed, placed me by her, and made me tell her my story: which when she had heard, she put two guineas in my hand, ordering me to lodge near her, and make use of her table till she could provide for me. I am now under her protection, and know not how to shew my gratitude better than by giving this account to the RAMBLER.

Z O S I M A.

LIH.

LII. DESCRIPTION of a London TRADESMAN in the Country. CONNOISSEUR, NUMB. 79.

Mr. VILLAGE to Mr. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN,

I HAVE been very much diverted with your observations on the honest tradesmen, who make weekly excursions into the villages about town; and I agree with you, that the generality of your citizens seldom dare trust themselves out of the sight of London smoke, or extend their travels further than with their wives and children in the Wandsworth double post chaise, or the Hampton long coach. But we may now and then pick up a stray citizen, whom business has dragged beyond the bills of mortality, as it happened to myself the other day about forty miles from London: and as I was mightily pleased with his behaviour and conversation, I have taken the liberty to send you an account of it.

Being caught in a shower upon the road, I was glad to take shelter at the first inn I came to; which, if it had not been called the New Inn, I should have thought, from its antique appearance, had been an house of entertainment in the time of our great grandfathers. I had scarce alighted, when a strange figure, (driven thither, as I suppose, on the same account with myself) came soberly jogging into the yard dripping wet. As he waited for the steps before he would venture to get off his horse, I had the opportunity of surveying his whole appearance. He was wrapped up in an old thread-bare weather-beaten furtout, which I believe had once been scarlet; the cape was pulled over his head, and buttoned up close round his face; and his hat was flapped down on each side, and fastened about his ears with a list garter tied under his chin. He wore upon his legs something that resembled

embled spatterdashies, which (as I afterwards learned) were cut out of an old pair of boots; but his right shoe was considerably larger than the other, and had several slits in the upper leather. He had spurs on, indeed, but without rowels; and by way of whip a worm-eaten cane, with a bone head studded with brass pins, hung from his wrist by a string of greasy black leather.

I soon found I was Nobody; for the Gentleman, it seems, took up the whole attention of the maid, mistress, and hostler, who all of them got round him, and with much difficulty, by the assistance of the steps, helped him down. My landlady, before it was possible for her to see any part of him but his nose, told him "he looked brave and jolly;" and when she had led him into the kitchen, she fetched a large glass of what she called "her own water," which (she said) would drive the cold out of his stomach. All hands were now busied in drawing off his furtout, which discovered underneath a full-trimmed white coat, and a black velvet waistcoat with a broad gold lace very much tarnished. The furtout was hung to dry by the fire as well as his coat, the place of which was supplied by a long riding-hood of my landlady; and as the gentleman complained of having suffered by loss of leather, the maid was dispatched to the doctor's for some *diachylon*. The usual question now succeeded, concerning dinner; and as he observed I was all alone, he very courteously asked me to join company, which I as readily agreed to.

The important business of dinner being settled, we adjourned into a private room, when my fellow-guest told me of his own mere act and motion, that he lived in London; that for these twenty years he had always come to the town we were now in, once a year, to receive money, and take orders for goods; and that he had always put up at this house. He then ran on in the praises of the landlady; and tipping me a wink, "Ay, says he, she has been a clever woman in her time, before she bore children." He added,

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added, that for his part he did not like your great inns ; for that they never looked upon any thing under a coach and fix. He further informed me, that he was married to his present wife in the first mayoralty of Alderman Parsons, and in the very waistcoat he had on : " but, says he, I now wear it only on " a journey ; because, you know, a bit of lace commands respect upon the road." On enquiring about his family, I found he had three boys ; one of whom was bound prentice to himself ; the other was sent to sea, because he was a wild one ; and the youngest he designed to make a parson, because he was grave, and his play-fellows at *Poule's* school used to call him Bishop.

All this while he had sat in my landlady's riding-hood, with a linnen night-cap on his head tied on the top with a piece of black ribband, which (he told me) he always rode in, because it was cooler than a wig. But the saddle-bags were now ordered in ; and out of them he drew a large flowing grizzle carefully buckled, which he combed out himself, borrowing some flour from the kitchen drudger. His spatter-dashes were next taken off, and his shoes wiped with a wisp of hay ; when being assured by the landlady herself, that his coat was dry enough to put on, he completely equipped himself, in order to wait on several tradesmen, with whom he had dealings, after dinner. As this was not quite ready, we took a walk to the stables to see his mare : and though the beast seemed as lean and harmless as Sancho's ass, he assured me he had much ado to ride her, she was so frisky ; " for she had not run in the chaise these " two Sundays past."

Being summoned to dinner, we sat down to a repast of mutton chops and sheeps hearts, which last he declared to be the wholesomest eating in the world. He objected to wine, because there was not a drop good for any thing to be got upon the road ; but he vastly recommended my landlady's home-brew'd, which

which he affirmed to be better than Hogſden ale, or the thatch beer at Illington. Our meal being ended, my companion took his pipe; and we laid our heads together for the good of the nation, when we mauled the French terribly both by land and ſea. At laſt, among other talk, he happened to aſk me, if I lived in the city? As I was deſirous of hearing his remarks, I answered, that I had never ſeen London. “ Never ſeen it? (ſays he) Then you have never ſeen one of the fineſt fights in the whole world. Paris is but a dog-hole to it” There luckily hung a large Map of London over the chimney-piece, which he immediately made me get from my chair to look at. “ There, ſays he, there’s London for you. — You ſee it is bigger than the Map of all England.” He then led me about, with the end of his pipe, through all the principal ſtreets from Hyde Park to White-Chapel. — “ That, ſays he, is the River Thames — There’s London Bridge — There my Lord Mayor lives — That’s *Poul’s* — There the Monument ſtands: And now, if you was but on the top of it, you might ſee all the houſes and churches in London.” I expreſſed my aſtoniſhment at every particular: but I could hardly refrain laughing, when pointing out to me Lincoln’s-Inn Fields — “ There, ſaid he, there all the noblemen live.” At laſt, after having tranſported me all over the town, he ſet me down in Cheapſide, “ which (he ſaid) was the biggeſt ſtreet in the City.” — “ And now, ſays he, I’ll ſhew you where I live.” — “ That’s Bow-Church — and thereabouts — where my pipe is — there — juſt there my ſhop ſtands.” He concluded with a kind invitation to me to come and ſee him; and pulling out a book of patterns from his coat pocket, aſſured me, that if I wanted any thing in his way, he could afford to let me have a bargain.

I promiſed to call upon him; and the weather now clearing up, after ſettling the ballance of our reckoning with the landlady, we took leave of each other: but juſt as I had mounted my horſe, and was

going to set forward, my new acquaintance came up to me, and shaking me by the hand, — "Hearkye, says he, if you will be in town by the twenty-fifth of this instant July, I will introduce you to the Cockney's Feast; where, I assure you, you'll be mighty merry and hear a great many good songs.

"I am,

"Dear Cousin,

"Yours, &c."

LIII. STORY OF OCTAVIA. SPECTATOR, NUMB. 322.

IT is often said, after a man has heard a story with extraordinary circumstances, It is a very good one if it be true: But as for the following relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such simplicity, and there are so many artless touches of distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the Heart.

MR. SPECTATOR,

SOME years ago it happened that I lived in the same house with a young gentleman of merit; with whose good qualities I was so much taken, as to make it my endeavour to shew as many as I was able in myself. Familiar converse improved general civilities into an unfeigned passion on both sides. He watched an opportunity to declare himself to me; and I, who could not expect a man of so great an estate as his, received his addresses in such terms, as gave him no reason to believe I was displeased with them, though I did nothing to make him think me more easy than was decent. His father was a very hard worldly man, and proud; so that there was no reason to believe he would easily be brought to think there was any thing in any woman's person or character that could balance the disadvantage of an unequal fortune. In the meantime the son continued his application to me, and omitted no occasion of demonstrating the most disinterested passion imaginable to me; and in plain direct terms offered to marry me privately, and keep it so till he should be so happy as to gain his father's approbation, or become possessed of his estate. I passionately loved him, and you will believe I did not deny such a one what was my interest also to grant. However I was not so young, as not to take the precaution of carrying with me a faithful

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' servant, who had been also my mother's maid, to
 ' be present at the ceremony. When that was over
 ' I demanded a certificate, signed by the minister, my
 ' husband, and the servant I just now spoke of. Af-
 ' ter our nuptials, we conversed together very fami-
 ' liarly in the same house; but the restraints we were
 ' generally under, and the interviews we had, being
 ' stolen and interrupted, made our behaviour to each
 ' other have rather the impatient fondness which is
 ' visible in lovers, than the regular and gratified af-
 ' fection which is to be observed in man and wife.
 ' This observation made the father very anxious for
 ' his son, and press him to a match he had in his
 ' eye for him. To relieve my husband from this
 ' importunity, and conceal the secret of our marriage,
 ' which I had reason to know would not be long
 ' in my power in town, it was resolved that I should
 ' retire into a remote place in the country, and con-
 ' verse under feigned names by letter. We long con-
 ' tinued this way of commerce; and I with my needle,
 ' a few books, and reading over and over my hus-
 ' band's letters, passed my time in a resigned expec-
 ' tation of better days. Be pleased to take notice,
 ' that within four months after I left my husband I
 ' was delivered of a daughter, who died within few
 ' hours after her birth. This accident, and the re-
 ' tired manner of life I led, gave criminal hopes to
 ' a neighbouring brute of a country gentleman, whose
 ' folly was the source of all my affliction. This Rus-
 ' tick is one of those rich clowns, who supply the
 ' want of all manner of breeding by the neglect of
 ' it, and with noisy mirth, half understanding, and
 ' ample fortune, force themselves upon persons and
 ' things without any sense of time and place. The
 ' poor ignorant people where I lay concealed, and
 ' now passed for a widow, wondered I could be so
 ' shy and strange, as they called it, to the squire;
 ' and were bribed by him to admit him whenever
 ' he thought fit. I happened to be sitting in a little
 ' parlour which belonged to my own part of the
 ' house, and musing over one of the fondest of my
 ' husband's

husband's letters, in which I always kept the certificate of my marriage, when this rude fellow came in, and with the nauseous familiarity of such unbred brutes snatched the papers out of my hand. I was immediately under so great a concern, that I threw myself at his feet, and begged of him to return them. He, with the same odious pretence to freedom and gaiety, swore he would read them. I grew more importunate, he more curious, till at last, with an indignation arising from a passion I then first discovered in him, he threw the papers into the fire, swearing that, since he was not to read them, the man who writ them should never be so happy as to have me read them over again. It is insignificant to tell you my tears and reproaches made the boisterous calf leave the room ashamed and out of countenance, when I had leisure to ruminate on this accident with more than ordinary sorrow: however, such was then my confidence in my husband, that I writ to him the misfortune, and desired another paper of the same kind. He deferred writing two or three posts, and at last answered me in general. That he could not then send me what I asked for, but when he could find a proper conveyance, I should be sure to have it. From this time his letters were more cold every day than other, and as he grew indifferent I grew jealous. This has at last brought me to town, where I find both the witnesses of my marriage dead, and that my husband, after three months cohabitation, has buried a young lady whom he married in obedience to his father. In a word, he shuns and disowns me. Should I come to the house and confront him, the father would join in supporting him against me, though he believed my story; should I talk it to the world, what reparation can I expect for an injury I cannot make out? I believe he means to bring me through necessity, to resign my pretensions to him for some provision for my life; but I will die first. Pray bid him remember what he said, and how he was charmed when he laughed at the heedless discovery I often

• made of myself; let him remember how awkward,
 • I was in my dissembled indifference toward him be-
 • fore company; ask him how I, who could never con-
 • ceal my love for him, at his own request can part
 • with him for ever? Oh, Mr. SPECTATOR, sensible
 • spirits know no indifference in marriage; what then
 • do you think is my piercing affliction! — I leave you
 • to represent my distress your own way, in which I
 • desire you to be speedy, if you have compassion for
 • innocence exposed to infamy.

OCTAVIA.

LIV.

LIV. INTERESTING CIRCUMSTANCES upon a BLIND
MAN's receiving the SENSE of SEEING.
TATLER, NUMB. 55.

WHILE others are busied in relations which concern the interests of princes, the peace of nations, and the revolutions of empire, I think (though these are very great subjects) my theme of discourse is sometimes to be of matters of a yet higher consideration. The slow steps of providence and nature, and strange events which are brought about in an instant, are what, as they come within our view and observation, shall be given to the publick. Such things are not accompanied with shew and noise, and therefore seldom draw the eyes of the unattentive part of mankind; but are very proper at once to exercise our humanity, please our imaginations, and improve our judgments. It may not therefore be useless to relate many circumstances, which were observable upon a late cure done upon a young gentleman who was born blind, and on the 29th of June last received his sight at the age of twenty years, by the operation of an oculist. This happened no farther off than Newington, and the work was prepared for in the following manner.

The operator, Mr. Grant, having observed the eyes of his patient, and convinced his friends and relations, among others the reverend Mr. Caswell, minister of the place, that it was highly probable he should remove the obstacle which prevented the use of his sight; all his acquaintance, who had any regard for the young man, or curiosity to be present when one of full age and understanding received a new sense, assembled themselves on this occasion. Mr. Caswell being a gentleman particularly curious, desired the whole company, in case the blindness should be cured, to keep secret, and let the patient make his own observations, without the direction of any thing he had received by his other senses, or the advantage of discovering his friends by their voices.

Among several others, the mother, brethren, sisters, and a young gentlewoman for whom he had a passion, were present. The work was performed with great skill and dexterity. When the patient first received the dawn of light, there appeared such an ecstasy in his action, that he seemed ready to swoon away in the surprize of joy and wonder. The surgeon stood before him with his instruments in his hands. The young man observed him from head to foot; after which he surveyed himself as careful, and seemed to compare him to himself; and observing both their hands, seemed to think they were exactly alike, except the instruments, which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in this amazement some time, his mother could not longer bear the agitations of so many passions as throng'd upon her, but fell upon his neck, crying out, my son! my son! The youth knew her voice, and could speak no more than, oh me! are you my mother? and fainted. The whole room, you will easily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but above all, the young gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, shriek'd in the loudest manner. That voice seem'd to have a sudden effect upon him as he recovered, and he shewed a double curiosity in observing her as she spoke and called to him; till at last he broke out, What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me, the thing I have heard so often of? Is this the light? Is this seeing? Were you always thus happy, when you said, you were glad to see each other? Where is *Tom*, you used to lead me? But I could now, methinks, go any where without him. He offered to move, but seemed afraid of every thing around him. When they saw his difficulty, they told him, till he became better acquainted with his new being, he must let the servant still lead him. The boy was called for, and presented to him. Mr. Caswell asked him, what sort of thing he took *Tom* to be before he had seen him. He answered, he believed there was not so much of him as of himself; but he fancied him the same sort of creature. The noise of this sudden change made all the neighbourhood throng

throng to the place where he was. As he saw the croud thickening, he desired Mr. Caswell to tell him how many there were in all to be seen. The gentleman, smiling, answered him, That it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and suffer his eyes to be covered, till they had received strength; for he might remember well enough, that by degrees he had from little and little come to the strength he had at present in his ability of walking and moving; and that it was the same thing with his eyes, which, he said, would lose the power of continuing to him that wonderful transport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aside the use of them, till they were strong enough to bear the light without so much feeling, as he knew he underwent at present. With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes bound, in which condition they kept him in a dark room, till it was proper to let the organ receive its objects without farther precaution. During the time of this darkness, he bewailed himself in the most distressed manner, and accused all his friends, complaining that some incantation had been wrought upon him, and some strange magick used to deceive him into an opinion, that he had enjoy'd what they called sight. He added, That the impressions then let upon his soul would certainly distract him, if he were not so at that present. At another time he would strive to name the persons he had seen among the croud after he was couched, and would pretend to speak (in perplexed terms of his own making) of what he in that short time observed. But on the 6th instant it was thought fit to unbind his head, and the young woman whom he loved was instructed to open his eyes accordingly, as well to endear herself to him by such a circumstance, as to moderate his ecstasies by the persuasion of a voice, which had so much power over him as hers ever had. When this belov'd young woman began to take off the binding of his eyes, she talk'd to him as follows:

' Mr. William, I am now taking the binding off,
' though when I consider what I am doing, I tremble
' with the apprehension, that (though I have from my
H 5 ' very

‘ very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived so strong a love for me, yet) you will find there is such a thing as beauty, which may ensnare you into a thousand passions of which you are now innocent, and take you from me for ever, But before I put myself to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love, you always professed to me, entred into your heart; for its usual admission is at the eyes.’

The young man answered, ‘ Dear Lidia, If I am to lose by sight the soft pantings which I have always felt when I heard your voice; If I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love when she approaches me, but to change that sweet and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I knew the little time I lately saw; or if I am to have any thing besides, which may take from me the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time, (which apparition it seems was you) pull out these eyes, before they lead me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wish’d for them but to see you; pull them out, if they are to make me forget you.’

Lidia was extremely satisfied with these assurances; and pleased herself with playing with his perplexities. In all his talk to her, he shewed but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ears, and closed his protestation to her, by saying, That if he were to see Valentinia and Barcelona, whom he supposed the most esteemed of all women, by the quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but Lidia.

LV. ADVENTURES of Sir JOSIAH PUMPKIN and his FAMILY. WORLD, NUMB. 47.

TO MR. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

DIM-SIGHTED as I am, my spectacles have assisted me sufficiently to read your papers. Permit me, as a recompense for the pleasure I have received from them, to send you an anecdote in my family, which till now has never appeared in print.

I am the widow of Mr. Solomon Muzzy; I am the daughter of Ralph Pumpkin, Esq; and I am the granddaughter of Sir Josiah Pumpkin, of Pumpkin-hall in South-Wales. I was educated, with my two elder sisters, under the care and tuition of my honoured grandfather and grandmother, at the hall-house of our ancestors. It was the constant custom of my grandfather, when he was tolerably free from the gout, to summon his three granddaughters to his bedside, and amuse us with the most important transactions of his life. I took particular delight in hearing the good old man illustrate his own character, which he did, perhaps not without some degree of vanity, but always with a strict adherence to truth. He told us, he hoped we would have children, to whom some of his adventures might prove useful and important.

Sir Josiah was scarce nineteen years old, when he was introduced at the court of Charles the second, by his uncle Sir Simon Sparrowgrass, who was at that time Lancaster herald at arms, and in great favour at Whitehall. As soon as he had kissed the king's hand, he was presented to the duke of York, and immediately afterwards to the ministers, and the mistresses. His fortune, which was considerable, and his manners which were extremely elegant, made him so very acceptable in all companies, that he had the ho-

nour to be plunged at once into every polite party of wit, pleasure and expence, that the courtiers could possibly display. He danced with the ladies; he drank with the gentlemen; he sung loyal catches, and broke bottles and glasses in every tavern throughout London. But still he was by no means a perfect fine gentleman. He had not fought a Duel. He was so extremely unfortunate, as never to have had even the happiness of a rencounter. The want of opportunity, not of courage, had occasioned this inglorious chasm in his character. He appeared not only to the whole court, but even in his own eye, an unworthy and degenerate Pumpkin, till he had shewn himself as expert in opening a vein with a sword, as any surgeon in England could be with a lancet. Things remained in this unhappy situation till he was near two and twenty years of age. At length his better stars prevailed, and he received a most egregious affront from Mr. Cucumber, one of the gentlemen-ushers of the Privy-chamber. Cucumber, who was in waiting at court, spit inadvertently into the chimney, and as he stood next to Sir Josiah Pumpkin, part of the spittle rested upon Sir Josiah's shoe. It was then that the true Pumpkin honour arose in blushes upon his cheeks. He turned upon his heel, went home immediately, and sent Mr. Cucumber a challenge. Captain Daisy, a friend to each party, not only carried the challenge, but adjusted the preliminaries. The heroes were to fight in Moor-fields, and to bring fifteen seconds on a side. Punctuality is a strong instance of valour upon these occasions. The clock of St. Paul's struck seven, just when the combatants were marking out their ground, and each of the two and thirty gentlemen was adjusting himself into a posture of defence against his adversary. It happened to be the hour for breakfast in the hospital of Bedlam. A small bell had rung to summon the Bedlamites into the great gallery. The keepers had already unlocked the cells, and were bringing forth their mad folks, when the porter of Bedlam, Owen Macduffy, standing at the iron-gate, and beholding such a number of armed men in the midst

midst of the fields, immediately roared out, "fire, murder, swords, daggers, bloodshed!" Owen's voice was remarkably loud, but his fears had rendered it still louder and more tremendous. His words struck a panic into the keepers; they lost all presence of mind; they forgot their prisoners, and hastened most precipitately down stairs to the scene of action. At the sight of naked swords, their fears increased, and at once they stood open mouthed and motionless. Not so the lunatics; freedom to mad-men, and light to the blind are equally rapturous. Ralph Rogers the tinker began the alarm. His brains had been turned with joy at the restoration, and the poor wretch imagined that this glorious set of combatants were Roundheads and Fanatics, and accordingly he cried out, "Liberty and property, my boys! down with the Rump! Cromwell and Ireton are come from hell to destroy us. Come, my Cavalier lads, follow me, and let us knock out their brains." The bedlamites immediately obeyed, and with the tinker at their head, leaped over the ballisters of the great stair-case, and ran wildly into the fields. In their way, they picked up some staves and cudgels, which the porter and the keepers had inadvertently left behind, and rushing forward with amazing fury, they forced themselves outrageously into the midst of the combatants, and in one unlucky moment, destroyed all the decency and order with which this most illustrious Duel had begun.

It seemed, according to my grandfather's observation, a very untoward fate, that two and thirty gentlemen of courage, honour, fortune and quality, should meet together in hopes of killing each other, with all that resolution and politeness which belonged to their stations, and should at once be routed, dispersed, and even wounded by a set of madmen, without sword, pistol, or any other more honourable weapon than a cudgel.

The

The madmen were not only superior in strength, but numbers. Sir Josiah Pumpkin and Mr. Cucumber stood their ground as long as possible, and they both endeavoured to make the lunatics the sole objects of their mutual revenge; but the two Friends were soon over-powered, and no person daring to come to their assistance, each of them made as proper a retreat as the place and circumstances would admit.

Many of the other gentlemen were knocked down, and trampled under foot. Some of them, whom my grandfather's generosity would never name, betook themselves to flight in a very inglorious manner. An earl's son was spied clinging submissively round the feet of mad Pocklington the taylor. A young baronet, although naturally intrepid, was obliged to conceal himself at the bottom of Pippin Kate's apple stall. A Shropshire squire of three thousand pounds a year, was discovered chin deep, and almost stifled in Fleet-ditch. Even captain Daisy himself was found in a milk cellar, with visible marks of fear and consternation. Thus ended this inauspicious day. But the madmen continued their outrages many days after. It was near a week before they were all retaken and chained down in their cells. During that interval of liberty, they committed many offensive pranks throughout the cities of London and Westminster; and my grandfather himself had the misfortune to see mad Rogers come into the Queen's drawing room, and spit in a duchess's face.

Such unforeseen disasters occasioned some prudent regulations in the laws of honour. It was enacted that from that time, six combatants (three on a side) might be allowed and acknowledged to contain such a quantity of blood in their veins, as should be sufficient to satisfy the highest affront that could be offered.

Afterwards, upon the maturest deliberation, as my grandfather assured me, the number six was reduced to four; two principals and two seconds; each second

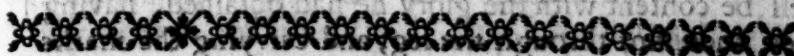
was to be the truest and best beloved friend that his principal had in the world: and these seconds were to fight, provided they declared upon oath, that they had no manner of quarrel to each other: for the canons of honour ordained, that in case the two seconds had the least heat or animosity one against the other, they must naturally become principals, and therefore ought to seek out for seconds to themselves.

Having told you a very remarkable event in my grandfather's life, almost in his own words, and finding that the story has carried me perhaps into too great a length of letter, I shall not mention some curious facts relating to my father, and to poor dear Mr. Solomon Muzzy, of whom I am the unfortunate and mournful relict. But I have at least the honour and consolation to be.

S I R,

Your constant reader, and
most humble servant

MARY MUZZY.



ADVENTURES of Sir JOSIAH PUMPKIN concluded.
WORLD, NUMB. 68.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

THE kind reception which you gave to my letter of November last, makes me take the liberty of sending you some further anecdotes of my family.

As

As my grandfather, Sir Josiah Pumpkin, had made a considerable figure in king Charles's court, his only son Ralph, my honoured father, was no less conspicuous for his valour, towards the latter end of king William's reign. Although the race of kings was changed, the laws of Honour still remained the same. But my grandfather had retired with his family to Pumpkin-hall, about a year and a half before the revolution, much discontented with the times, and often wishing that judge Somebody (I forget his name) had been a militia colonel, that he might have run him thro' the body, or have cut off his cheeks with a broad sword. In the same strain he frequently wished Father Peters a life-guard-man, that he might have caned him before the court-gate of Whitehall. "These fellows, said he, put me in mind of murderers in popish countries, who, if they run into a church after cutting a throat, are secured from all danger of punishment. Our English ruffians too are frequently safe, if they can but shew a lawyer's gown, or a priest's cowl." My grandmother, lady Pumpkin was a prudent woman, and, not without some difficulty, persuaded Sir Josiah to content himself with drinking constant bumpers of prosperity to the church and state, without fighting Duels or breaking heads, in defence of the British constitution. Indeed he might well be content with the glory he had obtained, having been once shot through the leg, and carrying the marks of seven and twenty wounds in different parts of his body, all boldly acquired by single combats, in defence of nominal liberty, and real loyalty, during king Charles the second's reign.

My father was returned for a borough in Wales, in the second parliament of king William. This drew him every winter to London; and he never took his leave of Sir Josiah without receiving a strict command, to do some brave act becoming a man of honour and a Pumpkin. As he was remarkably an obedient son, and indeed as we were all, not only as Pumpkins, but as old Britons, very choleric and fiery, my
father

father scarce ever returned home without some glorious achievement, the heroism of which generally reached Pumpkin-hall before the hero. Of his several exploits, give me leave only to mention three; not so much in regard to his honour, as that they carry in them some particular and remarkable circumstances.

There was an intimacy between my father and major John Davis of the foot-guards. Their first acquaintance and friendship had begun when the major was quartered at a market town near Pumpkin-hall. Their regards had continued towards each other with the greatest strictness for several years; when one day at dinner with a large company at a tavern, my father jocularly in discourse said, "Ah, Major! Major you still love to ride the fore-horse." Alluding to his desire of being foremost in all parties of pleasure. Major Davis immediately changed colour, and took the earliest opportunity of calling Mr. Pumpkin aside, and demanding satisfaction. My father asked for what? The major made no reply, but by drawing his sword. They fought, and the major was soon disarmed. "Now, Jack, says my father, pray tell me what we fought for?" "Ah, Ralph," replied the major, "why did you reproach me with having been a postilion? It is true I was one; but by what means did you know it? and when you did know it, why would you hint it to the company, by saying, that I still loved to ride the fore-horse?" My father protested his ignorance of the fact, and consequently his innocence of intending any affront. The two friends were immediately reunited as strongly as before; and the major ever afterwards was particularly cautious how he discovered his original, or blindly followed the folly of his own suspicions.

One of my father's tavern-companions, captain Shadow, who was very young, very giddy, and almost as weak in body as in mind, challenged him on a supposed affront, in not receiving the return of a bow which

which he had made to my father in the playhouse. They were to fight in Hyde-park; but as the captain was drawing his sword with the fiercest indignation it luckily occurred to his thoughts that the provocation might possibly have been undesigned, or if otherwise, that the revenge he had meditated was of too cruel and bloody a nature, he therefore begged pardon of his adversary, and made up the affair.

I wish this had been the last of my father's combats, but he was unhappily engaged in a duel with a French officer, who had taken the wall of him, and in that duel he received a wound, which, after throwing him several months into a languishing miserable condition, at last proved fatal by ending in a mortification. He bore his long illness with amazing fortitude; but often expressed an abhorrence of these polite and honourable murders; and wished that he might have lived some years longer, only to have shewn that he durst not fight.

I leave you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to make your moral reflections on these several stories; but I cannot conclude my letter without giving you an account of the only Duel in which my poor dear husband, Mr. Solomon Muzzy, was engaged; if a man may be said to be engaged who was scarce ever awake.

Mr. Muzzy was very fat, and extremely lethargic. To be sure, he had courage sufficient for a major-general; but he was not only unweildy, but so lethargically stupid, that he fell asleep even in musical assemblies, and snored in the playhouse, as bad, poor man! as he used to snore in his bed. However, having received many taunts and reproaches from my grandfather (who was become by age very tart and peevish) he resolved to challenge his own cousin german by his mother's side, brigadier Truncheon of Soho-square. It seems the person challenged fixes upon the place and weapons. Truncheon, a deep-sighted man, chose Primrose-hill for the field of battle, and swords
for

for the weapons of defence. To avoid suspicion, and to prevent a discovery, they were to walk together from Piccadilly, where we then lived, to the summit of Primrose hill. Truncheon's scheme took effect. Mr. Muzzy was much fatigued and out of breath with the walk. However, he drew his sword; and, as he assured me himself, began to attack his cousin Truncheon with a valour which must have charmed my grandfather, had he been present. The brigadier went back; Mr. Muzzy pursued; but not having his adversary's alacrity, he stopped a little to take breath. He stopped alas! too long: his lethargy came on with more than ordinary violence: he first dozed, as he stood upon his legs, and then beginning to nod forwards, dropt by degrees upon his face in a most profound sleep. Truncheon, base man! took this opportunity to wound my husband as he lay snoring on the ground; and he had the cunning to direct his stab in such a manner, as to make it supposed that Mr. Muzzy had fled, and in his flight had received a wound in the most ignominious part of his body. You will ask what became of the seconds? They were both killed upon the spot; but being only two servants, the one a butler, the other a cook, they were buried the same night; and by the power of a little money properly applied, no farther enquiry was ever made about them.

Mr. Muzzy, wounded as he was (the blood trickling from him in great abundance) might probably have slept upon that spot for many hours, had not he been awakened by the cruel bites of a mastiff. The dog began first to lick his blood, and then tearing his cloaths, fell upon the wounded part, as if it had been carrion. My poor husband was thoroughly awakened by the new hurt he had received; and indeed it was impossible to have slept, while he was losing whole collops of the fattest and most pulpy part of his flesh: so that he was brought home to me, much more wounded, Mr. Fitz Adam, by the teeth of the mastiff, than by the sword of his cousin Truncheon.

This

164 The NARRATIVE COMPANION:

This, sir, is the real fact, as it happened; although I well know that the Truncheon family take the liberty of telling a very different story, much to the dishonour of my husband's memory. Permit me, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by your means, to do publick justice to Mr. Muzzy's character, and at the same time to assure you, that I am,

S I R,

Your obliged and obedient

humble servant,

MARY MUZZY.

Mr. Muzzy, wounded as he was (the blood trickling from him in great abundance) might probably have slept upon that spot for many hours, had not he been awakened by the cruel bites of a mangle. The dog began first to lick his blood, and then tearing his clothes, fell upon the wounded part as if it had been carrion. My poor husband was thoroughly shocked by the new pain he had received; and it being impossible to have sleep, while his whole body was in a state of the most and most painful of his sufferings: so that he was brought home to me, much more wounded, Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the teeth of the mangle, than by the sword of his cousin Truncheon.

LVI.

LVI. EUMATHEUS'S ACCOUNT of his PUPIL.

RAMBLER, NUMB. 132.

To the RAMBLER.

Mr. RAMBLER,

I WAS bred a scholar, and after the usual course of education, found it necessary to employ for the support of life that learning which I had almost exhausted my little fortune in acquiring. The lucrative professions drew my regard with equal attraction; each presented ideas which excited my curiosity, and each imposed duties which terrified my apprehension.

There is no temper more unpropitious to interest than desultory application and unlimited enquiry, by which the desires are held in a perpetual equipoise, and the mind fluctuates between different purposes, without determination. I had books of every kind round me, among which I divided my time as caprice or accident directed. I often spent the first hours of the day, in considering to what study I should devote the rest; and at last snatched up any author that lay upon the table, or perhaps, fled to a coffee-house for deliverance from the anxiety of irresolution, and the gloominess of solitude.

Thus my little patrimony grew imperceptibly less, till I was roused from my literary slumber by a creditor, whose importunity obliged me to pacify him with so large a sum that what remained was not sufficient to support me more than eight months. I hope you will not reproach me with avarice or cowardice, if I acknowledge that I now thought myself in danger of distress, and obliged to endeavour after some certain competence.

There have been heroes of negligence, who have laid the price of their last acre in a drawer, and with-

out

out the least interruption of their tranquillity or abatement of their expences, taken out one piece after another, till there were no more remaining. But I was not born to such dignity of imprudence, or such exaltation above the cares and necessities of life: I therefore immediately engaged my friends to procure me a little employment, which might set me free from the dread of poverty, and afford me time to plan out some final scheme of lasting advantage.

My friends were struck with honest solicitude, and immediately promised their endeavours for my extrication. They did not suffer their kindness to languish by delay, but prosecuted their enquiries with such success, that in less than a month I was perplexed with variety of offers and contrariety of prospects.

I had however no time for long pauses of consideration; and therefore soon resolved to accept the office of instructing a young nobleman in the house of his father: I went to the seat at which the family then happened to reside, was received with great politeness, and invited to enter immediately on my charge. The terms offered were such as I should willingly have accepted, though my fortune had allowed me greater liberty of choice: the respect with which I was treated flattered my vanity; and perhaps the splendor of the apartments, and the luxury of the table, were not wholly without their influence. I immediately complied with the proposals, and received the young lord into my care.

Having no desire to gain more than I should truly deserve, I very diligently prosecuted my undertaking, and had the satisfaction of discovering in my pupil a flexible temper, a quick apprehension, and a retentive memory. I did not much doubt that my care would, in time, produce a wise and useful counsellor to the state, though my labours were somewhat obstructed by want of authority, and the necessity of complying with the freaks of negligence, and of wait-

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ing patiently for the lucky moment of voluntary attention. To a man, whose imagination was filled with the dignity of knowledge, and to whom a studious life had made all the common amusements insipid and contemptible, it was not very easy to suppress his indignation, when he saw himself forsaken in the midst of his lecture, for an opportunity to catch an insect, and found his instructions debarred from access to the intellectual faculties by the memory of a childish frolick, or the desire of a new play-thing.

Those vexations would have recurred less frequently, had not his mamma, by entreating at one time that he should be excused from his task as a reward for some petty compliance, and withholding him from his book at another to gratify herself or her visitants with his vivacity, shewn him that every thing was more pleasing and more important than knowledge, and that study was to be endured rather than chosen, and was only the business of those hours which pleasure left vacant, or discipline usurped.

I thought it my duty to complain, in tender terms, of these frequent avocations; but was answered, that rank and fortune might reasonably hope for some indulgence; that the retardation of my pupil's progress would not be imputed to any negligence or inability of mine; and that with the success which satisfied every body else, I might surely satisfy myself. I had now done my duty, and without more remonstrances, continued to inculcate my precepts whenever they would be heard, gained every day new influence, and found that by degrees my scholar began to feel the quick impulses of curiosity, and the honest ardour of studious ambition.

At length it was resolved to pass a winter in London. The lady had too much fondness for her son to live five months without him, and too high an opinion of his wit and learning to refuse her vanity the gratification of exhibiting him to the publick. I remon-

remonstrated against too early an acquaintance with cards and company; but with a soft contempt of my ignorance and pedantry, he said that he had been already confined too long to solitary study, and it was now time to shew him the world; nothing was more a brand of meanness than bashful timidity; gay freedom and elegant assurance were only to be gained by mixed conversation, a frequent intercourse with strangers, and a timely introduction to splendid assemblies; and she had more than once observed, that his forwardness and complaisance began to desert him, that he was silent when he had not something of consequence to say, blushed whenever he happened to find himself mistaken, and hung down his head in the presence of the ladies, without the readiness of reply and activity of officiousness remarkable in young gentlemen that are bred in London.

Again I found resistance hopeless, and again thought it proper to comply. We entered the coach, and in four days were placed in the gayest and most magnificent region of the town. My pupil, who had for several years lived at a remote seat, was immediately dazzled with a thousand beams of novelty and shew. His imagination was filled with the perpetual tumult of pleasure that passed before him, and it was impossible to allure him from the window, or to overpower by any charm of eloquence the rattle of coaches, and the sounds which echoed from the doors in the neighbourhood. In three days his attention, which he began to regain, was disturbed by a rich suit, in which he was equipped for the reception of company, and which, having been long accustomed to a plain dress, he could not at first survey without ecstacy.

The arrival of the family was now formally notified; every hour of every day brought more intimate or more distant acquaintances to the door; and my pupil was indiscriminately introduced to all, that he might accustom himself to change of faces, and be rid with speed of his rustick diffidence. He soon endeared

deared himself to his mother by the speedy acquisition or recovery of her darling qualities; his eyes sparkle at a numerous assembly, and his heart dances at the mention of a ball. He has at once caught the infection of high life, and has no other test of principles or actions than the quality of those to whom they are ascribed. He begins already to look down on me with superiority, and submits to one short lesson in a week, as an act of condescension rather than obedience, for he is of opinion, that no tutor is properly qualified who cannot speak French; and having formerly learned a few familiar phrases from his sister's governess, he is every day soliciting his mamma to procure him a foreign footman, that he may grow polite by his conversation. I am not yet insulted, but find myself likely to become soon a superfluous incumbrance, for my scholar has now no time for science, or for virtue; and the lady yesterday declared him so much the favourite of every company, that she was afraid he would not have an hour in the day to dance and fence.

I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

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EUMATHES'S ACCOUNT of his PUPIL continued.
RAMBLER, NUMB. 194.

To the RAMBLER.

S I R,

THAT vanity which keeps every man important in his own eyes, inclines me to believe, that neither you nor your readers have yet forgotten the name of Eumathes, who sent you a few months ago an account of his arrival at London with a young

VOL. II.

to noble-

nobleman his pupil. I shall therefore continue my narrative, without preface or recapitulation.

My pupil, in a very short time, by his mother's countenance and direction, accomplished himself with all those qualifications which constitute puerile politeness. He became in a few days a perfect master of his hat, which with a careless nicety he could put off or on, without any need to adjust it by a second motion. This was not attained but by frequent consultations with his dancing-master, and constant practice before the glass, for he had some rustick habits to overcome; but, what will not time and industry perform? A fortnight more furnished him with all the airs and forms of familiar and respectful salutation, from the clap on the shoulder to the humble bow; he practises the stare of strangeness, and the smile of condescension, the solemnity of promise, and the graciousness of encouragement, as if he had been nursed at a levee; and pronounces, with no less propriety than his father, the monosyllables of coldness, and sonorous periods of respectful profession.

He immediately lost the reserve and timidity which solitude and study are apt to impress upon the most courtly genius; was able to enter a crowded room with airy civility; to meet the glances of a hundred eyes without perturbation; and address those whom he never saw before with ease and confidence. In less than a month his mother declared her satisfaction at his proficiency by a triumphant observation, that she believed, *nothing would make him blush.*

The silence with which I was contented to hear my pupil's praises, gave the lady reason to suspect me not much delighted with his acquisitions; but she attributed my discontent to the diminution of my influence, and my fears of losing the patronage of the family; and though she thinks favourably of my learning and morals, she considers me as wholly unacquainted with the customs of the polite part of mankind;

kind; and therefore not qualified to form the manners of a young nobleman, or communicate the knowledge of the world. This knowledge she comprises in the rules of visiting, the history of the present hour, an early intelligence of the change of fashions, an extensive acquaintance with the names and faces of persons of rank, and a frequent appearance in places of resort.

All this my pupil pursues with great application. He is twice a day in the mall, where he studies the dress of every man splendid enough to attract his notice, and never comes home without some observation upon sleeves, button-holes, and embroidery. At his return from the theatre, he can give an account of the gallantries, glances, whispers, smiles, sighs, flirts, and blushes of every box, so much to his mother's satisfaction, that when I attempted to resume my character, by enquiring his opinion of the sentiments and diction of the tragedy, she at once repressed my criticism, by telling me, that *she hoped he did not go to lose his time in attending to the creatures on the stage.*

But his acuteness was most eminently signalized at the masquerade, where he discovered his acquaintance through their disguises, with such wonderful facility, as has afforded the family an inexhaustible topic of conversation. Every new visitor is informed how one was detected by his gait, and another by the swing of his arms, a third by the toss of his head, and another by his favourite phrase; nor can you doubt but these performances receive their just applause, and a genius thus hastening to maturity is promoted by every art of cultivation.

Such have been his endeavours, and such his assistances, that every trace of literature was soon obliterated. He has changed his language with his dress, and instead of endeavouring at purity or propriety, has no other care than to catch the reigning phrase and current exclamation, till by copying whatever is peculiar in the talk of

all those whose birth or fortune entitle them to imitation, he has collected every fashionable barbarism of the present winter, and speaks a dialect not to be understood among those who form their stile by poring upon authors.

To this copiousness of ideas, and felicity of language, he has joined such eagerness to lead the conversation, that he is celebrated among the ladies as the prettiest gentleman that the age can boast of, except that some who love to talk themselves think him too forward, and others lament that, with so much wit and knowledge, he is not taller.

His mother listens to his observations with her eyes sparkling and her heart beating, and can scarcely contain in the most numerous assemblies the expectations which she has formed for his future eminence. Women, by whatever fate, always judge absurdly of the intellects of boys. The vivacity and confidence which attract female admiration, are seldom produced in the early part of life, but by ignorance at least, if not by stupidity; for they proceed not from confidence of right, but fearlessness of wrong. Whoever has a clear apprehension, must have quick sensibility, and where he has no sufficient reason to trust his own judgment, will proceed with doubt and caution, because he perpetually dreads the disgrace of error. The pain of miscarriage is naturally proportionate to the desire of excellence; and, therefore, till men are hardened by long familiarity with reproach, or have attained, by frequent struggles, the art of suppressing their emotions, diffidence is found the inseparable associate of understanding.

But so little distrust has my pupil of his own abilities, that he has for some time professed himself a wit, and tortures his imagination on all occasions for burlesque and jocularity. How he supports a character, which, perhaps, no man ever assumed without repentance, may be easily conjectured. Wit, you know, is the unexpected copulation of ideas, the discovery of some occult relation between images in appearance remote from each other; an effusion of wit
there.

therefore presupposes an accumulation of knowledge; a memory stored with notions, which the imagination may cull out to compose new assemblages. Whatever may be the native vigour of the mind, she can never form any combinations from few ideas, as many changes can never be rung upon a few bells. Accident may, indeed, sometimes produce a lucky parallel or a striking contrast; but these gifts of chance are not frequent, and he that has nothing of his own, and yet condemns himself to needless expences, must live upon loans or theft.

The indulgence which his youth has hitherto obtained, and the respect which his rank secures, have hitherto supplied the want of intellectual qualifications; and he imagines, that all admire who applaud, and that all who laugh are pleased. He therefore returns every day to the charge with encrease of courage though not of strength, and practises all the tricks by which wit is counterfeited. He lays trains for a quibble; he contrives blunders for his footman; he adapts old stories to present characters; he mistakes the question, that he may return a smart answer; he anticipates the argument, that he may plausibly object; when he has nothing to reply, he repeats the last words of his antagonist, then says, "Your humble servant," and concludes with a laugh of triumph.

These mistakes I have honestly attempted to correct; but, what can be expected from reason unsupported by fashion, splendour, or authority? He hears me indeed, or appears to hear me, but is soon rescued from the lecture by more pleasing avocations; and shows, diversions and caresses drive my precepts from his remembrance.

He at last imagines himself qualified to enter the world, and has met with adventures in his first sally, which I shall, by your paper, communicate to the publick.

I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

Eu-

EUMATHES'S ACCOUNT of his PUPIL concluded.
RAMBLER, NUMB. 195.

To the RAMBLER.

S I R,

FAVOURS of every kind are doubled when they are speedily conferred. This is particularly true of the gratification of curiosity: He that long delays a story, and suffers his auditor to torment himself with expectation, will seldom be able to recompense the uneasiness, or equal the hope which he suffers to be raised.

For this reason, I have already sent you the continuation of my pupil's history, which, though it contains no events very uncommon, may be of use to young men who are in too much haste to trust their own prudence, and quit the wing of protection before they are able to shift for themselves.

When he first settled in London, he was so much bewildered in the enormous extent of the town, so confounded by incessant noise, and crowds, and hurry, and so terrified by rural narratives of the arts of sharpers, the rudeness of the populace, malignity of porters, and treachery of coachmen, that he was afraid to go beyond the door without an attendant, and imagined his life in danger if he was obliged to pass the streets at night in any vehicle but his mother's chair.

He was therefore contented for a time, that I should accompany him in all his excursions. But his fear abated as he grew more familiar with its objects; and the contempt to which his rusticity exposed him from such of his companions as had accidentally known the town longer, obliged him to dissemble his remaining terrors.

His

His desire of liberty made him now willing to spare me the trouble of observing his motions, but knowing how much his ignorance exposed him to mischief, I thought it cruel to abandon him to the fortune of the town. We went together every day to a coffee-house, where we met wits, heirs, and fops, airy, ignorant, and thoughtless as himself, with whom he had become acquainted at card-tables, and whom he considered as the only beings to be envied or admired. What were their topicks of conversation I could never discover, for so much was their vivacity depressed by my intrusive seriousness, that they seldom proceeded beyond the exchange of nods and shrugs, an arch grin, or a broken hint, except when they could retire, while I was looking on the papers, to a corner of the room, where they seemed to disburden their imaginations, and commonly vented the superfluity of their sprightliness in a peal of laughter. When they had tittered themselves into negligence, I could sometimes overhear a few syllables, such as—solemn rascal;—academical airs;—smoke the tutor;—company for gentlemen!—and other broken phrases, by which I did not suffer my quiet to be disturbed, for they never proceeded to avowed indignities, but contented themselves to murmur in secret, and, whenever I turned my eye upon them, shrunk into stilness.

He was, however, desirous of withdrawing from the subjection which he could not venture to break, and made a secret appointment to assist his companions in the persecution of a play. His footman privately procured him a catcal, on which he practised in a back-garret for two hours in the afternoon. At the proper time, a chair was called; he pretended an engagement at lady Flutter's, and hastened to the place where his critical associates had assembled. They hurried away to the theatre, full of malignity and denunciations against a man whose name they had never heard, and a performance which they could not understand; for they were resolved to judge for themselves, and would not suffer the town to be imposed upon by scriblers.

scribblers. In the pit, they exerted themselves with great spirit and vivacity; called out for the tunes of obscene songs, talked loudly at intervals of Shakespear and Johnson, played on their catcals a short prelude of terror, clamoured vehemently for the prologue, and clapped with great dexterity at the first entrance of the players.

Two scenes they heard without attempting interruption; but being no longer able to restrain their impatience, they then began to exert themselves in groans and hisses, and plied their catcals with incessant diligence; so that they were soon considered by the audience as disturbers of the house, and some who sat near them, either provoked at the obstruction of their entertainment, or desirous to preserve the author from the mortification of seeing his hopes destroyed by children, snatched away their instruments of criticism, and by the seasonable vibration of a stick, subdued them instantaneously to decency and silence.

To exhilarate themselves after this vexatious defeat, they posted to a tavern, where they recovered their alacrity, and, after two hours of obstreperous jollity, burst out big with enterprize, and panting for some occasions to signalize their prowess. They proceeded vigorously through two streets, and with very little opposition dispersed a rabble of drunkards less daring than themselves, then rolled two watchmen in the kennel, and broke the windows of a tavern in which the fugitives took shelter. At last it was determined to march up to a row of chairs, and demolish them for standing on the pavement; the chairmen formed a line of battle, and blows were exchanged for a time with equal courage on both sides. At last the assailants were overpowered, and the chairmen, when they knew their captives, brought them home by force.

The young gentleman, next morning, hung his head, and was so much ashamed of his outrages and defeat that perhaps he might have been checked in his

his first follies, had not his mother, partly in pity of his dejection, and partly in approbation of his spirit, relieved him from his perplexity, by paying the damages privately, and discouraging all animadversion and reproof.

This indulgence could not wholly preserve him from the remembrance of his disgrace, nor at once restore his confidence and elation. He was for three days silent, modest, and compliant, and thought himself neither too wise for instruction, nor too manly for restraint. But his levity overcame this salutary sorrow; he began to talk with his former raptures of masquerades, taverns and frolicks; blustered when his wig was not combed with exactness; and threatened destruction to a taylor who had mistaken his directions about the pocket.

I knew that he was now rising again above controul, and that this inflation of spirits would burst out into some mischievous absurdity. I therefore watched him with great attention; but one evening, having attended his mother at a visit, he withdrew himself, unsuspected, while the company was engaged at cards. His vivacity and officiousness were soon missed, and his return impatiently expected; supper was delayed, and conversation suspended; every coach that rattled through the street was expected to bring him, and every servant that entered the room was examined concerning his departure. At last the lady returned home, and was with great difficulty preserved from fits by spirits and cordials. The family was dispatched a thousand ways without success, and the house was filled with distraction, till, as we were deliberating what farther measures to take, he returned from a petty gaming-table, with his coat torn, and his head broken; without his sword, snuff-box, sleeve-buttons, and watch.

Of this loss or robbery, he gave little account; but, instead of sinking into his former shame, endeavoured to support himself by furliness and asperity: "He was

“not the first that had played away a few trifles, and of what use were birth and fortune if they would not admit some sallies and expences.” His mamma was so much provoked by the cost of this prank, that she would neither palliate nor conceal it; and his father, after some threats of rustication which his fondness would not suffer him to execute, reduced the allowance of his pocket, that he might not be tempted by plenty to profusion. This method would have succeeded in a place where there are no pandars to folly and extravagance, but was now likely to have produced pernicious consequences; for we have discovered a treaty with a broker, whose daughter he seems disposed to marry, on condition that he shall be supplied with present money, for which he is to repay thrice the value at the death of his father.

There was now no time to be lost. A domestick consultation was immediately held, and he was doomed to pass two years in the country; but his mother, touched with his tears, declared, that she thought him too much of a man to be any longer confined to his book, and he therefore begins his travels to-morrow under a French governor.

I am, &c.

EUMATHES.

LVII. ADVENTURES of a LOUSE. ADVENTURER,
NUMB. 121.

To the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

A FEW nights ago, after I came home from the tavern, I took up the first volume of your papers, which at present is deposited near the elbow chair in my chamber, and happened to read the fifth number which contains the narrative of a Flea *. After I fell asleep, I imagined the book still to lie open before me, and that at the bottom of the page I saw not a Flea but a Louse, who addressed me with such solemnity of accent, that it brought to my mind some orations which I had formerly heard in saint Stephen's chapel.

Sir, said he, it has been remarked by those, who have enriched themselves from the mines of knowledge by deep researches and laborious study, that sublunary beings are all mortal, and that life is a state of perpetual peril and inquietude: such, indeed, hitherto has been my experience; and yet I do not remember, that I have brought calamity upon myself by any uncommon deviations either from virtue or prudence.

I was hatched in the head of a boy about eight years old, who was placed under the care of a parish nurse, and educated at the charity school. In this place, as in a populous city, I soon obtained a settlement; and as our state of adolescence is short, had in a few months a numerous family. This, indeed, was the happiest period of my life; I suffered little apprehension from the comb or the razor, and foresaw no misfortune, except that our country should be overstocked, and we should be compelled to wander, like the Barbarians of the North, in search of another.

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* See Numb. XLIX. of this COLLECTION.

But it happened that the lord of our soil, in an evil hour, went with some of his companions to Highgate. Just at the top of the hill was a stage and a mountebank, where several feats of wit and humour were performed by a gentleman with a gridiron upon his back, who assisted the doctor in his vocation. We were presently in the midst of the crowd, and soon after upon the stage; which the boy was persuaded to ascend, that by a sudden stroke of conjuration, a great quantity of gold might be conveyed under his hat. Under his hat, however, the dextrous but mischievous operator, having imperceptibly conveyed a rotten egg, clapped his hand smartly upon it, and shewed the aurum potabile running down on each side, to the unspeakable delight of the beholders, but to the great disappointment of the boy and the total ruin of our community.

It is impossible to describe the confusion and distress which this accident instantly produced among us: we were at once buried in a quag, intollerably noisome, and insuperably viscid: those who had been overturned in its passage, found it impossible to recover their situation; and the few, who happening to lie near the borders of the suffusion, had with the utmost efforts of their strength crawled to those parts which it had not reached, laboured in vain to free themselves from shackles, which every moment became more strong as the substance which formed them grew more hard, and threatened in a short time totally to deprive them of all power of motion. I was myself among this number, and cannot even now recollect my situation without shuddering at my danger. In the mean time the candidate for enchanted gold, who in the search of pleasure had found only dirt and hunger, weariness and disappointment, reflecting that his stolen holiday was at an end, returned forlorn and disconsolate to his nurse. The nose of this good woman was soon offended by an unfavoury smell, and it was not long before she discovered whence it proceeded. A few questions, and a good thump on the back, brought the whole secret

secret to light; and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and punished, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the spout till he had received the discipline of a pickpocket. He was indeed very near being drowned; but his sufferings were nothing in comparison of ours. We were overwhelmed with a second inundation; the cataracts, which burst upon us with a noise tenfold more dreadful than thunder, swept us by hundreds before them, and the few that remained would not have had strength to keep their hold against the impetuosity of the torrent if it had continued a few minutes longer. I was still among those that escaped; and after we had a little recovered from our fright, we found that if we had lost our friends, we were released from the viscous durance which our own strength could never have broken. We were also delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine; and taking comfort in these reflections, we were enabled to reconcile ourselves, without murmuring, to the fate of those who had perished.

But the series of misfortunes which I have been doomed to suffer, without respite, was now begun. The next day was Holy Thursday; and the stupendous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our state in procession to the bounds of his parish, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as soon as he came home. This he was impatient to use; and in an engagement with an adversary, who had armed himself with the like weapon, he received a stroke upon his head, by which my favourite wife and three children, the whole remains of my family, were crushed to atoms in a moment. I was myself so near as to be thrown down by the concussion of the blow; and the boy immediately scratching his head to alleviate the smart, was within a hair of destroying me with his nail.

I was so terrified at this accident that I crept down to the nape of his neck, where I continued all the rest of the day; and at night, when he retired to eat his crust

of

servant, who being soon after my exploit detected in wearing a laced frock before it had been left off, was turned away at a minute's warning, and despairing to obtain a character, returned to the occupation in which he had been bred, and became journeyman to a barber in the city, who upon seeing a specimen of his skill to dress hair a-la-mode de la cour, was willing to receive him without a scrupulous examination of his morals.

This change in the situation of my patron was of great advantage to me; for I began to have more company and less disturbance. But among other persons whom he attended every morning to shave, was an elderly gentleman of great repute for natural knowledge, a fellow of many foreign societies, and a profound adept in experimental philosophy. This gentleman, having conceived a design to repeat Leuenhoeck's experiments upon the increase of our species, enquired of the proprietor of my dwelling if he could help him to a subject. The man was at first startled at the question; but it was no sooner comprehended than he pulled out an ivory comb, and produced myself and two associates, one of whom died soon after of the hurt he received.

The sage received us with thanks, and very carefully conveyed us into his stocking, where, though it was not a situation perfectly agreeable to our nature, we produced a numerous progeny. Here, however, I suffered new calamity, and was exposed to new danger. The philosopher, whom a sedentary and recluse life had rendered extremely susceptible of cold, would often sit with his shins so near the fire, that we were almost scorched to death before we could get round to the calf for shelter. He was also subject to frequent abstractions of mind; and at these times many of us have been miserably destroyed by his broth or his tea, which he would hold so much on one side that it would run over the vessel, and overflow us with a scalding deluge from his knee to his ankle: nor was this all; for

for when he felt the smart he would rub the part with his hand, without reflecting upon his nursery, till he had crushed great part of those that had escaped. Still, however, it was my fortune to survive for new adventures.

The philosopher, among other visitants whose curiosity he was pleased to gratify, was sometimes favoured with the company of ladies: for the entertainment of a lady it was my misfortune to be one morning taken from my family when I least suspected it, and secured in the apparatus of a solar microscope. After I had contributed to their astonishment and diversion near an hour, I was left with the utmost inhumanity and ingratitude to perish of hunger, immured between the two pieces of isinglas thro' which I had been exhibited. In this condition I remained three days and three nights; and should certainly have perished in the fourth, if a boy about seven years old, who was carelessly left alone in the room, had not poked his finger through the hole in which I was confined, and once more set me at liberty. I was, however, extremely weak, and the window being open I was blown into the street, and fell on the uncovered perriwig of a doctor of physic, who had just alighted to visit a patient. This was the first time I had ever entered a perriwig, a situation which I scarce less deprecate than the microscope: I found it a desolate wilderness, without inhabitants and without bounds. I continued to traverse it with incredible labour, but I knew not in what direction, and despaired of being ever restored either to food or rest. My spirits were at length exhausted, my gripe relaxed, and I fell almost in a state of insensibility from the verge of the labyrinth in which I had been bewildered, into the head of a patient in the hospital, over whom, after my fall, I could just perceive the doctor leaning to look at his tongue.

By the warmth and nourishment which this place afforded me I soon revived. I rejoiced at my deliverance,

rance, and thought I had nothing to fear but the death of the patient in whose head I had taken shelter.

I was, however, soon convinced of my mistake; for among other patients in the same ward was a child about six years old, who having been put in for a rupture, had fallen into the jaundice. For this disease the nurse, in the absence of the physician, prescribed a certain number of my species to be administered alive in a spoonful of milk. A collection was immediately made, and I was numbered among the unhappy victims which ignorance and inhumanity had thus devoted to destruction: I was immersed in the potion, and saw myself approach the horrid jaws that I expected would the next moment close over me; not but that, in this dreadful moment, I had some languid hope of passing the gulph unhurt, and finding a settlement at the bottom. My fate, however, was otherwise determined: for the child, in a fit of frowardness and anger, dashed the spoon out of the hand of the nurse; and after incredible fatigue I recovered the station to which I had descended from the doctor's wig.

I was once more congratulating myself on an escape almost miraculous, when I was alarmed by the appearance of a barber, with all the dreadful apparatus of his trade. I soon found that the person whose head I had chosen for an asylum was become delirious, and that the hair was by the physician's order to be removed for a blister.

Here my courage totally failed, and all my hopes forsook me. It happened, however, that tho' I was entangled in the suds, yet I was deposited unhurt upon the operator's shaving cloth; from whence, as he was shaving you this night, I gained your shoulder, and have this moment crawled out from the plaits of your stock, which you have just taken off and laid upon this table. Whether this event be fortunate or unfortunate, time only can discover: but I still hope to find some dwelling, where no comb shall ever enter, and

no nails shall ever scratch ; which neither pincers, nor razor shall approach ; where I shall pass the remainder of life in perfect security and repose, amidst the smiles of society and the profusion of plenty.

At this hope so extravagant and ridiculous, uttered with such solemnity of diction and manner, I burst into a fit of immoderate laughter that awaked me : but my mirth was instantly repressed by reflecting, that the life of man is not less exposed to evil ; and that all his expectations of security and happiness in temporal possessions, are equally chimerical and absurd.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

DORMITOR.

LVIII. STORY of a KEPT MISTRESS.
WORLD, NUMB. 97.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

I AM the daughter of very honest and reputable parents in the north of England; but as an account of my family does no way relate to my story, I shall avoid troubling you with any farther particulars on that head. At the age of seventeen I had leave from my father and mother to accompany a neighbouring family of some distinction to town, having lived in the strictest intimacy with the young ladies of that family ever since I was a child.

At our arrival in town, we were visited by a great deal of company, and among the rest, by a young gentleman of fortune, who seldom passed a day without seeing us. As this gentleman's family, and that of my friends had been long acquainted, his admission to us was without the least ceremony; and indeed he was looked upon by the young ladies and myself rather as a brother than a visitor. I had often observed, and I confess with a secret satisfaction, that his behaviour to me, especially when alone, was somewhat more particular than to any of my companions; and I could not help placing it to his favourable opinion of me, that he was continually contriving parties abroad to amuse and entertain us.

One afternoon, having been troub'ed with the head-ach in the morning, and having therefore excused myself from dining and supping out with the family where I lived, he called, as he had many times done, to ask us to the play. I expressed my concern at the ladies being from home, but foolishly suffered myself to be
persuaded

persuaded to go alone with him into the gallery, after having been laughed at for my objections, and told that I ought to have a better opinion of him than to think him capable of asking me to do an improper thing.

When the play was over, we took coach to return home; but the coachman, having no doubt received his lesson, stopped just at the door of a tavern, telling us that one of the traces was broke, and that he could go no farther. I suffered myself to be handed into the tavern, while another coach was called, which not being immediately to be had, my companion observed to me smilingly, that it was a happy accident, and as the family I lived with would not sup at home, I should be his guest that evening; and without waiting for a reply, ordered supper and a bottle of champaign. It was in vain that I remonstrated against this proposal; he knew, he said, that my friends would not return till twelve; and there could be no kind of harm in eating a bit of chicken, and drinking a glass of wine where we were. I was frightened at the thoughts of what I was doing, but was indiscreet enough to consent. His behaviour to me all the time was the most respectful in the world. He took care to engage my attention by some interesting discourse, assuring me as often as I attempted to move, that it was quite early, and that till a coach could be had, it was to no purpose to attempt going.

I very freely confess, that being extremely heated at the playhouse, I was tempted to drink a glass or two of wine more than I was accustomed to, which flurried me a good deal; and as my heart was by no means indifferent to him who was entertaining me, the time passed away almost imperceptibly. However, recollecting myself at last, I insisted peremptorily upon going; when, seeing me in earnest, he pulled out his watch, and, as if violently surprized, declared it was past two o'clock; adding, in the greatest seeming consternation, that it would be impossible for me to go home

home that night, and cursing his own folly for the mischief he had brought upon me.

I will not attempt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to describe the confusion I was in. Yet still I insisted upon going home, which he endeavoured to dissuade me from, by saying, that he too well knew the temper of the gentleman at whose house I lived, to think of carrying me thither at so late an hour; that he would conduct me to a lady of his acquaintance, who should wait on me home in the morning, and make an excuse for my lying out. I answered him, that I would lie no where but at home; that I detested myself for going out with him, and that I would return immediately, let the hour be what it would. "Let us go first of all," replied he, to the lady's, where I will leave you but for a moment, and see if the family are sitting up for you; for to knock at the door and be refused admittance would ruin your reputation in the opinion of all the neighbourhood." I still insisted upon going home; and a coach was accordingly called and procured; but instead of carrying me to my friends, it stopped at a house in another street. Here I was forced against my will to alight. The mistress of it was up; a circumstance which I should have wondered at, if I had not been frightened almost to death, and incapable of thinking, speaking, or knowing what I did.

The wretch, after having apologized to the lady for the distress he had brought me into, left me in great haste, to bring me intelligence of what was doing at home. He returned in a short time, and with the greatest seeming concern in his countenance, told me, that he had learnt from one of the servants, that the family had supped at home; that they were exasperated against me beyond forgiveness; that they concluded me undone; and that they had sworn never to admit me within their doors again.

I was

I was quite thunderstruck at this intelligence, and accused the wretch who brought it me as the vilest of men. He fell upon his knees, conjuring me not to think him capable of any design in what was done, and vowing to sacrifice his life and fortune to reinstate me in the good opinion of my friends. I was obliged now to put myself under his protection; but refused going to bed, though pressed to it by the lady of the house, who called herself his relation. Early in the morning, taking the lady along with him, he pretended to go again to my friends; but returned to me with an account that they were quite outrageous against me, and absolutely determined never to see me again. I wrote to them in the most moving manner that my heart could dictate, and gave the letter to the care of this false friend. I wrote also to my parents letter after letter, but without receiving a syllable from them in return; so that I now looked upon myself as completely undone. The anxiety I suffered threw me into a fever, during which time the wretch hardly ever stirred from my bed-side, vowing that his life depended upon my recovery. I was soon indeed restored to my health, but never to my peace. My betrayer began now to talk to me of love; and I began foolishly to regard him as one that had suffered too much for what I could not impute to him as a crime. He saw, and took care hourly to improve, my too favourable opinion of him; and at length (for why should I dwell minutely on what I wish forever to forget?) by a thousand stratagems on his side, and by fatal inclination on my own, irrecoverably undid me.

From that very day his affections began to cool: and (will it be believed when I tell it?) he grew in a very little time to hate me to that degree, that in order to get rid of me, and to make our separation my own act, he confessed to me the whole scheme he had laid to get me; shewed me advertisements in the papers from my friends and parents, offering rewards for my discovery; and returned me the letters I had written to them, every one of which he had detained.

I flood

I stood astonished at his villany, and abhorred him in my soul. But alas! it was now too late for me to apply to friends. Ruminating one afternoon on my deplorable condition, I was surprized at seeing an elderly lady enter my chamber. She made me an apology for her visit, and very frankly told me, that from some distant hints which she had that day received from the mistress of the house, she apprehended I was fallen into bad hands; which, if true, she would be glad to assist me to the utmost of her power. She spoke this with so much affection and good-nature, that I made no scruple of telling her my whole story, which so extremely affected her, that she shed tears while I spoke, and often interrupted me with her exclamations against the villany of men. At the conclusion she offered that moment to take me away, assuring me that her house, her purse and sincerest friendship should always be mine. I would have fallen on my knees to thank her, but she prevented me; and ordering a coach to be called, she conveyed me that very evening to her country-house.

I stayed there a week, and met with the most kind and tender treatment from her. She compelled me to accept of some changes of clothes and linen, and then brought me to her house in town; where, in less than four-and-twenty hours, she told me, without the least ceremony, that I no doubt knew for what purpose she had taken me, and that as I could have no pretensions to modesty, she hoped my behaviour would be such as should give her no occasion to repent of her kindness to me. I desired to understand her, and was informed (though not in plain words) that my benefactress was a bawd, and that she had taken me into her family for the most infamous of purposes. I trembled with amazement, and insisted on leaving the house that instant. She told me, I was at full liberty to do so; but that first I must pay for my lodging and clothes. She spoke this with great ease and carelessness, and then left me to myself. I ran down stairs with precipitation; but alas! scarce was I out of the street before I was stopt and brought back by a bailiff who had a writ against

against me. I requested that I might have leave to write to the gentleman from whom I had been taken: for bad as he was, I said, he would not utterly desert me. I was permitted to write as I desired; and the wretch indeed answered my letter; but it was only to tell me, that as I had thought proper to run away from him, he should have nothing farther to say to me; and that, in short, I must either submit to conditions, or go immediately with the bailiff. Frightened at the horrors of a prison, and hoping that my story might move compassion in those to whom I was to be introduced, I consented to do as they would have me. But alas, sir! I was mistaken: they listened to my story; but instead of melting at my misfortunes, they adored me, they said, for my invention. At length, having led the life of a prostitute for more than a month, I attempted to make a second escape, and to fly to the hands of justice for protection: but I was again caught, and carried to a spunging-house; where, after remaining two days, a gentleman who had been admitted to me at that vile woman's, came to see me in my confinement, paid off the debt for which I was arrested, and took me to be his mistress.

But though the life I now lead is in some degree more supportable than that which I have escaped from, yet to one who hopes that she has still some remains of principle left, it is terrible and shocking. My friends know what I am, and what I have been, but they reject and hate me: and I have not the least glimmering of hope ever to recover from the situation I am in, unless my story should merit the compassion of Him to whom I now send it, and find a place in the *WORLD*. Vile as I am, I would be otherwise if I might. I am not old in wickedness, though I have gone such lengths in it; being now really and truly but just turned of eighteen, and having left my father's house no more than fifteen months ago, two of which months I lived in innocence and reputation with the most worthy of families.

As to him who has brought upon me all this weight of misery, and who serenely and unconcernedly can reflect upon what he has done (for so I am sure he does) I have nothing to fear, and nothing to hope. I can therefore have but one inducement to desire your publication of this letter, which is, that my friends may know that I have gained that credit with a stranger which they have refused to give me, and that I am really and truly an object of compassion.

I am, S I R,

(though lost to myself)

Your most faithful humble servant.

LIX. Uncommon Magnanimity and Generosity, represented in the Story of the death of MADAM DE VILLACERFE. SPECTATOR, NUMB. 368.

AS the Spectator is in a kind a paper of news from the natural world, as others are from the busy and politic part of mankind, I shall translate the following letter written to an eminent French gentleman in this town from Paris, which gives us the exit of an heroine who is a pattern of patience and generosity.

S I R, Paris, April 18, 1712.

IT is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you the characters of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of the death of Madam de Villacerfe, whose departure out of this life I know not whether a man of your philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole life happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured for an evenness of temper and greatness of mind. On the 10th instant that lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her to her Chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known that some years ago Monsieur Festeau, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was desperately in love with this lady: her quality placed her above any application to her on the account of his passion; but as a woman always has some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head (upon advice of her physicians to lose some of her blood) to send for Monsieur Festeau on that occasion. I happened to be there at that time, and my near re-

' lation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon
 ' as her arm was stripped bare, and he began to press
 ' it in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and
 ' I observed him seized with a sudden tremor, which
 ' made me take the liberty to speak of it to my cousin
 ' with some apprehension: she smil'd, and said, she
 ' knew Mr. Festeau had no inclination to do her injury.
 ' He seemed to recover himself, and smiling also pro-
 ' ceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation
 ' he cried out, that he was the most unfortunate of
 ' all men, for that he had open'd an artery instead
 ' of a vein. It is as impossible to express the artist's
 ' distraction as the patient's composure. I will not
 ' dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform
 ' you, that within three days time it was thought ne-
 ' cessary to take off her arm. She was so far from
 ' using Festeau as it would be natural for one of a lower
 ' spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be
 ' absent from any consultation about her present con-
 ' dition, and on every occasion asked whether he was
 ' satisfied in the measures that were taken about her.
 ' Before this last operation she order'd her will to be
 ' drawn, and after having been about a quarter of an
 ' hour alone, she bid the surgeons, of whom poor
 ' Festeau was one, go on in their work. I know not
 ' how to give you the terms of art, but there appeared
 ' such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that
 ' it was visible she could not live four and twenty hours.
 ' Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this
 ' whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking
 ' notice of what passed as her fate approached nearer
 ' and nearer, and took notes of what she said to all
 ' about her, particularly word for word what she spoke
 ' to Mr. Festeau, which was as follows.

" Sir, you give me inexpressible sorrow for the
 " anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am
 " removed to all intents and purposes from the interests
 " of human life, therefore I am to begin to think like
 " one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you
 " as one by whose error I have lost my life; no, you
 " are

“ are my benefactor as you have hastened my entrance
“ into a happy immortality. This is my sense of this
“ accident; but the world in which you live may have
“ thoughts of it to your disadvantage; I have therefore
“ taken care to provide for you in my will, and have
“ placed you above what you have to fear from their
“ ill nature.”

‘ While this excellent woman spoke these words,
‘ Festeau looked as if he received a condemnation to die,
‘ instead of a pension for his life. Madam de Villacerfe
‘ lived till eight of the clock the next night, and tho’
‘ she must have laboured under the most exquisite tor-
‘ ments, she possessed her mind with so wonderful a
‘ patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe
‘ than she died at that hour. You, who had not the
‘ happiness to be personally known to this lady, have
‘ nothing but to rejoice in the honour you had of being
‘ related to so great merit; but we, who have lost her
‘ conversation, cannot so easily resign our own happiness
‘ by reflexion upon hers.

I am, Sir, your affectionate kinsman,
and most obedient, humble servant,

Paul Regnaud.

There hardly can be a greater instance of an heroic mind, than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life itself could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of singular use to human society to have an exact account of this lady’s ordinary conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in the last article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praise-worthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the dissolution, but consummation of her life.

LX. The INFLUENCE of INNOCENCY and HONOUR,
 exemplified in the STORY of a FRENCH KNIGHT.
 GUARDIAN, NUMB. 17.

A FRENCH Author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whose character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices and virtues, tells the following story.

“ Our knight, says he, was pretty much addicted
 “ to the most fashionable of all faults. He had a
 “ loose rogue for a lackey, not a little in his favour,
 “ though he had no other name for him when he spoke
 “ of him but *the Rascal*, or to him but *Sirrah*. One
 “ morning when he was dressing, Sirrah, says he, be
 “ sure you bring home this evening a pretty wench.
 “ The fellow was a person of diligence and capacity,
 “ and had for some time addressed himself to a de-
 “ cayed old gentlewoman, who had a young maiden
 “ to her daughter, beauteous as an angel, not yet six-
 “ teen years of age. The mother’s extreme poverty,
 “ and the insinuations of this artful lackey concerning
 “ the soft disposition and generosity of his master,
 “ made her consent to deliver up her daughter. But
 “ many were the intreaties and representations of the
 “ mother to gain her child’s consent to an action,
 “ she said she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted
 “ her to it; but child, says she, can you see your mo-
 “ ther die for hunger? The virgin argued no longer,
 “ but bursting into tears, said she would go any where.
 “ The lackey conveyed her with great obsequiousness
 “ and secrecy to his master’s lodging, and placed her
 “ in a commodious apartment till he came home.
 “ The knight, who knew his man never failed of
 “ bringing in his prey, indulged his genius at a ban-
 “ quet, and was in high humour at an entertainment
 “ with ladies, expecting to be received in the even-
 “ ing by one as agreeable as the best of them. When
 “ he came home, his lackey met him with a saucy
 “ and

“ and joyful familiarity, crying out, She is as hand-
 “ some as an angel, (for there is no other simile on
 “ these occasions) but the tender fool has wept till her
 “ eyes are swelled and bloated; for she is a maid
 “ and a gentlewoman. With that he conducted his
 “ master to the room where she was, and retired. The
 “ knight, when he saw her bathed in tears, said in
 “ some surprize, Do not you know, young woman,
 “ why you are brought hither? The unhappy maid
 “ fell on her knees, and with many interruptions of
 “ sighs and tears said to him, I know, alas! too well
 “ why I am brought hither: my mother, to get bread
 “ for her and myself, has sent me to do what you
 “ pleased; but wish it would please heaven I could die
 “ before I am added to the number of those miserable
 “ wretches who live without honour! with this reflec-
 “ tion she wept anew, and beat her bosom. The knight
 “ stepping back from her, said, I am not so abandoned
 “ as to hurt your innocence against your will.

“ The novelty of the accident surpris'd him into
 “ virtue; and covering the young maid with a cloak,
 “ he led her to a relation's house, to whose care he
 “ recommended her for that night. The next morn-
 “ ing he sent for her mother, and asked her if her
 “ daughter was a maid? the mother assured him, that
 “ when she delivered her daughter to the servant, she
 “ was a stranger to man. Are not you then, replied
 “ the knight, a wicked woman to contrive the debau-
 “ chery of your own child? she held down her face
 “ with fear and shame, and in her confusion utter-
 “ ed some broken words concerning her poverty.
 “ Far be it, said the gentleman, that you should re-
 “ lieve yourself from want by a much greater evil:
 “ your daughter is a fine young creature? do you know
 “ of none that ever spoke of her for a wife? The mo-
 “ ther answered, there is an honest man in our neigh-
 “ bourhood that loves her, who has often said he
 “ would marry her with two hundred pounds. The
 “ knight ordered his Man to reckon out that sum with
 “ an

“ an addition of fifty to buy the bride cloaths, and
“ fifty more as a help to her mother.”

I appeal to all the galants in town, Whether possessing all the beauties in Great-Britain could give half the pleasure, as this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miserable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public shame, and bestowing a virtuous wife upon an honest man ?

LXI. INGRATITUDE punished. AN EASTERN TALE.
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

A DERVISE, venerable by his age, fell ill in the house of a woman who had been long a widow, and lived in extreme poverty in the suburbs of Balfora. He was so touched with the care and zeal with which she had assisted him, that at his departure he said to her, I have remarked that you have wherewith to subsist alone, but that you have not subsistence enough to share it with your only son, the young Abdallah: If you will trust him to my care, I will endeavour to acknowledge, in his person, the obligations I have to you for your care of me. The good woman received his proposal with joy; and the dervise departed with the young man, advertising her, that they must perform a journey which would last near two years. As they travelled, he kept him in affluence, gave him excellent instructions, cured him of a dangerous disease with which he was attacked; in fine, he took the same care of him, as if he had been his own son. Abdallah a hundred times testified his gratitude to him for all his bounties; but the old man always answered, 'My son, it is by actions that gratitude is proved; we shall see, in a proper time and place, whether you are so grateful as you pretend.'

One day, as they continued their travels, they found themselves in a solitary place, and the dervise said to Abdallah, 'My son, we are now at the end of our journey; I shall employ my prayers to obtain from heaven, that the earth may open and make an entrance wide enough to permit thee to descend into a place, where thou wilt find one of the greatest treasures that the earth incloses in her bowels. Hast thou courage to descend into this subterranean vault?' continued he. Abdallah swore to him, he might depend upon his obedience and zeal. Then the dervise lighted

a small fire, into which he cast a perfume ; he read and prayed for some moments, after which the earth opened, and the dervise said to him, — ‘ Thou mayest now enter, my dear Abdallah ; remember that it is in thy power to do me a great service, and that this is, perhaps, the only opportunity thou canst ever have of testifying to me, that thou art not ungrateful : do not let thyself be dazzled by all the riches that thou wilt find there ; think only of seizing upon an iron candlestick with twelve branches, which thou wilt find close to a door ; that is absolutely necessary to me ; come up immediately and bring it to me.’ Abdallah promised every thing, and descended boldly into the vault. But, forgetting what had been expressly recommended to him, whilst he was filling his vest and his bosom with the gold and jewels which this subterranean vault inclosed in prodigious heaps, the opening by which he had entered closed of itself. He had, however, presence of mind enough to seize upon the iron candlestick, which the dervise had so strongly recommended to him ; and, though the situation he was in was very terrible, he did not abandon himself to despair ; and, thinking only in what manner he should get out of a place which might become his grave, he apprehended, that the vault had closed only because he had not followed the order of the dervise ; recalled to his memory the care and goodness he had loaded him with ; reproached himself with ingratitude, and finished his meditation by humbling himself before God. At length, after much pain and inquietude, he was fortunate enough to find a narrow passage which let him out of this obscure cave ; though it was not till he had followed it a considerable way, that he perceived a small opening, covered with briars and thorns, through which he returned to the light of the sun. He looked on all sides, to see if he could perceive the dervise, but in vain ; he designed to deliver him the iron candlestick he so much wished for, and formed a design of quitting him, being rich enough, with what he had taken out of the cavern, to live in affluence without his assistance.

Not

Not perceiving the dervise, nor remembering any of the places through which he had passed, he went on as fortune directed him, and was extremely astonished to find himself opposite to his mother's house, which he imagined he was at a great distance from. She immediately enquired after the holy dervise. Abdallah told her frankly what had happened to him, and the danger he had run to satisfy his unreasonable desires; he afterwards shewed her the riches with which he was loaded. His mother concluded, upon the sight of them, that the dervise only designed to make a trial of his courage and his obedience, and that they ought to make use of the happiness which fortune had presented to them; adding, that doubtless such was the intention of the holy dervise. Whilst they contemplated upon these treasures with avidity; whilst they were dazzled with the lustre of them, and formed a thousand projects in consequence of them, they all vanished away before their eyes. It was then that Abdallah sincerely reproached himself with his ingratitude and disobedience; and, perceiving that the iron candlestick had resisted the enchantment, or rather the just punishment which those deserve who do not execute what they promise, he said, prostrating himself, " — What has happened to me is just; I have lost what I had no design to restore, and the candlestick, which I intended to deliver to the dervise, remains with me: it is a proof, that it rightly belongs to him, and that the rest was unjustly acquired." As he finished these words, he placed the candlestick in the midst of their little house.

When the night was come, without reflecting upon it, he placed the light in this candlestick. Immediately they saw a dervise appear, who turned round for an hour, and disappeared, after having thrown them an aspre. This candlestick had twelve branches. Abdallah, who was meditating all the day upon what he had seen the night before, was willing to know what would happen the next night, if he put a light in each of them; he did so, and twelve dervises ap-

peared that instant; they turned round also for an hour, and each of them threw an aspre, as they disappeared. He repeated every day the same ceremony, which had always the same success; but he never could make it succeed more than once in twenty-four hours. This trifling sum was enough to make his mother and himself subsist tolerably: there was a time when they would have desired no more to be happy; but it was not considerable enough to change their fortune: it is always dangerous for the imagination to be fixed upon the idea of riches. The sight of what he believed he should possess; the projects he had formed for the employment of it; all these things had left such profound traces in the mind of Abdallah, that nothing could efface them. Therefore, seeing the small advantage he drew from the candlestick, he resolved to carry it back to the dervise, in hopes that he might obtain of him the treasure he had seen, or at least find again the riches which had vanished from their sight, by restoring to him a thing for which he had testified so earnest a desire. He was so fortunate as to remember his name, and that of the city where he inhabited. He departed therefore immediately for Magrebi, carrying with him his candlestick, which he lighted every night, and by that means furnished himself with what was necessary on the road, without being obliged to implore the assistance and compassion of the faithful. When he arrived at Magrebi, his first care was to enquire in what house, or in what convent Abounadar lodged; he was so well known, that every body told him his habitation. He repaired thither directly, and found fifty porters, who kept the gate of his house, having each a staff with a head of gold in their hands: the court of this palace was filled with slaves and domestics; in fine, the residence of a prince could not expose to view greater magnificence. Abdallah, struck with astonishment and admiration, feared to proceed. Certainly, thought he, I either explained myself wrong, or those, to whom I addressed myself, designed to make a jest of me, because I was a stranger; this

this is not the habitation of a dervise, it is that of a king. He was in this embarrassment, when a man approached him, and said to him, ' Abdallah, thou art welcome ; my master, Abounadar, has long expected thee.' He then conducted him to an agreeable and magnificent pavilion, where the dervise was seated. Abdallah, struck with the riches he beheld on all sides, would have prostrated himself at his feet, but Abounadar prevented him, and interrupted him when he would have made a merit of the candlestick, which he presented to him. ' Thou art but an ungrateful wretch,' said he to him ; dost thou imagine that thou canst impose upon me ? I am not ignorant of any one of thy thoughts ; and, if thou hadst known the value of this candlestick, thou never wouldst have brought it to me ; I will make thee sensible of its true use.' Immediately he placed a light in each of its branches ; and, when the twelve dervises had turned for some time, Abounadar gave each of them a blow with a cane, and in a moment they were converted into twelve heaps of sequins, diamonds, and other precious stones. ' This,' said he, is the proper use to be made of this marvelous candlestick. As to me, I never desired it, but to place it in my cabinet, as a talisman composed by a sage whom I revere, and am pleased to expose it sometimes to those who come to visit me ; and, to prove to thee, added he, that curiosity was the only occasion of my search for it, here are the keys of my magazines, open them and you shalt judge of my riches ; thou shalt tell me, whether the most insatiable miser would not be satisfied with them.' Abdallah obeyed him, and examined twelve magazines of great extent, so full of all manner of riches, that he could not distinguish what merited his admiration most ; they all deserved and produced his desires. The regret of having restored the candlestick, and that of not having found out the use of it, pierced the heart of Abdallah. Abounadar seemed not to perceive it ; on the contrary, he loaded him with caresses, kept him some days in his house, and commanded him to be treated as himself. When he was at the eve of the day which he had fixed
for

for his departure, he said to him, " Abdallah my son, " I believe, by what has happened to thee, thou art " corrected of the frightful vice of ingratitude ; how- " ever, I owe thee a mark of my affection, for having " undertaken so long a journey with a view of bringing " me the thing I had desired ; thou mayest depart, I " shall detain thee no longer. Thou shalt find to-mor- " row, at the gate of my palace, one of my horses to " carry thee ; I make thee a present of it, as well as " of a slave who shall conduct thee to thy house ; and " two camels loaded with gold and jewels, which thou " shalt chuse thyself out of my treasures." Abdallah said to him all that a heart sensible to avarice could express, when its passion was satisfied, and went to lie down till the morning arrived, which was fixed for his departure.

During the night he was still agitated, without being able to think of any thing but the candlestick, and what it had produced. " I had it, said he, so long in my " power ; Abounadar, without me, had never been " the possessor of it : What risks did I not run in the " subterranean vault ? Why does he now possess this " treasure of treasures ? because I had the probity, or " rather the folly, to bring it back to him : he profits " by my labours, and the danger I have incurred in " so long a journey. And what does he give me in " return ? two camels loaded with gold and jewels ; in " one moment the candlestick will furnish him with " ten times as much. It is Abounadar who is ungrate- " ful : What wrong shall I do him in taking this can- " dlestick ? none certainly ; for he is rich : and what " do I possess ? These ideas determined him at length, " to make all possible attempts to seize upon the candle- " stick." The thing was not difficult, Abounadar hav- ing trusted him with the keys of his magazines. He knew where the candlestick was placed ; he seized upon it, hid it at the bottom of one of the sacks, which he filled with pieces of gold and other riches which he was allowed to take, and loaded it, as well as the rest, upon his camels. He had no other eagerness now than

for

for his departure ; and, after having hastily bid adieu to the generous Abounadar, he delivered him his keys, and departed with his horse, his slave, and two camels.

When he was some days journey from Balsora, he sold his slave ; resolving not to have a witness of his former poverty, nor of the source of his present riches. He bought another, and arrived without any obstacle at his mother's, whom he would scarce look upon : so much was he taken up with his treasure. His first care was to place the loads of the camels and the candlestick in the most private room of the house ; and, in his impatience to feed his eyes with his great opulence, he placed lights immediately in the candlestick : the twelve dervises appearing, he gave each of them a blow with a cane with all his strength, lest he should be failing in the laws of the talisman : but he had not remarked, that Abounadar, when he struck them, had the cane in his left-hand. Abdallah, by a natural motion, made use of his right ; and the dervises, instead of becoming heaps of riches, immediately drew from beneath their robes each a formidable club, with which they struck him so hard and so long, that they left him almost dead, and disappeared, carrying with them all his treasure, the camels, the horse, the slave, and the candlestick.

Thus was Abdallah punished by poverty, and almost by death, for his unmeasurable ambition, which, perhaps, might have been pardonable, if it had not been accompanied by an ingratitude as wicked as it was audacious, since he had not so much as the resource of being able to conceal his perfidies from the too piercing eyes of his benefactor.

LXII. The extraordinary STORY of BERITOLA CARACCIOLA, a NEAPOLITAN LADY, and her CHILDREN. BOCCACE'S DECAMERON, SECOND DAY. NOVEL 6.

AFTER the death of the emperor Frederick II. Manfredi was crowned king of Sicily, with whom lived in great favour a Neapolitan gentleman, whose name was Henriët Capece; and who had to wife a most beautiful and worthy lady of Naples called Beritola Caracciola. This gentleman having the government of the island in his hands, and understanding that king Charles I. had gained the battle of Benevento, and slain Manfredi, finding also that the whole kingdom had revolted to the conqueror, and reposing but little trust in the scanty faith of the Sicilians, nor being willing to become a subject to the enemy of his former master, he prepares secretly to leave the place; which being discovered by the inhabitants, he and many other of Manfredi's friends and servants were delivered up prisoners to king Charles, who took possession also of the island. In such a sudden change of affairs, madam Beritola not knowing what was become of her husband, and fearful of what was already come to pass, to avoid reproach, left every thing behind her, and taking only a child of eight years old, called Goffredi, and being with child of another, she imbarks in a little vessel, and in the utmost distress, for Lipari: there she brings forth another son, whom she calls the Poor-expelled, and having provided a nurse, they went aboard again with a design to return to her relations at Naples. But it happened contrary to her expectation; for the vessel, which was bound for Naples, was carried by a contrary wind to the island of Ponzo; where getting into a little harbour, they waited for a more favourable season to pursue their voyage: there they went on shore, and finding a solitary place, she fate down all alone, to lament the fate of her dear Henriët; and this she did every day; whilst it happened, that

that being employed in this meditation one day, without any of the ship's crew knowing where she was, they were surprized by a pirate ship, and carried off. Madam Beritola, when her daily lamentation was ended, returns, as usual, to see her sons, and was surprized to find no body; but suspecting what must have happened, and casting her eye towards the sea, she sees the ship, at no great distance, dragging her little vessel after it; whereby she plainly perceived that she had lost her children as well as her husband; and seeing herself there poor and abandoned, nor expecting ever to meet with any of them again, she fell down in a swoon upon the shore, calling upon her husband and her children. There was no one near, either with cold water, or any other means to bring her to herself; so that her spirits might the more freely wander at their pleasure; but when she was a little recovered, then did her tears and lamentations break out afresh, whilst she calls out for her children, and runs to every cavern to find them; till perceiving at last that it was all to no purpose, and dark night drawing on, yet hoping still, without knowing why, she began then to take some care of herself, and leaving the sea shore returns to the cave where she was used to make her lamentation: she past that night not without infinite pain and grief; and day light appearing, she, who had eat nothing the evening before, being now pinched with hunger, fed upon the green herbs as well as she could, sadly reflecting on what should become of her the rest of her life: whilst she was full of these melancholly reflections, she sees a goat enter into a cave near her, and after some little stay to come out again and go into the woods: whereupon she arose, and went in where she saw the beast issue forth, and found two young kids, yeaned perhaps that very day, which she thought at that time the prettiest things in the world; and having milk yet in her breasts from her late delivery, she takes them carefully, and applies them to her bosom, and they sucked as naturally as if it had been their mother, and from that time made no distinction between

one and the other: and thus the lady thinking that she had now met with company in this solitary place, feeding also on herbs, and drinking of water, and lamenting her husband and children as often as she reflected on her past life, became at length disposed to live and die there, growing as familiar with the goat as if it had been with her children. By this way of life becoming almost wild, it happened, in some months, that a vessel from Pisa arrived there by chance, and continued many days, on board of which was a gentleman called Conrado de Malespin, with his most virtuous lady, who had been upon a pilgrimage to visit all the holy places in Apulia, and were now returning home; when to divert themselves they went on shore with their servants and some dogs, and being not far from the place where madam Beritola was, the dogs met with the two kids, who being now large ones, were feeding abroad, and as they were closely pursued fled for refuge to her in the cave: she arose upon this, and getting a stick beat the dogs away; in the mean while Conrado and his lady, who were following the dogs, came upon her, and beholding her all swarthy, meagre, and hairy, were greatly surprized, and she much more with them. And when by her intreaties he had drawn his hounds back, they desire she would acquaint them who she was, and what she did there: whereupon she related to them all that had happened to her, and her resolution to stay; which when Conrado had understood, who knew her husband very well, he was moved with pity, and endeavours by many arguments to draw her from her cruel design, making an offer either to send her home, or to keep her at his own house in the same rank as if she was his sister, where she might wait for better times. When she would not comply with these kind proposals, he left his wife with her, desiring that she would order victuals to be brought, and let her put on some of her cloaths because her own were all ragged, and endeavour by all possible means to bring her away. The lady continuing with her, having first lamented her misfortunes,

tunes, now the victuals and cloaths were brought, prevails upon her to cloath herself, and to eat; after much intreaty, she declaring that she would never go any more where she was known, persuades her to go with them to Lunigiana, together with the two kids and goat, which were now come back, showing all tokens of joy to her, to the great wonder of the lady. As soon as the weather was favourable, madam Beritola went on board with Conrado and his lady, being followed by the goat and kids; and because she would be known by no body else, she would be called by no other name than that of the Goat-herdess. The wind was favourable, and soon brought them into the river Magrà, where they got on shore, and went to their castle: there she lived with Conrado's lady in a widow's dress like a waiting woman, behaving herself with all obedience and humility, taking care always of, and nursing her goats. ——— Return we now to the pirates, who had seized upon the little barque at Ponzo, which brought Beritola thither, and leaving her there, as having not been seen by them, they carried the rest of the people away to Genoa, where when the booty came to be divided among the owners of the ship, it happened, that amongst other things the nurse and two children fell to the share of one Gasparin d'Oria, who sent them to his own house to be kept as servants. The nurse was exceeding sorrowful at the loss of her mistress, and the low state of life to which she saw herself and the children now reduced, and wept for a considerable time; but when she saw that tears were of no effect, and that they were slaves together, poor as she was, yet was she wise and prudent, and having comforted herself in the best manner she was able, and considering their condition, she believed that if they were known it might turn to their disadvantage, and hoping besides that their affairs might take a new turn, and they regain their former condition, for this reason she determines to discover their names to no body, unless she saw a proper time for it; and she tells every one that enquires about them, that they

they were her sons, and the eldest she calls not Goffredi, but Jeannot di Procida; as for the younger she did not regard changing his name; and she tells Goffredi over and over the reason why she had done so, and to what dangers he would be exposed should he be known, which the child, who was sensible enough, carefully observed. They continued in the house of Gasparino many years, poorly clad and worse shod; imployed in the most servile offices, which they bore with great patience: but Jeannot being got into his sixteenth year, and having a spirit much beyond the condition of a servant, despising the meanness of his station, he leaves Gasparino, and goes on board the ships which were bound for Alexandria, and travelling afterwards into diverse parts could in no wise advance himself. In the end, about three or four years after his departure from Gasparino, being grown tall and comely in his person, and having understood that his father, whom he thought to have been dead, was yet alive, but kept in prison by king Charles; despairing now altogether of his fortune, he wanders up and down as a vagabond till he came to Lunigiana, where by chance he became servant to Conrado Malespini, and was much liked as such. — He seldom saw his mother, she being commonly with Conrado's wife; nor did he know her any more than she him; so much had time altered both since they last saw one another. Living thus in the service of Conrado, it happened that a daughter of his, whose name was Spina, being the widow of one Nicholas de Grignano, returned home to her father's, who being a very agreeable young lady, and only sixteen years of age, soon cast her eyes on Jeannot, and he on her in such a manner, that they became enamoured of each other; which love of theirs was not long without taking effect, and was carried on many months before it was discovered. For which reason growing too secure, they were now not so cautious as they ought to have been in such an affair; and as they were walking one day into a pleasant grove well planted with trees, leaving the rest of their company behind, they two passed

on

on before ; and supposing that the others were far enough off, they made choice of a fine bed of flowers for their amorous amusement. Dallying there too long (though the time seemed short to them) they were surprized first by the mother, and afterward by Conrado himself, who being grieved beyond measure, ordered three of his servants to seize, and carry them bound to a certain castle of his, resolving, out of his extreme rage and passion, to put them both to a shameful death. The mother, though she was much troubled, and thought her daughter worthy of punishment for the crime she had committed, yet perceiving what her husband's intention was, she could not bear that he should proceed to such extremities, and begs that he would not in his old age be so far hurried away with passion, as to murder his own daughter, and to stain his hands with the blood of a servant ; but rather shew his resentment in a different manner, namely, by committing them to close imprisonment, there to pine and lament the folly they had committed. By these and other persuasions the good lady prevents his putting them to death ; and he now gives orders to have them sent to separate prisons, where they should be well watched, and kept with little food and great hardships, till he should farther resolve what to do with them. What their life now was in captivity and continual tears, with more fasting than was needful for them, any one may easily imagine. Jeannot and La Spina remaining in this comfortless condition, and a whole year being spent without Conrado's taking any farther notice of them, it happened, that Peter king of Arragon, by the means of John di Procida, causes the island of Sicily to revolt, and gained it from king Charles, on which account Conrado, who was of the Ghibelline faction, made great rejoicings, which Jeannot being informed of by some of his keepers, fetched a deep sigh, and said : Alas ! for these fourteen years have I been wandering through the world waiting only for this event : and now the thing is come to pass, that I may be destitute of all hope, I am in prison, from which I

never

never expect to depart with life ! And what, says the keeper, hast thou to do with the affairs of princes ? or what business hast thou with Sicily ? When he replied, my heart is fit to burst, when I call to mind the rank my father held there ; for though I was but an infant when I fled from thence, I can very well remember his being governor under king Manfredi. And who was thy father then ? continues the keeper. My father, replied he, I may now safely discover, being that I now see myself out of all danger from such a discovery : his name was, and is still, if he be living, Henriët Capece ; and I am not Jeannot, but Goffredi ; and I make no doubt, if I was at liberty, but by returning to Sicily I might be sure of a very good place. The honest man, without asking any more questions, reports all this as soon as he had an opportunity to Conrado, who seeming to the keeper to take no notice of it, goes directly to madam Beritola, and enquires of her if she had ever a son by Henriët, who was called Goffredi. The lady replies in tears, that if her eldest son was living he was so called, and was now twenty two years of age. Conrado hearing this, immediately concludes it must be the same person, and if this should prove so, a method occurs how he might, at the same time, show mercy, and take away his daughter's disgrace, and that of his family, by giving her him to wife : hereupon, calling Jeannot secretly before him, he examines him particularly of all his past life, and finding, by many manifest tokens, that he was truly Goffredi the son of Henriët Capece, he says thus to him : Jeannot, thou knowest how great an injury thou hast done me in the person of my daughter ; for as I always treated thee well, thou oughtest to have considered my honour and interest in all things as became a servant : many people there are, who had they been used by thee in like manner, would have put thee to an ignominious death, which my pity for thee would not permit. Wherefore seeing, as thou informest me, that thou art honourably descended both by father and mother, I will put an end to thy trouble,

if

if thou thyself art willing, and, releasing thee from thy captivity, restore at once both thy honour and my own. Thou knowest that my daughter La Spina whom (unluckily for you both) I found in dalliance with thee, is a widow, and of a good fortune: Thou art no stranger either to her temper or family; concerning thy own circumstances at present I shall say not a word. Therefore I am disposed, if thou art so minded, that as thou hast dishonourably made her thy mistress, thou now make her honourably thy wife; and accepting thee for my son, I give you leave to remain with me so long as you both please. Imprisonment had made great alteration in the person of Jeannot; but the greatness of mind possessed by him from his birth was not at all impaired, any more than the affection he bore still towards his mistress: and though he most earnestly desired what Conrado had now frankly offered, and saw himself entirely in his power: yet he could not dissemble what his brave soul prompted him to speak on this occasion, and therefore he replies in this manner: Sir, neither a desire of power, a thirst of wealth, nor any other motive could ever induce me to plot like a traitor against your life or estate. I have loved your daughter, do still, and always shall love her, because I hold her worthy of it: and if I have committed a crime, it is a crime inseparable from youth. Would people but once call to mind that they have been young themselves, and compare our offences with their own, those offences would appear less grievous. I have always wished for what you now offer, and should have requested it long since, could I have thought it would have been granted me; it is now the more pleasing, as it was less expected: but if you intend nothing of what you say, feed me no longer with expectation, but rather send me back to my prison, where use me as you please; I shall always love and honour you for her sake. Conrado was astonished at hearing this, and esteeming him to be of a generous disposition, and fervent in his affection towards the lady, he valued him the more; wherefore he raised him up,

up, and embraced him, and without more delay sends for his daughter: (Her confinement had made her pale and meagre, and quite a different person to what she used to be;) there by mutual consent were the espousals solemnized: and after some days, without any body's knowing of what was done, having furnished them with every thing that was proper, and now thinking it a fit time to please the two mothers, he called his own wife and the *Goatherdes* together, and to the latter he said: what would you say now, if I should show you your eldest son married to one of my daughters? when she replied, I can only say this, that I shall think myself more obliged to you, if possible, than I am at present, as you will restore to me what is dearer than my own life: and by doing it in that manner, you will in some measure recall all my lost hopes; and with these words she began to weep. And to his wife he said: and what will you think of it, if I show you such a son-in-law? whether it be a gentleman or a peasant, answered she, if you like it, I shall be pleased. Well, replies Conrado, I hope in a few days to make you two happy women. So when the young couple had recovered something of their former looks, and had got suitable apparel, he one day asked Goffredi, if it would not add greatly to his joy could he have a sight of his mother. I cannot believe, replies he, that her misfortunes have suffered her to live so long; but if it should be so, nothing could be more desirable; for by her assistance I might well expect to recover my estate in Sicily. Conrado then sent for both the ladies, who express'd the utmost satisfaction at beholding the bride, wondering nevertheless what inspiration had guided Conrado to this extraordinary courtesy in marrying her to Jeannot: Whilst Beritola, considering what she had heard from Conrado, began to observe him very attentively, and by an hidden virtue, which had roused in her some remembrance of her son's features in his infancy, without waiting for any other proofs, she threw her arms about his neck, whilst excess of maternal joy and pity would not suffer her to utter

a word; but, as if they had locked up all her senses, she swooned away in his arms. He all in amaze, as remembring to have seen her often in the castle without knowing her; yet now by mere instinct of nature, immediately calls her to mind, and blaming himself for his long insensibility, embraces her in a most tender and affectionate manner. Beritola had no sooner recovered her senses by the help of Conrado's wife and daughter, who administered cold water and other necessary helps for such purpose, but she fell once more to the embracing of her son, using many kind and tender expressions full of maternal affection; he likewise expressing the same dutiful reverence to her. These affectionate greetings were repeated over and over to the great joy of the beholders, whilst they recounted to each other their several misfortunes: and Conrado having signified to his friends, who were much rejoiced thereat, the new alliance made by him, and appointed a magnificent entertainment suitable to the occasion; Goffredi one day addresses himself to him in the following manner: Sir, you have made me an happy man on many accounts, and treated my mother always with the utmost respect; wherefore that nothing may be left undone which is in your power to do, I humbly beg you would oblige my mother and myself, and grace our entertainment with the presence of my brother, who now lives as a servant in the house of Signor Gasparino d'Oria, who, as I told you before, took us as a privateer; and at the same time, that you would also send a proper person to Sicily to learn the state of the country, and to inform himself concerning my father, whether he be alive or dead. If he be alive, then to know fully in what state or condition he is, and to come afterwards to us, and give us an account. The motion made by Goffredi was so pleasing to Conrado, that without more delay he sends two discreet persons, one to Genoa, and the other to Sicily: he who went to Genoa, having met with Gasparino, intreats him on the part of Conrado that he would send him the Poor-expelled and his nurse,

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relating every thing that Conrado had done with regard to Goffredi and his mother; which when Gasparin had heard he was greatly surpris'd, and he replied: true it is, that I am ready to oblige Signor Conrado to the utmost of my power; I have had such a boy as you speak of, and his mother, about fourteen years, whom I shall willingly send him; but tell him from me not to be too hasty in giving credit to what Jeannot shall say (who now calls himself Goffredi) because he is a more wicked boy than he may imagine: having said this, and made the messenger welcome, he sends privately for the nurse, and questions her about the thing; who having heard of the rebellion in Sicily, and understanding that Henriët was yet living, now laid all fear aside, and told him every thing that had happened, and the reason for her acting in the manner she had done. Gasparin finding the accounts which the nurse and messenger both gave to be entirely the same, began now to give credit to it: and enquiring more narrowly into all the circumstances, as being a very cautious person, and finding them to fall exactly right, he grew ashamed of himself for his vile treatment of his captive, and to make him amends, as knowing of what account his father had been, and now was, he gave him his daughter in marriage, a beautiful young lady of about eleven years of age, and with a very large fortune. The time of feasting being over, he went on board a galley well armed, taking with him his son and daughter, with the messenger and nurse, and arrives at Lerici, where he was received by Conrado, and conducted from thence with all his attendants to a castle of his, which was at no great distance, where a most noble banquet was prepared for them. Now concerning the joy of the mother in meeting again with her son; of the two brethren in seeing one another; and of all three, in beholding their faithful nurse; concerning the satisfaction also which was manifested by all towards Gasparin and his daughter, and by them again to the whole company, and by the whole company to Conrado, his wife, children and friends: this was beyond expressing,

pressing, and therefore I refer it to your more able imagination. And that it might be rendered still more compleat, it pleased God, a most liberal giver when he makes a beginning, to add the good news of the life and prosperity of Henriët Capece : for even as they were feasting, and the concourse great both of lords and ladies, it chanced, that the first course was scarce set upon the table before the messenger arrived, who had been dispatched to Sicily, and brought an account, amongst other things, concerning Henriët, that being close confined by king Charles when the insurrection first begun in the country, the people run to the prison, and having slain the guards, they set him at liberty, and appointed him their leader, as being king Charles's principal enemy, and under his conduct they afterwards routed and slew many of the French ; on which account he became a great favourite with king Peter, who had reinstated him in all his former possessions. The messenger added hereunto, that he was received with the utmost joy by him for the most welcome news concerning his wife and son, of whom he had not received the least intelligence since he had been a prisoner ; and that he had sent a yacht to bring them back, which was now at hand, with a great number of gentry on board to bear them company. This was most welcome news ; and Conrado immediately rose with some of his friends, and went to meet the gentlemen and ladies, who were sent to Beritola and Goffredi, and after giving them a most hearty welcome, he introduced them to the banquet, which was scarce half over ; there they were beheld by the lady and by Goffredi with such joy, that the like was scarce ever known ; and before they would sit down they paid their compliments on the part of Henriët, in the best manner they were able, both to Conrado and his lady, for the honour conferred on his wife and son, as well as upon himself, with the offer of any thing that lay in his power for them to command. Turning also to Gasparin, whose kindness came unlooked for, they assured him that as soon as Henriët came to know what he had done for the Poor-expelled, the like acknowledgments would be made to him. After which they

fate cheerfully down with the new married people. Nor was it that day only that Conrado feasted his son-in-law with all his relations and friends, but he continued doing so for some time, till at length they desired to depart; and taking leave in a most affectionate manner of Conrado and his lady, and also of Gasparin, they went on shipboard together, namely, Beritola and the two new married couples, with their attendants; and the wind proving fair, they soon got to Sicily, where they were received by Henriët with incredible joy; and 'tis reported they lived a long time together in the utmost felicity, with thankful hearts to heaven for the mercies received by them.

LXIII. III Effects of general Familiarity and wanton Rudeness.

STORY OF ABULUS. ADVENTURER, NUMB. 112.

TO the ADVENTURER.

S I R,

TO be courteous to all, but familiar with few, is a maxim which I once despised, as originally proceeding from a mean and contracted mind, the frigid caution of weakness and timidity. A tame and indiscriminate civility I imputed to a dread of the contempt or the petulance of others, to fears from which the wit and the gentleman are exempted by a consciousness of their own dignity, by their power to repress insolence and silence ridicule; and a general shyness and reserve I considered as the reproach of our country, as the effect of an illiberal education, by which neither a polite address, an easy confidence, or a general acquaintance with public life, is to be acquired. This opinion, which continued to flatter the levity and pride that produced it, was strengthened by the example of those whose manner in the diffidence of youth I wished to imitate, who entered a mixed company with an air of serene familiarity, accosted every man like an old acquaintance, and thought only of making sport for the rest of any with whom their caprice should happen to be offended, without regard to their age, character, or condition.

But I now wish, that I had regulated my conduct by the maxim which I despised, for I should then have escaped a misfortune which I can never retrieve; and the sense of which I am now endeavouring to suspend, by relating it to you as a lesson to others, and considering my loss of happiness as an acquisition of wisdom.

While I was in France with a travelling tutor, I received a letter which acquainted me, that my father, who had been long declining, was dead; and that it was necessary I should immediately return to England, to take possession of his estate, which was not inconsiderable, though there were mortgages upon it to near half its value.

When I arrived, I found a letter which the old gentleman had written and directed to me with his own hand. It contained some general rules for my conduct, and some animadversions upon his own: he took notice of the incumbrance under which he left me the paternal inheritance, which had descended through many generations; and expressed the most earnest desire, that it might yet be transmitted intire to posterity: with this view, he said, he had negociated a marriage between me and the only daughter of his old friend, Sir George Homestead of the North, an amiable young lady, whose alliance would be an honour to my family, and whose fortune would much more than redeem my estate.

He had given the knight a faithful account of his affairs, who, after having taken some time to consider the proposal and consult his friends, had consented to the match, upon condition that his daughter and I should be agreeable to each other, and my behaviour should confirm the character which had been given of me. My father added, that he hoped to have lived till this alliance had taken place; but as Providence had otherwise determined, he intreated, as his last request, that as soon as my affairs should be settled and decency would permit, I would make Sir George a visit, and neglect nothing to accomplish his purpose.

I was touched with the zeal and tenderness of parental affection, which was then directing me to happiness, after the heart that felt it had ceased to beat, and the hand that expressed it was mouldering in the dust. I had also seen the lady, not indeed
since

since we were children; but I remembered that her person was agreeable, and her temper sweet: I did not, therefore, hesitate a moment, whether my father's injunction should be obeyed. I proceeded to settle his affairs; I took an account of his debts and credits, visited the tenants, recovered my usual gaiety, and at the end of about nine months set out for Sir George's seat in the North; having before opened an epistolary correspondence, and expressed my impatience to possess the happiness which my father had so kindly secured.

I was better pleased to be well mounted, than to loll in a chariot, or be jumbled in a post chaise; and I knew that Sir George was an old sportsman, a plain hearty blade, who would like me better in a pair of buckskin breeches on the back of a good hunter, than in a trimmed suit and a gaudy equipage: I, therefore, set out on horseback with only one servant, and reached Stilton the first night.

In the morning, as I was mounting, a gentleman, who had just got on horseback before me, ordered his servant to make some enquiry about the road, which I happened to overhear, and told him with great familiarity, that I was going the same way, and if he pleased we would travel together: to this he consented, with as much frankness, and as little ceremony; and I set forward, greatly delighted that chance had afforded me a companion.

We immediately entered into conversation, and I soon found that he had been abroad: we extolled the roads and the policy of France, the cities, the palaces, and the villas; entered into a critical examination of the most celebrated seats in England, the peculiarities of the building and situation, cross ways, market towns, the imposition of innkeepers, and the sports of the field; topics by which we mutually recommended ourselves to each other, as we had both opportunities to discover equal knowledge, and to display truth with such evidence as prevented diversity of opinion.

After we had rode about two hours, we overtook another gentleman, whom we accosted with the same familiarity that we had used to each other; we asked him how far he was going and which way, at what rate he travelled, where he put up, and many other questions of the same kind. The gentleman, who appeared to be near fifty, received our address with great coldness, returned short and indirect answers to our enquiries, and, often looking with great attention on us both, sometimes put forward that he might get before us, and sometimes checked his horse that he might remain behind. But we were resolved to disappoint him; and, finding that his reserve increased, and he was visibly displeased, we winked at each other, and determined the old put should afford us some sport. After we had rode together upon very ill terms more than half an hour, my companion with an air of ceremonious gravity asked him, if he knew any house upon the road where he might be accommodated with a wench. The gentleman, who was, I believe, afraid of giving us a pretence to quarrel, did not resent this insult any otherwise than by making no reply. I then began to talk to my companion as if we had been old acquaintance, reminding him that the gentleman extremely resembled a person, from whom we had taken a girl that he was carrying to the bagnio, and, indeed, that his present reserve made me suspect him to be the same; but that as we were willing to ask his pardon, we hoped it would be forgot, and that we should still have the pleasure of dining together at the next inn. The gentleman was still silent; but as his perplexity and resentment visibly increased, he proportionably increased our entertainment, which did not, however, last long, for he suddenly turned down a lane; upon which we set up a horse laugh that continued till he was out of hearing, and then pursuing our journey, we talked of the adventure, which afforded us conversation and merriment for the rest of the day.

The next morning we parted, and in the evening I arrived at Homestead Hall. The old knight received me with great affection, and immediately introduced me

me to his daughter, whom I now thought the finest woman I had ever seen. I could easily discover, that I was not welcome to her merely upon her father's recommendation, and I enjoyed by anticipation the felicity which I considered as within my grasp. But the pleasing scene, in which I had suffered my imagination to wander, suddenly disappeared as by the power of enchantment: without any visible motive, the behaviour of the whole family was changed, my assiduities to the lady were repressed, she was never to be found alone, the knight treated me with a cold civility, I was no longer a party in their visits, nor was I willingly attended even by the servants. I made many attempts to discover the cause of this misfortune, but without success; and one morning, when I had drawn Sir George into the garden by himself, and was about to urge him upon the subject, he prevented me by saying, that his promise to my father, for whom he had the highest regard, as I well knew, was conditional, that he had always resolved to leave his daughter a free choice, and that she had requested him to acquaint me, that her affections were otherwise engaged, and to entreat that I would, therefore, discontinue my addresses. My surprize and concern at this declaration, were such as left me no power to reply; and I saw Sir George turn from me and go into the house, without making any attempt to stop him, or to obtain a further explanation. Afterwards, indeed, I frequently expostulated, entreated, and complained; but, perceiving that all was ineffectual, I took my leave, and determined that I would still solicit by letter; for the lady had taken such possession of my heart, that I would joyfully have married her, though I had been sure that her father would immediately have left all his fortune to a stranger.

I meditated on my epistolary project all the way to London, and before I had been three days in town I wrote a long letter to Sir George, in which I conjured him, in the strongest terms, to account for the change

in his behaviour; and insisted, that, on this occasion, to conceal the truth, was in the highest degree dishonourable to himself, and injurious to me.

To this letter, after about ten days, I received the following answer:

S I R,

“ I T is with great reluctance that I reveal the motives of my conduct, because they are much to your disadvantage. The inclosed is a letter which I received from a worthy gentleman in this county, and contains a full answer to your enquiries, which I had rather you should receive in any hand than in mine.

“ I am your humble servant,
“ GEO. HOMESTEAD.”

I immediately opened the paper inclosed, in which, with the utmost impatience, I read as follows:

“ S I R,

“ I SAW a person with your family yesterday at the races, to whom, as I was soon after informed, you intend to give your daughter. Upon this occasion, it is my indispensable duty to acquaint you, that if his character is to be determined by his company, he will inevitably entail diseases and beggary upon his posterity, whatever be the merit of his wife, or the affluence of his fortune. He overtook me on the road from London a few weeks ago, in company with a wretch, who by their discourse appeared to be his old and familiar acquaintance, and whom I well remember to have been brought before my friend justice Worthy, when I was accidentally at his house, as the keeper of a brothel in Covent Garden. He has since won a considerable sum with false dice at the masquerade, for which he was obliged to leave the kingdom, and is still liable to a prosecution. Be assured that I have perfect knowledge of both; for some incidents, which it

“ is

" is not necessary to mention, kept me near them so
 " long on the road, that it is impossible I should be
 " mistaken.

" I am, SIR yours, &c.
 JAMES TRUEMAN."

The moment I had read this letter, the riddle was solved. I knew Mr. Trueman to be the gentleman, whom I had concurred with a stranger, picked up by accident, to insult without provocation on the road. I was in a moment covered with confusion; and though I was alone, could not help hiding my face with my hands. I abhorred my folly, which appeared yet more enormous every time it was reviewed.

I courted the society of a stranger, and a stranger I persecuted with insult: thus I associated with infamy, and thus my associate became known. I hoped, however, to convince Sir George, that I had no knowledge of the wretch whose infamy I had shared, except that which I acquired from the letter of his friend. But before I had taken proper measures for my justification, I had the mortification to hear, that the lady was married to a neighbouring gentleman, who had long made his addresses, and whom Sir George had before rejected in the ardor of his friendship for my father.

How narrow, Mr. Adventurer, is the path of rectitude, and how much may be lost by the slightest deviation!

I am your humble servant,

ABULUS.

LXIV. HISTORY of LEVICULUS the Fortune-Hunter.
RAMBLER, NUMB. 182.

IT has been observed in a late paper, that we are unreasonably desirous to separate the goods of life from those evils which providence has connected with them, and to catch advantages without paying the price at which they are offered us. Every man wishes to be rich, but very few have the powers necessary to raise a sudden fortune, either by new discoveries, or by superiority of skill in any necessary employment; and among lower understandings, many want the firmness and industry requisite to regular gain and gradual acquisitions.

From the hope of enjoying affluence by methods more compendious than those of labour, and more generally practicable than those of genius, proceeds the common inclination to experiment and hazard, and that willingness to snatch all opportunities of growing rich by chance, which, when it has once taken possession of the mind, is seldom driven out either by time or argument, but continues to waste life in perpetual delusion, and generally ends in wretchedness and want.

The folly of untimely exultation and visionary prosperity, is by no means peculiar to the purchasers of tickets; there are multitudes whose life is nothing but a continual lottery; who are always within a few months of plenty and happiness, and how often soever they are mocked with blanks, expect a prize from the next adventure.

Among the most resolute and ardent of the votaries of chance, may be numbered the mortals whose hope is to raise themselves by a wealthy match; who lay out all their industry on the assiduities of courtship, and
sleep

sleep and wake with no other ideas than of treats, compliments, guardians, and rivals.

One of the most indefatigable of this class, is my old friend Leviculus, whom I have never known for thirty years without some matrimonial project of advantage. Leviculus was bred under a merchant, and by the graces of his person, the sprightliness of his prattle, and the neatness of his dress, so much enamoured his master's second daughter, a girl of sixteen, that she declared her resolution to have no other husband. Her father, after having chidden her for undutifulness, consented to the match, not much to the satisfaction of Leviculus, who was sufficiently elated with his conquest to think himself entitled to a larger fortune. He was, however, soon rid of his perplexity, for his mistress died before their marriage.

He was now so well satisfied with his own accomplishments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter, and when his apprenticeship expired, instead of beginning, as was expected, to walk the exchange with a face of importance, or associating himself with those who were most eminent for their knowledge of the stocks, he at once threw off the solemnity of the counting-house, equipped himself with a modish wig, listned to wits in coffee-houses, passed his evenings behind the scenes in the theatres, learned the names of beauties of quality, hummed the last stanzas of fashionable songs, talked with familiarity of high play, boasted of his achievements upon drawers and coachmen, was often brought to his lodgings at midnight in a chair, told with negligence and jocularly of bilking a taylor, and now and then let fly a shrewd jest at a sober citizen.

Thus furnished with irresistible artillery, he turned his batteries upon the female world, and, in the first warmth of self-approbation, proposed no less than the possession of riches and beauty united. He therefore paid his civilities to Flavilla, the only daughter of a wealthy

wealthy shopkeeper, who not being accustomed to amorous blandishments, or respectful addresses, was delighted with the novelty of love, and easily suffered him to conduct her to the play, and to meet her where she visited. Leviculus did not doubt but her father, however offended by a clandestine marriage, would soon be reconciled by the tears of his daughter, and the merit of his son-in-law; and was in haste to conclude the affair. But the lady liked better to be courted than married, and kept him three years in uncertainty and attendance. At last she fell in love with a young ensign at a ball, and having danced with him all night, married him in the morning.

Leviculus, to avoid the ridicule of his companions, took a journey to a small estate in the country, where, after his usual enquiries concerning the nymphs in the neighbourhood, he found it proper to fall in love with Altilia, a maiden lady, twenty years older than himself, for whose favour fifteen nephews and nieces were in perpetual contention. They hovered round her with such jealous officiousness, as scarcely left a moment vacant for a lover. Leviculus, nevertheless, discovered his passion in a letter, and Altilia could not withstand the pleasure of hearing vows and sighs, and flatteries and protestations. She admitted his visits, enjoyed, for five years, the happiness of keeping all her expectants in perpetual alarms, and amused herself with the various stratagems which were practised to disengage her affections. Sometimes she was advised with great earnestness to travel for her health, and sometimes entreated to keep her brother's house. Many stories were spread to the disadvantage of Leviculus, by which she commonly seemed affected for a time, but took care soon afterwards to express her conviction of their falshood. But being at last satiated with this ludicrous tyranny, she told her lover, when he pressed for the reward of his services, that she was very sensible of his merit, but was resolved not to impoverish an antient family.

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He then returned to the town, and soon after his arrival became acquainted with Latronia, a lady distinguished by the elegance of her equipage, and the regularity of her conduct. Her wealth was evident in her magnificence, and her prudence in her oeconomy, and therefore Leviculus, who had scarcely confidence to solicit her favour, readily acquitted fortune of her former debts, when he found himself distinguished by her with such marks of preference as a woman of modesty is allowed to give. He now grew bolder, and ventured to breathe out his impatience before her. She heard him without resentment, in time permitted him to hope for happiness, and at last fixed the nuptial day, without any distrustful reserve of pin-money, or sordid stipulations for jointure, and settlements.

Leviculus was triumphing on the eve of marriage, when he heard on the stairs the voice of Latronia's maid, whom frequent bribes had secured in his service. She soon burst into his room, and told him, that she could not suffer him to be longer deceived; that her mistress was now spending the last payment of her fortune, and was only supported in her expence by the credit of his estate. Leviculus shuddered to see himself so near a precipice, and found that he was indebted for his escape to the resentment of the maid, who having assisted Latronia to gain the conquest, quarrelled with her at last about the plunder.

Leviculus was now hopeless and disconsolate, till one Sunday he saw a lady in the Mall, whom her dress declared a widow, and whom, by the jolting prance of her gait, and the broad resplendence of her countenance, he guessed to have lately buried some prosperous citizen. He followed her home, and found her to be no less than the relict of Prune, the grocer, who, having no children, had bequeathed to her all his debts and dues, and his estates real and personal. No formality was necessary in addressing madam Prune, and therefore Leviculus went next morning, without an introducer. His declaration was received with a loud
laugh;

laugh; she then collected her countenance, wondered at his impudence, asked if he knew to whom he was talking, then showed him the door, and again laughed to find him confused. Leviculus discovered that this coarseness was nothing more than the coquetry of Cornhill, and next day returned to the attack. He soon grew familiar to her dialect, and in a few weeks heard, without any emotion, hints of gay cloaths with empty pockets; concurred in many sage remarks on the regard due to people of property; and agreed with her in detestation of the ladies at the other end of the town, who pinched their bellies to buy fine laces, and then pretended to laugh at the city.

He sometimes presumed to mention marriage; but was always answered with a slap, a hoot, and a flounce. At last he began to press her closer, and thought himself more favourably received; but going one morning, with a resolution to trifle no longer, he found her gone to church with a young journeyman from the neighbouring shop, of whom she had become enamoured at her window.

In these, and a thousand intermediate adventures, has Leviculus spent his time, till he is now grown grey with age, fatigue, and disappointment. He begins at last to find, that success is not to be expected, and being unfit for any employment that might improve his fortune, and unfurnished with any arts that might amuse his leisure, is condemned to wear out a tasteless life in narratives which few will hear, and complaints which none will pity.

LXV. HISTORY OF ORATOR HIGGINS.
CONNOISSUER, NUMB. 86.

To Mr. TOWN.

SIR,

IT has been generally imagined, that learning is only to be acquired in the closet, by turning over a great number of pages: for which reason men have been assiduous to heap together a parcel of dusty volumes, and our youth have been sent to study at the universities: as if knowledge was shut up in a library, and chained to the shelves together with the folios. This prejudice has made every one overlook the most obvious and ready means of coming at literature; while (as the wise man has remarked) "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, and no man regardeth her." Every lane teems with instruction, and every alley is big with erudition: though the ignorant or incurious passer-by shuts his eyes against that universal volume of arts and sciences, which constantly lies open before him in the highways and bye-places; like the laws of the Romans which were hung up in the public streets.

You must know, Mr. Town, that I am a very hard student; and have perhaps gleaned more knowledge from my reading, than any of your poring fellows of colleges, though I was never possessed of so much as an horn-book. In the course of my studies I have followed the example of the ancient Peripatetics, who used to study walking: and as I had not the advantage to be brought up a scholar, I have been obliged, like the Lacedæmonian children, to the public for my education. My first relish for letters I got by conning over those elegant monosyllables, which are chalked out upon

upon walls and gates, and which (as pretty books for children are adorned with cuts) are generally enforced and explained by curious hieroglyphics in Caricatura. I soon made a further progress in the alphabet by staring up at the large letters upon play-bills, and advertisements for stage-coaches and waggons; 'till at length I was enabled to make out the inscriptions upon signs, bills on empty houses, and the titles on rubric-posts. From these I proceeded gradually to higher branches of literature; and my method has since been to visit the Philobiblician libraries, and other learned stalls, and the noble collections at Moor fields; in which choice repositories I have with infinite pleasure and advantage run over the elaborate systems of ancient divines, politicians, and philosophers, which have escaped the fury of pastry-cooks and trunk makers. As for the modern writings of pamphleteers and magazine-compilers, I make it my business to take my rounds every morning at the open shops about the Royal Exchange; where I never fail to run through every thing, fresh as it comes out. Thus, for example, I make a shift to squint over the first page of the *Connoisseur*, as it lies before me, at Mrs. Cooke's; at the next shop I steal a peep at the middle pages; at another proceed on to the fourth or fifth; and perhaps return again to conclude it at Mrs. Cooke's. By the same means I am myself become a *Connoisseur* likewise; and you will be surprised when I assure you, that I have a great variety of the finest prints and paintings, and am master of a more curious set of nicknacks, than are to be found in Sir Hans Sloane's collection. For, as I constantly survey the windows of every printshop, and attend every auction, I look upon every curiosity as actually in my possession: and you will agree with me, that while I have the opportunity of seeing them, the real owners cannot have more satisfaction in locking them up in Cabinets and Museums.

It is recorded of Democritus, that he transcribed a system of ethics from the columns of Acicarus in Babylonia. In like manner you will conclude, that
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the knowledge which I thus picked out of the streets, has been very extensive: I have gone through a complete course of physick by perusing the learned treatises of Dr. Rock and other eminent practitioners, pasted up at the entrance of allies and bye-places: I have learned at every corner, that the scurvy is a popular disease, — that the bloody flux cannot be cured by any of the faculty, except the gentlewoman at the blue posts in Haydon Yard, — that nervous diseases were never so frequent, — and that the royal family and most of our nobility are troubled with corns. — I was completely grounded in politics by stopping at Temple bar every morning to read the Gazetteer, which used to be stuck up there to the great emolument of the hackney-coachmen upon their stands. But above all, I have acquired the most sublime notions of religion by listening attentively to the spirited harangues of our most eminent field-preachers: and I confess myself highly obliged to the itinerant missionaries of Whitefield, Wesley, and Zinzendorf, who have instructed us in the New Light from empty barrels and joint stools. Next to these, I have received great improvements from the vociferous retailers of poetry; as I constantly used to thrust myself into the circle gathered round them, and listen to their ditties, 'till I could carry away both the words and the tune. I have likewise got some notion of the drama by attending the theatres; though my finances were too scanty for me ever to get admittance even among the Gods in the upper regions of the twelve-penny gallery. I therefore had recourse to the following practice: I would contrive to hear one act at the outside of one of the pit-doors; the next act I took my stand at the other; and as the author generally rises in the middle, I could catch the most tearing parts during the third act in the passage to the two-shilling gallery: in the fourth act the rants came tolerably loud to my ear at the entrance of the upper gallery; and I very attentively listened to the pathetic, at the conclusion of the play, with the footmen in the lobby.

Endowed

Endowed with so much learning, you will doubtless be curious to know to what purposes I have turned it. Almost before I could read at all, I got into the service of a very eminent doctor of physick, who employed me in sticking up his bills, and slipping them slyly into the hands of spindle-shanked young fellows, as they passed by. After this, by closely studying these elegant compositions, I got together a sufficient set of medical phrases, which (by the help of Bayley's dictionary) enabled me to draw up bills and affidavits for those doctors, who were not so happy as to be able to write or read. I was next promoted to the garret of a printer of bloody murders, where my business was to invent terrible stories, write Yorkshire tragedies, and occasionally to put the Ordinary of Newgate's Account of Dying Speeches into lamentable rhyme. I was afterwards concerned in works, that required a greater fund of erudition, such as bog-house miscellanies, and little books for children: and I was once engaged as the principal compiler of a three-half-penny magazine. Since that I followed the occupation of an Eves-dropper, or Collector of News for the daily papers; in which I turned a good penny by hunting after marriages and deaths, and inventing lyes for the day. Once indeed, being out of other business, I descended to the mean office of a ballad-singer, and hawked my own verses; but not having a good ear for music, and the tone of my voice being rather inclined to whining, I converted my ballads into penitential hymns, and took up the vocation of Methodist Preacher. In this station I made new converts every day among the old women by my sighs and groans, who in return contributed their half-pence, which I disposed of in charity to myself: but I was at last beat off the field by a journeyman shoemaker, who fairly out-whined me; and finding myself deserted by my usual audience, I became Setter to a Fleet-Parson.

My employment now was to take my stand at the end of Fleet-Market, and whenever I saw any gaping young couple staring about them, to whisper them softly

softly in the ear, and ask them whether they wanted to be married. Whenever the ceremony was performed, I officiated as clerk and father to give away the bride: and when my master the doctor died, I made a shift to purchase his entire stock in trade, (consisting of a rusty cassock, an old grizzle wig, and one lappet of a band) and succeeded him in his benefice of the Hand and Pen Chapel. I now got a more comfortable subsistence than many regular ordained curates in the country: but the Marriage-Act soon after taking place, I was flung out of employ; and as the Primate of May-Fair, the reverend Dr. Keith, is forced to sell snuff in the Fleet-prison, I have been obliged to retail gin in a night-cellar.

Thus, Mr. Town, I have set before you the progress I have made in literature, as well as the particular circumstances of my life, in hopes they will induce you to recommend me to the notice of the publick. As the parliament has not thought fit to make any provision for the poor distressed Clergy of the Fleet, I intend to open a New Oratory-Chapel in Fleet-market, to be conducted on the same principles with that established in Clare-market; and for which, I flatter myself, I shall appear no less qualified by my education, than the renowned Henley or any of his butchers. I shall, therefore, beg leave to subscribe myself, hoping for your countenance and protection,

Your very humble servant,

ORATOR HIGGINS,

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

S I R,

AMONG the variety of subjects with which you have entertained and instructed the public, I do not remember that you have any where touched upon the folly and madness of ambition; which for the benefit of all those who are dissatisfied with their present situations, I beg leave to illustrate by giving the history of my own life.

I am the son of a younger brother of a good family, who at his decease left me a little fortune of a hundred pounds a year. I was put early to Eton school, where I learnt Latin and Greek, from whence I went to the university, where I learnt — not totally to forget them. I came to my fortune while I was at college; and having no inclination to follow any profession, I removed myself to town, and lived for some time as most young gentlemen do, by spending four times my income. But it was my happiness, before it was too late, to fall in love, and to marry a very amiable young creature, whose fortune was just sufficient to repair the breach made in my own. With this agreeable companion I retreated to the country, and endeavoured as well as I was able to square my wishes to my circumstances. In this endeavour I succeeded so well, that except a few private hankerings after a little more than I possessed, and now and then a sigh when a coach and six happened to drive by me in my walks, I was a very happy man.

I can truly assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that though our family œconomy was not much to be boasted of, and in consequence of it, we were frequently driven to great streights and difficulties, I experienced more real satisfaction in this humble situation, than I have

ever

ever done since in more enviable circumstances. We were sometimes indeed a little in debt, but when money came in, the pleasure of discharging what we owed was more than equivalent for the pain it put us to: and though the narrowness of our circumstances subjected us to many cares and anxieties, it served to keep the body in action as well as the mind: for as our garden was somewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourselves, and drew health from our necessities.

I had a little boy, who was the delight of my heart, and who probably might have been spoilt by nursing, if the attention of his parents had not been otherwise employed. His mother was naturally of a sickly constitution, but the affairs of her family, as they engrossed all her thoughts, gave her no time for complaint. The ordinary troubles of life, which to those who have nothing else to think of, are almost insupportable, were less terrible to us, than to persons in easier circumstances: for it is a certain truth, however your readers may please to receive it, that where the mind is divided between many cares, the anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. Or even in the happiest situation, in the midst of ease, health and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itself, losing the immediate enjoyment of those invaluable blessings, by the painful suggestion that they are too great for continuance.

These are the reflections that I have made since: for I do not attempt to deny that I sighed frequently for an addition to my fortune. The death of a distant relation, which happened five years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for a time the happiest man living. My income was now increased to six hundred a year; and I hoped, with a little œconomy, to be able to make a figure with it. But the ill health of my wife, which in less easy circumstances had not touched me so nearly, was now constantly in my thoughts, and soured all my enjoyment.

ment. The consciousness too of having such an estate to leave to my boy, made me so anxious to preserve him, that instead of suffering him to run at pleasure where he pleased, and to grow hardy by exercise, I almost destroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, because we were in circumstances to have it kept by others: but as air and exercise were necessary for our healths, we resolved to abridge ourselves in some unnecessary articles, and to set up an equipage. This in time brought with it a train of expences, which we had neither prudence to foresee, nor courage to prevent. For as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our visits, it greatly increased our acquaintance, and subjected us to the necessity of making continual entertainments at home, in return for all those which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living were much too great for the income we possessed; insomuch that we found ourselves in a very short time more necessitous than ever. Pride would not suffer us to lay down our equipage; and to live in a manner unsuitable to it, was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the debts I had contracted, I was soon forced to mortgage, and at last to sell, the best part of my estate; and as it was utterly impossible to keep up the parade any longer, we thought it adviseable to remove of a sudden, to sell our coach in town, and to look out for a new situation, at a great distance from our acquaintance.

But unfortunately for my peace, I carried the habit of expence along with me, and was very near being reduced to absolute want, when by the unexpected death of an uncle and his two sons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I succeeded to an estate of seven thousand pounds a year.

And now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, both you and your readers will undoubtedly call me a very happy man: and so indeed I was. I set about the regulation of my family with the most pleasing satisfaction. The splendour

dor of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of servants that attended me, the elegance of my house and furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpressible delight, so long as they were novelties : but no sooner were they become habitual to me, than I lost all manner of relish for them ; I discovered in a very little time, that by having nothing to wish for I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew palled by satiety, a perpetual crowd of visitors robbed me of all domestic enjoyment, my servants plagued me, and my steward cheated me.

But the curse of greatness did not end here. Daily experience convinced me that I was compelled to live more for others than myself. My uncle had been a great party man, and a zealous opposer of all ministerial measures ; and as his estate was the largest of any gentleman's in the county, he supported an interest in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court party, which determined me in gratitude to declare myself on that side : but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me ; insomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almost every thing I have undertaken. To desert the cause I have embarked in would disgrace me ; and to go greater lengths in it will almost undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual state of warfare with the principal gentry of the county, and am cursed by my tenants and dependants for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleased to tell me) contrary to their conscience.

My wife and I had once pleased ourselves with the thought of being useful to the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the poor and industrious ; but the perpetual hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourselves ; and the agents we entrust are either pocketing our bounty, or bestowing it on the undeserving. At night when

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we retire to rest, we are venting our complaints on the miseries of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace, which was only the companion of our humblest situation.

This, sir, is my history; and if you give it a place in your paper, it may serve to inculcate this important truth, that where pain, sickness and absolute want are out of the question, no external change of circumstances can make a man more lastingly happy than he was before. It is to an ignorance of this truth, that the universal dissatisfaction of mankind is principally to be ascribed. Care is the lot of life; and he that aspires to greatness in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himself into a furnace to avoid the shivering of an ague.

The only satisfaction I can enjoy in my present situation is, that it has not pleased Heaven in its wrath to make me a king.

I am, SIR,

Your constant reader

and most humble servant,

A. B.

LXVII. The BASKET-MAKER. A Peruvian Tale.
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

IN the midst of that vast ocean commonly called the South Sea, lie the islands of Solomon. In the center of these, lies one not only distant from the rest, which are immensely scattered round it; but also larger beyond proportion. An ancestor of the prince who now reigns absolutely in this central island, has, through a long descent of ages, entailed the name of Solomon's isles on the whole, by the effect of that wisdom wherewith he polished the manners of his people.

A descendant of one of the great men of this happy island, becoming a gentleman, to so improved a degree as to despise the good qualities which had originally ennobled his family, thought of nothing, but how to support and distinguish his dignity by the pride of an ignorant mind, and a disposition abandoned to pleasure. He had a house on the sea-side, where he spent great part of his time in hunting and fishing: but found himself at a loss in pursuit of these important Diversions, by means of a long slip of marsh-land, overgrown with high reeds, that lay between his house and the sea. Resolving, at length, that it became not a man of his quality to submit to restraints in his pleasures, for the ease and conveniency of an obstinate mechanic; and having often endeavoured, in vain, to buy out the owner, who was an honest poor basket-maker, and whose livelihood depended on working up the flags of those reeds, in a manner peculiar to himself, the gentleman took advantage of a very high wind, and commanded his servants to burn down the barrier.

The basket-maker, who saw himself undone, complained of the oppression in terms more suited to his

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sense of the injury, than the respect due to the rank of the offender : and the reward this imprudence procured him, was the additional injustice of blows and reproaches, and all kinds of insult and indignity.

There was but one way to a remedy, and he took it : for, going to the capital, with the marks of his hard usage upon him, he threw himself at the feet of the king, and procured a citation for his oppressor's appearance ; who, confessing the charge, proceeded to justify his behaviour, by the poor man's unmindfulness of the submission due from the vulgar, to gentlemen of rank and distinction.

But pray, replied the king, what distinction of rank had the grandfather of your father, when, being a cleaver of wood in the palace of my ancestors, he was raised from among those vulgar you speak of with such contempt, in reward of an instance he gave of his courage and loyalty in defence of his master ? yet his distinction was nobler than yours : it was the distinction of soul, not of birth ; the superiority of worth, not of fortune ! I am sorry I have a gentleman in my kingdom, who is base enough to be ignorant that ease and distinction of fortune, were bestowed on him but to this end, that, being at rest from all cares of providing for himself, he might apply his heart, head, and hand, for the public advantage of others.

Here the king, discontinuing his speech, fixed an eye of indignation on a sullen resentment of mien which he observed in the haughty offender, who muttered out his dislike of the encouragement this way of thinking must give to the commonalty, who, he said, were to be considered as persons of no consequence, in comparison of men who were born to be honoured. Where reflection is wanting, replied the king with a smile of disdain, men must find their defects in the pain of their sufferings. Yanhumo, added he, turning to a captain of his gallies, strip the injured and the injurer ; and, conveying them to one of the most barbarous and remotest

remotest of the islands, set them a shore in the night, and leave them both to their fortune.

The place in which they were landed was a marsh, under cover of whose flags the gentleman was in hopes to conceal himself, and give the slip to a companion whom he thought it a disgrace to be found with. But the lights in the galley having given an alarm to the savages, a considerable body of them came down, and discovered in the morning the two strangers in their hiding-place. Setting up a dismal yell, they surrounded them; and advancing nearer and nearer with a kind of clubs, seemed determined to dispatch them without sense of hospitality or mercy.

Here the gentleman began to discover, that the superiority of his blood was imaginary: for, between a consciousness of shame and cold, under the nakedness he had never been used to; a fear of the event, from the fierceness of the savages' approach; and the want of an idea whereby to soften or divert their asperity, he fell behind the poor sharer of his calamity; and, with an unfinewed, apprehensive, unmanly, sneakingness of mein, gave up the post of honour, and made a leader of the very man whom he had thought it a disgrace to consider as a companion.

The basket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the poverty of his condition had made nakedness habitual; to whom a life of pain and mortification, represented death as not dreadful; and whose remembrance of his skill in arts of which these savages were ignorant, gave him hopes of becoming safe, from demonstrating that he could be useful, moved with bolder and more open freedom; and, having plucked a handful of the flags, sat down without emotion, and making signs that he would shew them something worthy their attention, fell to work with smiles and noddings; while the savages drew near, and gazed in expectation of the consequence.

It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of coronet, of pretty workmanship; and, rising with respect and fearlessness, approached the savage who appeared the chief, and placed it gently on his head; whose figure, under this new ornament, so charmed and struck his followers, that they threw down all their clubs, and formed a dance of welcome and congratulation, round the author of so prized a favour.

There was not one but shewed the marks of his impatience, to be made as fine as his captain: so the poor basket maker had his hands full of employment: and the savages, observing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their service, took up arms in the behalf of natural justice, and began to lay on arguments in favour of their purpose.

The basket maker's pity now effaced the remembrance of his sufferings: so he rose and rescued his oppressor, by making signs that he was ignorant of the art; but might, if they thought fit, be usefully employed in waiting on the work, and fetching flags to his supply, as fast as he should want them.

This proposition luckily fell in with a desire the savages expressed to keep themselves at leisure, that they might crowd round, and mark the progress of a work they took such pleasure in. They left the gentleman, therefore, to his duty in the basket maker's service; and considered him, from that time forward, as one who was, and ought to be, treated as inferior to their benefactor.

Men, wives, and children, from all corners of the island, came in droves for coronets: and, setting the gentleman to work, to gather boughs and poles, made a fine hut to lodge the basket-maker: and brought down daily from the country, such provisions as they lived upon themselves; taking care to offer the imagined servant nothing, till his master had done eating.

Three months reflection in this mortified condition, gave a new and just turn to our gentleman's improved ideas; infomuch, that lying weeping, and awake, one night, he thus confessed his sentiments in favour of the basket-maker. I have been to blame, and wanted judgment to distinguish between accident and excellence. When I should have measured nature, I but looked to vanity. The preference which fortune gives, is empty and imaginary: and I perceive, too late, that only things of use are naturally honourable. I am ashamed, when I compare my malice, to remember your humanity: but if the Gods should please to call me to a re-possession of my rank and happiness, I would divide all with you in atonement of my justly punished arrogance.

He promised, and performed his promise: for the king, soon after, sent the captain who had landed them, with presents to the savages; and ordered him to bring both back again. And it continues, to this day, a custom in that island, to degrade all gentlemen, who cannot give a better reason for their pride, than that they were born to do nothing. And the word for this due punishment is, *Send him to the Basket-maker's.*

LXVIII. AN INTERESTING ADVENTURE.
INSPECTOR, NUMB. 108.

TO the INSPECTOR.

I DO not pour out my complaints to you, Sir, from any hope, any prospect of redress; I do not ask your advice how I am to act in a more distressful circumstance than ever man was plunged into; I have read you long enough to give it to myself. The hope of consolation were as idle as that of relief; but there is a pleasure in claiming one's pre-eminence in the ranks of misery; and what is but despair in me, may be a lesson to others.

The unexpected accession of a fortune, a considerable one, hurried me, about a year since, from the seats of wisdom, of virtue, and of tranquillity, into this scene of riot and debauchery. Every man here keeps the company that his fortune allots him; and to me it appears the superiority in vice seems the regular and almost the only attendant on a distinction in this particular. I could pay my reckoning in the most expensive taverns, and I consequently fell in with the best, and, I am sorry to say at the same time, the worst company in the world. I had some virtue when I left the country; but I changed it in these politer regions, for that more reputable quality, honour. I brought up with me some ideas of the difference between faith and perfidy; but I here soon learnt to barter them for those of gallantry and intrigue. My family had their eyes upon me; and they saw me take many steps that presaged no honour to them, nor advantage to myself. When they thought I had seen enough of the abandoned life of the men of pleasure of this part of the world to despise it, they proposed it to me to marry. The advice did not come empty; the same breath that recommended matrimony, pointed me out a wife.

I was introduced into a family of honour; I saw the person, fixed upon as my future companion: to see her, was to have confessed her the most amiable of her sex. I told her I was not blind to so much merit. She received my addresses as I could have wished: her unpractised heart entertained no suspicion of mine, nor was there indeed room for any. My relations had a sensible joy in the change they saw an honourable passion had made in me; and her's placed an intire confidence in my integrity and good intentions. I was charmed with the novelty of my present attachment: I found no temptation to fall into the way of my old companions; and, could I have kept out of it, alas! I should have been happy.

An accident threw me in their way, when least they expected it. The common licentious discourse of the party awakened me to thoughts that might have slept for ever. They had no knowledge of my present situation, so that whatever was said was by accident; but it struck me, from this very reason, the more deeply. My vitiated eyes now laid honour in the light of an object of contempt; the spirited intrigue usurped in my thoughts the place of dull, sober matrimony: I laughed at myself for the poor-spirited part I had been acting: and I determined to rise to heights equal to my former, or to their most boasted exploits.

What pity that vice does not paint itself as strongly in our faces as the passions; that we can see when a man is about to chide, or to condole with us, but not when he is intending to destroy us. My countenance carried no mark of my altered thoughts, my infamous resolutions. Opportunities of ill are ever abundantly in the way of people not suspected: the Lady loved me too much to harbour a suspicion: my very boldest preparatives for her destruction were but understood as extravagancies of a favoured but

a virtuous passion. Alas! what guard has a virtuous, an unsuspecting woman against the man whom she esteems, as well as loves! familiarities, that would have justified resentment, were only checked by a frown; and that was always attended with a sigh, that bespoke her unwillingness who put it on. My repeated mention of our marriage banished every doubt from her breast, and the unhappy creature could scarce believe at last that she found herself ruined.

Shame to the human heart! for mine is not particular in it, I found my passion destroyed by that which ought to have raised it to an infinitely greater height: marriage was no more in my thoughts, nor indeed had I now any care but the consideration how I should break with her. Though I had not honesty enough to conquer such thoughts, I had art enough to hide them: her tenderness increased, and at length it revived mine. It was with difficulty I prevailed with her to continue in a vicious intimacy with me; but all-powerful love prevailed: I grew fonder of my mistress than I had ever been of my intended wife: she had long seen with despair my coldness to a marriage contract; but what was her joy! what was my honest satisfaction in it, to hear me say one evening, that, "I looked upon the crime as only mine; that I was convinced of her innate honour, her natural love to virtue; that the secret was only between ourselves, and that I would still marry her." I claim some merit in this resolution, and I know it would have been fulfilled: but, alas! the very evening on which it was made, gave birth to an accident that rendered it impracticable.

Our meetings had been at one of those more private houses of intrigue, where the scandal of going in, is in some degree taken off by an utter absence of all signs of the business. We had this evening passed the hours there which we were to pretend
had

had been spent at the play: the world had been blind to our intercourse; nor had my acquaintance suspected me of any particular intrigue: but, unhappily, as we were going out this fatal evening, one of my riotous friends was entering. He was struck with the appearance of my mistress, though he could not see her face; he left his own to the care of the Lady of the house, and he followed the coach into which he saw us.

In love, as these abandoned libertines term it, all advantages are fair. My friend gave me no notice of his intention; but he pursued the unhappy creature whom he had discovered, to her ruin. He made many fruitless attempts, and he began to believe all would be such: his last effort was the counterfeiting my hand to invite her to our place of rendezvous. Intreaties to him, or exclamations to the people of the house, were vain: he told her he was in the secret, and demanded his own terms for the keeping it. I will not say she was terrified; she was forced into a compliance; and my victorious friend could not suppress his triumph: he has blasted that character which he was now doubly bound in honour to have defended, and not only myself, but his companions, their companions, and the whole town, are acquainted with his successes and with mine.

When I have told you that I now love the dear, the ruined creature more than ever: that I find it as impossible to be happy without her, as to marry her under such circumstances, you will join with me in declaring, that nothing could be more completely wretched. I know you will tell me that misery is the natural attendant on guilt, and that to aggravate my distress I have no claim to pity. I allow it: I submit to every thing I feel, which is as much as man can feel; and I would bear all this without repining; but madness is tame to my sensations, when I look up to the companion in my misfortune.

She will, I hope, feel some comfort from her innocence of the intent, for it is that which creates the reality of guilt in our own breasts; but alas! what is an alleviation to her distress, is an additional aggravation to mine. I know what I ought to do in spite of all the dictates of a false honour, but I feel I cannot: were I not conscious of the impossibility of this I had not told the story.

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town, its relations with its factories and with
but his companion, their conversation, and the whole
in honor to have the child, and not only myself,
ed back to earth, where it was now to be placed
thence could not appear as transient; he was a
was turned into a compulsion; and this compulsion
keeping it. I will not for the way pointed; for
in the forest and commanded his own way for the
all of the things were with: as told him he was
young, interests in him, or explanations to the boy.
ing my hand to invite her to our place of rendez-
would be told; it was clear that it was a serious
many things; attempts and he began to believe
and when we had returned to the room, the words
of his intention; but he pushed me away, and
advantages of the fact, my friend gave me no notice
In love, as itself abandoned, I believe, was in a

LXIX.

LXIX. STORY of PTOLEMY LAYCOCK. WORLD,
NUMB. 187.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

AMONG all the grievances that your correspondents have from time to time laid before you, I have met with no one situation that bears any likeness to my own, or that deserves your compassion and advice half so much. I am the brother of four sisters, am the eldest of my family, a freeman of the city of London, and by trade a shoemaker. My father enjoyed a small place at court, which I believe, one year with another, brought him in about a hundred and fifty pounds. My mother was descended from the third or fourth cousin of an attainted Scotch peer, was a lady's woman when my father married her, and brought with her a very large portion of pride, virtue, and fine breeding. My father, who before his marriage had held up his head very high as a courtier, was now of greater consequence than ever, in the thought that by this happy match he had allied himself to nobility. My mother indeed had one great mortification to surmount, which was, that she had not only contaminated her blood by marrying a plebeian, who was formerly a broken tallow-chandler in the city, but had changed her illustrious maiden name for the coarse and vulgar appellation of Mrs. Laycock. She comforted herself however, on the first appearance of her pregnancy, that so odious a surname should be qualified in her children with the genteelst and most elegant christian names that history or romance could possibly supply. My father approved the thought; and no sooner was I a fortnight old, than I was christened with great pomp and grandeur, by the name of Ptolemy. My eldest sister, who came into the world a year after, was called Wilhelmina Charlotta, the second Penthesilea, the third Telethusa, and the fourth Honoria. There was also a second

second son, who died within the month, christened Agamemnon.

We were all of us trained up to regard these names as marks of superiority over other children, and such as would one time or other most certainly make our fortunes. If master Ptolemy was naughty, he was not chid as a vulgar child, but admonished with all the gentleness and forbearance due to so illustrious a name. If miss Wilhelmina Charlotta, or her sisters miss Penthesilea, miss Telethusa, or miss Honoria forgot to hold up their heads, or were caught at romps with the boys, they were put in mind of their names, and instructed to act up to them. Our dresses were, if possible, as fantastic as our names, and the formality of our behaviour was of a piece with both. And though we were the plainest children in the world, and had not the least probable chance of receiving a single shilling to our portions, we were trained up to pride and idleness, and to turn up our noses at all the Dicks, Toms, and Harrys, the Sukeys and Pollys, that were our superiors in the neighbourhood.

The necessary expences to support all this pride and folly, were more than could be spared from the narrow income of my father: and master Ptolemy, who was now eleven years old, must have been as totally uneducated as the misses his sisters, if my father's brother, who was a reputable shoemaker in the city, had not taken me into his care, and sent me to St. Paul's school at his own expence. To this accident of my life I owe my escape from ruin. I was called king Ptolemy by all the boys, and so laughed at for my importance, that I soon grew ashamed of my name; and at the end of three years, when my mother thought it high time for me to return to court, I chose to accept of an offer my uncle had made me of becoming his apprentice, and entering into partnership with him when my time was expired. My father's consent was pretty easily obtained, as he found himself in an ill state of health, and unable to provide for me: but my mother

was

was inexorable. She considered that my great name would but ill suit with so low a calling; and when she saw me determined, she told me in a flood of tears at parting, I was the first Ptolemy that ever made shoes.

For my own part, I had been so humbled at school about my name, that I never afterwards wrote more than the first letter of it: and as P very luckily looked more like Philip than Ptolemy, I have escaped the ridicule that would otherwise have been thrown upon me.

At the end of my apprenticeship my uncle gave me his only daughter in marriage, and dying soon after, I succeeded to his trade and effects, and to a fortune in good debts and money, to the amount of four thousand pounds.

My mother, who had never thoroughly recovered the shock of her son Ptolemy's disgrace, died a few months after my uncle, and my father followed her this summer, leaving to my sisters no other fortune than their names, which to my great sorrow, has not been quite so current in the world as to enable them to live upon it. To be as short as I can, they were all thrown upon my hands, and are like to continue with me as long as I live. But the misfortune is, that to keep my sisters from starving, I must become a beggar myself; for the expences they bring, and the nothing they do, will not suffer me to go on. By their dresses, their names, and the airs of quality they give themselves, I am rendered ridiculous among all my acquaintance. My wife, who is a very plain good woman, and whose name is Amey, has been new-christened, and is called Amelia; and my little daughter, a child of a year old, is no longer Polly, but Maria. They are perpetually quarrelling with one another about the superiority of their names; and because the eldest sister has two, and the others but one, they have entered into a combination to rob her of both,

both, and almost to break her heart, by calling her miss Laycock.

I have shewn them the impossibility of my maintaining them much longer, and, as tenderly as I was able, proposed their going into service: but they told me with the utmost indignation, that whatever a shoemaker in the city might imagine to the contrary, the names of Wilhelmina Charlotta, Penthesilea, Telethusa and Honoria, were by no means servants' names, and unless I found myself inclined to make a better provision for them, they should continue where they were. Nay, my youngest sister, miss Honoria, who thinks herself handsome, had the impudence to tell me, that if ever she condescended to lett out her person for hire, it should be for other uses than those of a servant: to which miss Telethusa was pleased to add, that indeed she was entirely of miss Honoria's opinion; for that the sin of being a mistress was not half so shocking to her as the shame of being a servant.

You will judge, sir, how desirous I am to rid the house of them, when I tell you that I have even offered to take a shop for them at the court end of the town, and to give each of them a hundred pounds to set up with, in any way they shall chuse: but their great names, forsooth, are not to be prostituted upon shop-bills, whatever their brother Ptolemy, the shoemaker, in his great zeal to serve them, may please humbly to conceive. Yet with these truly great names, that are not to be contaminated by trade or service, they have condescended to rob my Till two or three times; and no longer ago than last week, when I caught my eldest sister in the fact, she told me with great dignity, that it became her brother Ptolemy to blush, at laying her under the necessity of doing an action that was so much beneath her.

I have laid the whole affair before the minister of the parish, who has taken a great deal of pains to reason them into their senses, but to no purpose: and
unless

unless you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, who are a travelled man, can direct them to any part of the globe, where great names, great pride, great indolence, and great poverty are the only qualifications that men look for in a wife, I must shut up shop in a few days, and leave miss Wilhelmina Charlotta, and the other misses her sisters, with their illustrious names, to go begging about the streets. If you know of any such place, and will do me the favour to mention it in your next Thursday's paper, you will save a whole family from ruin, and infinitely oblige,

SIR,

Your most sorrowful

humble servant,

P. LAYCOCK.

LXX. STORY of THYRSIS and SACCHARISSA.
INSPECTOR, NUMB. 2.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train, as Waller phrases it, a cadet of family, a gay, good-natured, sensible, amiable fellow of six and twenty, three years ago lost his heart to the haughty Saccharissa. It was not a rosy cheek, a dimple, or the arch of an eye-brow, that did the execution. Saccharissa, though she is far from disagreeable, will never be called a beauty: he admired her as a woman of sprightliness and gaiety, a daughter of the muses, and mistress of forty thousand pounds. He had begun his attacks upon her by distant respect, and silent adoration; he had toasted her, with all the reverence due to a divinity, in fifty places where he knew she would hear of it, and he had a thousand times whispered, *agreeable Creature*, to one or other of his companions as he passed by her.

Scarce any passion is naturally a greater favourite with the sex than pride; and nothing soothes that passion like this distant adoration: Thyr sis had soon the joy to find the lady had added him to her list of slaves, and that she was not displeased with his avowing himself such. He attacked her in rhyme: He pleased her: He had the infinite satisfaction of hearing her declare the verses good ones, and acknowledged she was greatly obliged to the person who wrote them: This declaration was made at the playhouse: The beau, with a trembling hand, conducted her out, and when he was telling her, with faltering accents, that he was the author of the poem that had been honoured with her approbation, she bantered him upon his supposing she needed to be told of it, and added that it was not the first instance she had of his good opinion.

Two or three civil things of this kind fixed the lover in his chains for ever, and the lady, who had no farther

ther design upon him, very prudently never gave him any afterwards. He visited her in the modern form; that is, he knocked at her door twice in a twelvemonth, and heard she was abroad; he haunted her at all public places; and when no lover of superior merit in embroidery was present, he had sometimes the great honour of walking by her side half a turn.

Thyrsis was a man of spirit: After a year and a half's dangle in this way, he grew tired of it. He determined that it was better to know the worst than live in continual dread of it: He took the opportunity of a soft evening at Vauxhall, and under the shadowing sycamores that had heard so many thousand perjuries, declared his boundless, his hopeless passion. He told her it was impossible to bear the torture of suspense any longer, and begged her to give him, in the place of it, despair. The lady very good-naturedly complied with his request: she dropped him a short curtsy; and, turning about, gave her hand to the immortal, the titled Clody.

Thyrsis, unable to bear any more the very sight of places in which he had been used to indulge his fond, his foolish heart with hope, banished himself the kingdom. He would not think so meanly of himself as to suppose the lady had any other ground for her refusal than the disparity of his circumstances: he threw himself into a desperate road of making a fortune at once, or of perishing in the attempt: he was absent more than a year, but fortune denied him both the intentions of his voyage; and he returned as much in love, and as much out of pocket as he went.

His happy rival Clody had, soon after his embarking on this enterprize, set out upon the tour of Europe: they both arrived in England about the same time, and found the lady just as handsome, just as rich, and just as good-natured as they had left her. Clody had only to recommence his acquaintance on the same

same good footing; Thyrsis dreaded to approach even within the reach of a glance from her. Clody handed her to her coach, bantered her companions, talked ribaldry to her mother, and fought with her for her nosegay. Thyrsis who saw, who heard it all, despaired in silence.

He had seen her at two of the three masquerades this season, without even a thought of approaching her; at last he resolved to compleat the certain knowledge of his doom, by hearing from her own mouth her sentiments of his rival: his habit was that of a woman; he soon singled out his Saccharissa; he beckoned her into a corner, and telling her with an air of the utmost seriousness, that he was a near relation of her lover Clody, begged her to consider his pretensions, his person, his quality, and his fortune, and bring the tedious courtship to a conclusion.

Saccharissa could not but answer seriously to so serious a proposal: she told the pretended aunt she did not know that Clody ever meant more than to banter with her; that he never had told her he was serious: and that she hoped he was not; that her heart, her soul, and all her inclinations, were fixed upon another; a man who more than deserved her in every thing but fortune, and who had gloriously attempted that, though he had not succeeded in it.

Thyrsis might have heard more, but he found his heart so full, that an abrupt departure was the only possible means of preventing a discovery. He left the room; he eyed her at every public place for a fortnight afterwards, and flattered himself that he read in her looks a thousand confirmations of what he had heard. He laid out the small remainder of his fortune in a genteel suit for the ridotto; he watched her till he thought he saw love sparkle towards him from her eyes; he went up to her; confessed the trick he had put upon her at the masquerade, and spoke in rapture of his present fortune.

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The lady replied with a good-natured smile, ' You have been so very generous, Sir, in confessing one deceit on that occasion, that I think I ought not to hide another: you seem not to know that I saw Thyrsis under the character of Clody's careful aunt, and was in luck enough to *hum* you unsuspected.'

A dagger through the heart of Thyrsis had been infinitely less agony than this declaration; his despair was too great for expression; he left her in silence, and wished for some sudden destruction: the lady, with great chearfulness of countenance, joined Clody; and the unhappy Thyrsis had the mortification to convince himself that he perceived she was telling him the story.

They met on Monday-morning at Ranelagh. Thyrsis saw her engaged with his rival in a scene of great gallantry and chearfulness: he could not stand it; he slunk out at one of the doors under the orchestra, and throwing himself into the walk on the left-hand of the canal, was, with arms a-crofs, fighting out,

- ' Virtue now nor noble blood,
- ' Nor wit, by love is understood !
- ' Gold alone does passion move :
- ' Gold monopolizes love.
- ' Curses on her, and on the man,
- ' Who this vile traffic first began :
- ' A curse, all curses else above
- ' On him who us'd it first in love !
- ' Gold begets in brethren hate,
- ' Gold in families debate,
- ' Gold does friendship separate.
- ' These the smallest harms of it,
- ' Gold, alas ! does love beget.

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The lady, who had observed her melancholly lover drop out in an odd manner, took occasion to leave Clody a minute or two afterwards, courting his greyhound on one of the benches. She was just turning the corner

corner from another walk into that where the musing, the despairing Thyrsis was, as he had repeated the last lines, and added with an honest hearty sigh, ' Ah! ' poor Anacreon, thou art too much in the right! ' ' He would be so, replied the lady, if he had said ' gold was necessary to being happy in love : if I had ' not some of it I could not be happy with Thyrsis ; ' nor should dare to accept him for my —.' The last word was too hard to be pronounced : The lady gulped it down, as lady Townly does her oaths, and so ended the morning's adventure.

We could not deny ourselves the pleasure of giving the worthy Thyrsis this public congratulation, and hope to see the news of a treaty of marriage speedily to be concluded, from his own hand, in a day or two.

LXXI. STORY OF PERTINAX, a noted Disputant.

RAMBLER. NUMB. 95.

To the RAMBLER.

S I R,

THERE are many diseases both of the body and mind, which it is far easier to prevent than to cure, and therefore I hope you will think me employed in an office not useless either to learning or virtue, if I describe the symptoms of an intellectual malady, which, though at first it seizes only the passions, will, if not speedily remedied, infect the reason, and, from blasting the blossoms of knowledge, proceed in time to canker the root.

I was born in the house of discord. My parents were of unsuitable ages, contrary tempers, and different religions, and therefore employed the spirit and acuteness which nature had very liberally bestowed upon both, in hourly disputes, and incessant contrivances to detect each other in the wrong; so that from the first exertions of reason I was bred a disputant, trained up in all the arts of domestick sophistry, initiated in a thousand low stratagems, nimble shifts, and sly concealments; versed in all the turn of altercation, and acquainted with the whole discipline of *sending and proving*.

It was necessarily my care to preserve the kindness of both the controvertists, and therefore I had very early formed the habit of suspending my judgment, of hearing arguments with indifference, inclining as occasion required to either side, and of holding myself undetermined between them till I knew for what opinion I might conveniently declare.

Thus, Sir, I acquired very early the skill of disputation, and, as we naturally love the arts in which

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we believe ourselves to excel, I did not let my abilities lie useless, nor suffer my dexterity to be lost for want of practice. I engaged in perpetual wrangles with my school-fellows, and was never to be convinced or repressed by any other arguments than blows, by which my antagonists commonly determined the controversy, as I was, like the Roman orator, much more eminent for eloquence than courage.

At the university I found my predominant ambition completely gratified by the study of logic. I impressed upon my memory a thousand axioms, and ten thousand distinctions, practised every form of syllogism, passed all my days in the schools of disputation, and slept every night with Smiglecius on my pillow.

You will not doubt but such a genius was soon raised to eminence by such application: I was celebrated in my third year for the most artful opponent that the university could boast, and became the terror and the envy of all the candidates for philosophical reputation.

My renown, indeed, was not purchased but at the price of all my time and all my studies. I never spoke but to contradict, nor declaimed but in defence of a position universally acknowledged to be false, and therefore worthy, in my opinion, to be adorned with all the colours of false representation, and strengthened with all the arts of fallacious subtilty.

My father, who had no other wish than to see his son richer than himself, easily concluded that I should distinguish myself among the professors of the law; and therefore, when I had taken my first degree, dispatched me to the Temple with a paternal admonition, that I should never suffer myself to feel shame, for nothing but modesty could retard my fortune.

Vitiated,

Vitiated, ignorant, and heady as I was, I had not yet lost my reverence for virtue, and therefore could not receive such dictates without horror; but however was pleased with his determination of my course of life, because he placed me in the way that leads soonest from the prescribed walks of discipline and education, to the open fields of liberty and choice.

I was now in the place where every one catches the contagion of vanity, and soon began to distinguish myself by sophisms and paradoxes. I declared war against all received opinions and established rules, and levelled my batteries particularly against those universal principles which had stood unshaken in all the vicissitudes of literature, and are considered as the inviolable temples of truth, or the impregnable bulwarks of science.

I applied myself chiefly to those parts of learning which have filled the world with doubt and perplexity, and could readily produce all the arguments relating to matter and motion, time and space, identity and infinity.

I was equally able and equally willing to maintain the system of Newton or Descartes, and favoured occasionally the hypothesis of Ptolemy, or that of Copernicus. I sometimes exalted vegetables to sense, and sometimes degraded animals to mechanism.

Nor was I less inclined to weaken the credit of history, or perplex the doctrines of polity. I was always of the party which I heard the company condemn.

Among the zealots of liberty, I could harangue with great copiousness upon the advantages of absolute monarchy, the secrecy of its counsels, and the expedition of its measures; and often celebrated the blessings produced by the extinction of parties, and preclusion of debates.

Among the assertors of regal authority, I never failed to declaim with republican warmth upon the original charter of universal liberty, the corruption of courts, and the folly of voluntary submission to those whom nature has levelled with ourselves.

I knew the defects of every scheme of government, and the inconveniencies of every law. I sometimes shewed how much the condition of mankind would be improved by breaking the world into petty sovereignties, and sometimes displayed the felicity and peace which universal monarchy would diffuse over the earth.

To every acknowledged fact I found innumerable objections; for it was my rule, to judge of history only by abstracted probability, and therefore I made no scruple of bidding defiance to testimony. I have more than once questioned the existence of Alexander the Great; and having demonstrated the folly of erecting edifices like the pyramids of Egypt, I frequently hinted my suspicion that the world had been long deceived, and that they were to be found only in the narratives of travellers.

It had been happy for me could I have confined my scepticism to historical controversies, and philosophical disquisitions; but having now violated my reason, and accustomed myself to enquire not after proofs, but objections, I had perplexed truth with falsehood till my ideas were confused, my judgment embarrassed, and my intellects distorted. The habit of considering every proposition as alike uncertain, left me no test by which any tenet could be tried; every opinion presented both sides with equal evidence, and my fallacies began to operate upon my own mind in more important enquiries. It was at last the sport of my vanity to weaken the obligations of moral duty, and efface the distinctions of good and evil, till I had deadened the sense of conviction,
and

and abandoned my heart to the fluctuations of uncertainty, without anchor and without compass, without satisfaction of curiosity or peace of conscience; without principles of reason, or motives of action.

Such is the hazard of repressing the first perceptions of truth, of spreading for diversion the snares of sophistry, and engaging reason against its own determinations.

The disproportions of absurdity grow less and less visible, as we are reconciled by degrees to the deformity of a mistress; and falsehood, by long use, is assimilated to the mind, as poison to the body.

I had soon the mortification of seeing my conversation courted only by the ignorant or wicked, by either boys, who were enchanted by novelty, or wretches who having long disobeyed virtue and reason, were now desirous of my assistance to dethrone them.

Thus alarmed, I shuddered at my own corruption, and that pride by which I had been seduced, contributed to reclaim me. I was weary of continual irresolution, and a perpetual equipoise of the mind; and ashamed of being the favourite of those who were scorned and shunned by the rest of mankind.

I therefore retired from all temptations to dispute, prescribed a new regimen to my understanding, and resolved, instead of rejecting all established opinions which I could not prove, to tolerate though not adopt all which I could not confute. I forbore to heat my imagination with needless controversies, to discuss questions confessedly uncertain, and refrained steadily from gratifying my vanity by the support of falsehood.

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By this method I am at length recovered from my argumental delirium, and find myself in the state of one awakened from the confusion and tumult of a feverish dream. I rejoice in the new possession of evidence and reality, and step on from truth to truth with confidence and quiet.

I am, Sir, &c.

PERTINAX.

LXXII.

LXXII. An ALLEGORY ON ONE'S-SELF. WORLD,
NUMB. 198.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

S I R,

I BEG your advice and assistance to enable me to get rid of one of the most impertinent companions that ever existed. I have tried every art and contrivance in my power to free myself from his odious conversation; the creature will press upon my retirement, and force himself upon me in spite of my teeth; though the *tête à tête* is always the most shocking and unmannerly you can possibly conceive. The thing is always meddling in my affairs in a manner quite intolerable; always setting them in such a light, as cannot fail to put me out of humour; and teasing me with reflections that make me weary of my life. I am sure I could more easily bear the spiteful tongues of twenty witty females at the masquerade, than the impertinence of this animal for a quarter of an hour; and with concern I find, that the more pains I take to free myself from him, the more troublesome he grows.

Nor do I complain only for my own sake, but for the sakes of almost the whole circle of my acquaintance, as well female as male, who in general are pestered in a most unreasonable manner by this saucy intruder, whom all are forced to admit, though so few care for his company, and against whose presumption no rank or dignity, no quality or profession, can defend them. He will force himself into the closet, hover about the bed, and penetrate through the thickest darkness into the deepest recess; will travel with us by sea and land, and follow the wretch into banishment. In vain does the statesman hug himself in the success of his unjust schemes, or exult in the gratification of his

ambition or revenge ; unawed by his power, this haughty companion will check his career of transport, by placing before his eyes the instability of his situation, and the consequences of his actions. In vain does the flirt or coxcomb, when alone, endeavour to recollect with pleasure the *badinage* of the day ; the creature will disturb their most delightful reveries, and by the magic of his intervention, convert all the imaginary *agrèments* into vanity, folly, and lost time. You cannot wonder then that so many avoid and fly him, and that the panic spread by him should extend itself far and wide ; nor can you be much amazed when I assure you, that it is no uncommon thing to see men of sense and courage fly from him without reason, and take refuge in those polite resorts, where dissipation, riot and luxury, secure them from his visits, which they only decline because it is unfashionable to converse with him. It is surprising what pains are continually taken, what contrivances have been used to get rid of this universal phantom. Some flatter him, some bully him, and some endeavour to impose upon him ; but he never fails to detect their frauds, and to resent them with severity.

The beaux and fine gentlemen seem to revere and adore him, pouring forth libations of sweet water, and offering him the incense of perfumes ; cloathing him in dresses, elegant and expensive as those of our lady of Loretto, practising every art of heathen or popish idolatry, even torturing themselves for his sake ; but all with no manner of success ; for the brute in return is as unsociable and disagreeable to the pretty creatures, as the most savage squire, or the most formal pedant ; so that spite of their pretences, they are obliged to fly, as a plague, from what they appear most to admire. I cannot here omit a whimsical circumstance in this paradoxical character, that most people are reproached with loving him with the greatest partiality and fondness, and are greatly delighted to hear him praised, yet very few seek to come to the knowledge of him, or cultivate his acquaintance ; nay, the

the greater part try all possible means to avoid encountering him.

Our modern philosophers pretend by their systems to have silenced him, and by that means to have prevented his being troublesome to them or their acquaintance : but how fallacious these pretences are, is plain from their avoiding all opportunities of being alone with him, and the confusion they express whenever by unavoidable necessity they are forced to it. Others, as he is a known enemy to the modern elegant tables, have exerted all the arts of a kitchen against him, lengthening the feast till midnight to keep him off ; but, like the reckoning he appears when the banquet is over, reproaching the bounteous host with his profusion, and the pampered guest with his wanton satiety : nay, so galling are his apprehensions, and so troublesome his intrusion, that there have not been wanting instances, even in high life, of those, who not being able to keep him off otherways, have called into their relief the halter, dagger and pistol, and fairly removed themselves into another world to get rid of him ; though certain queer fellows pretend that they are bit, and that he has followed them even thither.

The fair sex, though generally favourable to the impertinent, are so rudely attacked by this insolent intruder, that to keep him off, they have been obliged to call in to their assistance the relief of routs, balls, assemblies, operas, gardens and cards ; and all little enough for their protection. He might indeed pretend to some share of their favour, as, like themselves, he is a severe censurer of his acquaintance ; but there is this difference in their management, that the ladies are generally fondest of fixing their censure on the innocent, and their adversary is a judge that condemns none but the guilty. The Buck and the Sot seem to be the least affected by his importunity ; as the one, from his natural insensibility, can attend to nothing, and the other is always asleep.

In the city, those of the middling rank converse with him pretty familiarly; and the rich, to whom he might on some occasions prove troublesome, have a charm to keep him off. They place a number of bags, full of pieces of a particular metal, close together; or in their stead, some bits of paper inscribed with certain cabalistical characters, which, with a Midas-like touch, they can transmute into gold. By the help of this charm, though they do not entirely get rid of him, they become quite insensible to every thing he can suggest. But as these materials are not always at hand, or are applied to other uses by the politer part of mankind, this magic is not properly understood or practised at the other end of the town; though it is said that some particular persons there had tried it with a proper effect.

Notwithstanding all have advanced of this impertinent visitor, I cannot help owning that some have attempted to insinuate a better opinion of him. A certain old gentleman, for recommending his acquaintance, got the title of a wise man; a name at present but of small consideration; and I am told that there never were but seven who were allowed that title. There are indeed some few persons of high rank of both sexes, that do vouchsafe to commune with him; but they are such sort of folks, as are hardly fit to converse with any but one another; and very happily, one is seldom pestered with them at places of polite association; scarce a man among them knowing how to make a bett, to drink his third bottle, or that has spirit to aspire at the reputation of a *bonne fortune*. The ladies of this class are also so unfit for the conversation of the world, that not one in ten of them knows how to play a rubber at Whist, or dares to sit down to a party at Bragg.

I have now, sir, laid my complaints before you, and beg your advice how to get clear of my perplexity. My troublesome companion is, no doubt, too well known to you to require the insertion of his name; but

as

as some of your readers (particularly females) may be subject to the frailty of forgetting their most intimate acquaintance, I will inform them, that this ghastly phantom that intrudes so impertinently upon all sorts of people, this creature that we so seldom know what to do with, and wish so heartily to get rid of, is no other than ONE'S SELF.

I am, SIR,

Your's, &c.

TIMOTHY LOTTER.

N 5

LXXIII.

THE

END

OF

THE

ENTERTAINING

MORALIST.

IN

THE

YEAR

1750.

PRINTED

BY

JOHN

LXXIII. HISTORY of JEFFRY HUM.
INSPECTOR, NUMB. 66.

To the INSPECTOR.

Mr. INSPECTOR,

I AM a young fellow of between two and three and twenty, who have passed some years at College with no bad character, and am supposed to have not very much misapplied my time there. Some business of the family brought me up a few days ago to town, and I had flattered my imagination that, according to the reputation I find myself possessed of in the university, I should have been able to make some figure among my acquaintance here; but I find a man of learning, or of knowledge, is not the fashionable character at this time in town; nothing goes down, I see, but a man of wit.

I don't pretend to be without my share of ambition to appear considerable in company; but I had formed such a terrible notion of wit from the writings of the people who have been possessed of most of it, that I fairly despaired of succeeding in any attempt upon it. While the most accomplished authors in the world had declared they did not know how to tell any body what it was, I had no great prospect of falling into a casual acquaintance with it. But, alas! Sir, I now begin to perceive I was quite deceived; the wit of one age and country, I find, is not the wit of another: the wit of Terence is, at this time, read by twenty people, who wonder at the Romans for allowing that he had any, for one who feels it; and, on my conscience, I think the wit of the present period is no better than what was twenty years ago called lying.

I enquired among some smart young fellows of my acquaintance, the very people who had told me, that nothing was regarded at this time but wit, what were the principal resorts of the people who were most famous

mous for it : George's coffee-house was mentioned to me as of the number of the capital ones ; and I made it one of my first business to visit it.

By great good fortune I stumbled upon a man of my acquaintance there, whom I had dined with the day before at an uncle's, with whom I live while in town. This Gentleman, as I am since informed, is one of the greatest wits of the age ; though I really took him, at that time, to be as dull a fellow as I had ever conversed with. He accosted me with great good-nature, ' Mr. Thomson, your humble ! How does the old Prig do ? ' and twenty other detached sentences of a like kind made up his conversation. He asked me if I would sit, and entered into discourse with me about indifferent things : I watched for wit in every sentence that he pronounced ; but whether it was my fault or his I can't tell, I watched every sentence in vain.

We had not sate long before a little party joined us, and, in a few minutes, our number swelled to at least a dozen, by the addition of some stragglers from different corners of the room. I was now all attention : I made no doubt but I had fallen into the very centre of what I was in search of ; but I don't know how it was, I could distinguish nothing but an unintelligible jargon among them, in which the words *hedge*, *bol-low*, *cut*, and some more monosyllables of a like kind, were used in a sense in which I by no means understood them. I heard of *sinking hundreds*, of *taking in for thousands*, and a quantity of other equally unintelligible phrases ; all which I swallowed with great voraciousness, though I did not find myself in a condition to digest any of them.

My great attention to every thing that was said, was remarked, and the meaning of it was misunderstood ; the eyes of all the company were upon me as an inter-
 looper, who was listening to things I had no concern with ; and one of them, after a very significant *O ! ho !* to a companion, broke in upon the conversation, by

saying, "But why the plague could not they take th
man's money without murdering him!"—"Murder
a pack of rascals," replies another, "Such butcher-
ing's worse than murder fifty times. — Why is he not
dead?" exclaims a third with vast earnestness.—"No!"
replied the person, who had occasioned the question,
very sedately, "I left him just now at Cæsar Haw-
kins's, the surgeon's; he was alive then; but in my
opinion, a man would wish to die rather than live in
such a situation."—"His nose is quite off, I think,"
cries another.—"Yes," replies the person, who seem-
ed to have the freshest intelligence, "one of Haw-
kins's young men brought it in, a chairman had picked
it up in the street."

This discourse was continued on all hands, and a
very warm debate was rising as to the possibility or
impossibility of replacing the nose, in which Talico-
tius's way of forming this part of the face was men-
tioned, just as I got up, on hearing from some persons
not concerned in the dispute, the name of Thomson,
and the street my uncle lived in, too punctually re-
peated to give me leave to doubt of its being this wor-
thy relation who had met with the accident.

I flew to the house of the surgeon, and not readily
getting admittance there, to my uncle's, I found him
very well in health, and roasting some oysters for his
supper. I did not stay to tell him the occasion of my
calling in, but hurried back to the place where I had
received my intelligence. I perceived a smother'd
laugh at the table, as I entered the room; and going
up to ask a farther explanation, my very good friend,
who had been the occasion of my falling into the com-
pany, got up, and with a great deal of concern in his
face. "Bless my heart and soul," says he, "Jemmy!
I'll be hanged if you have not been home about this
matter: why, it is not your uncle; 'tis one Thomson
of King's County in the west of Ireland."

He

He was making way, as he spoke this, for my sitting down among the company again; but a gentleman, who had seen me at a friend's, and who accidentally sat at the next table, pulled me by the sleeve, and taking me to the other end of the room, told me, "Young Gentleman! you don't know these people: they are wits: they have humbugg'd you, and they want to laugh at you for it."

"I pardoned them the offence, for the sake of the instruction I had gained by it: I left the room full of satisfaction at the discovery I had made of what wit was; and set about making myself considerable from that instant, by exerting it upon all my acquaintance.

The first hum I played off was upon our cook maid, who being married, and her husband in the West Indies, I told her, he was just come to England, and had sent for her to the Dog and Jew's-harp at Ratcliff cross; this succeeded very happily, and cost us no more than the spoiling our dinner: after this I sent a chairman with a message to an imaginary person two miles off, from a coffee-house I never saw before, and which I took care to leave before he returned: I made an old woman, who was going to church, turn back to a deep puddle, and kept her half the time of the service, groping up to the elbows for a fixpence which I pretended to have dropped there: after this, I directed a country fellow, who was carrying the furniture of some neighbour's apartment upon his back to Pye-corner near Smith-field, into East-Smithfield, by Tower-hill: and the succeeding afternoon, I gave a bad fixpence to a blind beggar, and took five-pence halfpenny out of his hat for change.

Thus far I succeeded to my utmost expectations: but as these were but attempts in low life, to assure myself of my success among the polite, I now grew ambitious of making a figure, as a wit, among people who would be able to do me the proper honour.

A Gentleman dined with my uncle one day, and would not be prevailed with to stay tea, because he had a draught upon a banker in the city, and was afraid he should be behind the hour, and the shop shut before he got thither: "Mess. *** and ***'s shop shut, Sir," replied I, with a stare! "yes, I believe it will indeed: why you don't know, I suppose, that they were declared bankrupts in the Gazette last night!" My uncle was astonished; my aunt exclaimed, "Ay, ay, see what your coaches and fix, and your country houses come to!" I hummed the whole family; and our visitor staid to sup with us, with a concern and uneasiness at the loss of his money that added not a little to my triumph.

A Lady was talking very seriously, the day afterwards, to my aunt, on the subject of her daughter's marrying a young Gentleman of whom she had heard a very favourable character, at a visit she had just been making: you would never have forgot it, Sir, if you had seen how the Lady was thunderstruck, at my telling her I knew the Gentleman perfectly well, and that he had a wife and two children at Cambridge.

I left these old women soon afterwards, to take a walk in the Mall: I joined some young fellows on the strength of knowing one of the party; and, on their saying some very civil things of a young Lady that passed by us, I told them very sagaciously they did not know half her perfections. A young Gentleman who was next me seemed extremely pleased with what I had said, and told me, he was surprized he had not known that I was of her acquaintance. "Why, I think," replied I, looking very grave, "I may claim that honour; for I slept in her arms last night." "Sir," rejoins he, with great earnestness, "why that Lady is my sister!" "I know it very well," replied I, with all the composure in the world, "and I thought you had known the other." Would you imagine it, Sir, the answer to this hum was a blow that knocked me down. I was conveyed home in a chair, and am now under the care of a surgeon for the bruise: during the time I have

have kept my room on this occasion, I have received a challenge from the Gentleman whom I married at Cambridge; and have notice of a law-suit being commenced against me by the bankers, who lay their damages at fifty thousand pounds.

I beg, Sir, if you have any value for brilliancy in conversation, you will print this letter, by way of informing these several people, that all this was only a hum; and get them to desist from their resentments. If a man cannot be witty without being ruined at law, or having his brains knocked out about it, I think it is better to be a fool, as one used to be.

I am, Sir,

Intirely yours,

JEFFRY HUM.

LXXIV. STORY of Mr. CRAMWELL.
CONNOISSEUR, NUMB. 87.

EATING and drinking being absolutely requisite to keep our crazy frames together, we are obliged to attend to the calls of nature, and satisfy the regular cravings of the appetite: though it is, in truth, but a very small part of the world, that eat because they are hungry, or drink because they are dry. The common day-labourer may, indeed, be glad to snatch an hasty meal with his wife and children, that he may have strength to return to his work; and the porter finds it necessary to refresh himself with a full pot of entire butt, while he rests his load upon the bulk at the ale-house door. But those, who have more leisure to study what they shall eat and drink, require something more in their food, than what is barely wholesome or necessary; their palates must be gratified with rich sauces and high-seasoned delicacies; and they frequently have recourse to whetters and provocatives, to anticipate the call of hunger, and to enable their stomachs to bear the load they lay on it. There are a sort of men, whose chief pride is a good taste (as they call it) and a great stomach: and the whole business of their lives is included in their breakfast, dinner and supper. These people, of whatever rank and denomination, whether they regale on turtle, or devour shoulders of mutton and peck-loaves for wagers, whether a duke at White's, or a chairman at the Blue-Posts, are certainly of the number of those, "whom nature, (as Sallust tells us,) has made like the brutes, obedient to their bellies;" and, indeed, partake in some measure of the sentence passed on the Serpent, "to be cursed above all cattle, and to go for ever on their bellies."

There are many vices and follies, which men endeavour to hide from the rest of the world: but this, above all others, they take a pride in proclaiming; and

and seem to run about with the cap and bells, as if they were ambitious to be ranked among the sons of Folly. Indeed, as the politeness of the French language has distinguished every glutton by the title of *Bon Vivant*, and the courtesy of our own has honoured their beastly gluttony by the name of *Good Living*, the epicure thinks to eat and drink himself into your good opinion, and recommend himself to your esteem by an exquisite bill of fare. However this may be, it is remarkable, that as the fox-hunter takes delight in relating the incidents of the chase, and kill the fox again over a bowl of punch at night, so the *Bon Vivant* enjoys giving an account of a delicious dinner, and chews the cud of reflection on his exquisite entertainment.

I have been led into these thoughts by an acquaintance, which I have lately made with a person, whose whole conversation is, literally speaking, *Table-Talk*. His brain seems to be stuffed with an hodge-podge of ideas, consisting of several dishes, which he is perpetually serving up for the entertainment of the company. As it was said of Longinus, that he was a Walking Library, in the same manner I consider this gentleman as a Walking Larder: and as the orations of Demosthenes were said to smell of the lamp, so my friend's whole conversation savours of the kitchen. He even makes use of his stomach as an artificial memory; and recollects every place he has been at, and every person he has seen, by some circumstances relating to the entertainment he met with. If he calls to mind a particular inn, he adds, "for there the cook spoiled a fine turbot:" another house is recollected, "because the parson took all the fat of the haunch of venison:" he remembers a gentleman you mention, "because he had the smallest stomach he ever knew;" or one lady, "because she drank a great deal of wine at supper;" and another, "because she has the best receipt for making her pickled cucumbers look green."

His

His passion for eating also influences all his actions, diversions, and studies. He is fond of hare-hunting, as he says his pursuit is animated by the hopes of seeing puffs smoking on the table; but he wonders how any man can venture his neck in a chace after a fox, which, when it is got, is not worth eating. He has had occasion, on account of the disorders which his ruling passion has brought upon him, to visit the several Wells in the kingdom: but these he considers, not as places where persons go to drink the waters, but where they go to eat; and in this light he gives a character of them all. "Bath, says he, is one of the best markets in the world: at Tunbridge you have fine mutton, and most exquisite wheat-ears: but at Cheltenham, pox take the place, you have nothing but cow beef, red veal, and white bacon." He looks upon every part of England in the same light; and would as soon go to Cheshire for butter, and Suffolk for cheese, as miss eating what each particular town or county is famous for having the most excellent in its kind. He does not grudge to ride twenty miles to dine on a favourite dish: and it was but last week, that he appointed a friend in Buckinghamshire to meet him at Uxbridge, "which (says he in his letter) is the best place we can settle our business at, on account of those excellent rolls we may have for breakfast, and the delicious trout we are sure to have at dinner.

Mr. Cramwell, for that is his name, is so unfortunate as to want a purse adequate to his taste; so that he is obliged to have recourse to several artifices, to gratify his appetite. For this purpose he has with great pains constituted a Club, consisting of persons most likely to promote *Good Living*. This Society is composed of members, who are all of some trade that can furnish it with provisions, except one country squire, who supplies it with game; and they are obliged to send in the best of whatever their trade deals in, at prime cost: by which wise management

ment the Club is supplied with every delicacy the season affords, at the most reasonable rates. Mr. Cramwell, on account of his extraordinary proficiency in the Science of Eating, is honoured with the office of perpetual Caterer: and he has arrived to such a pitch of accuracy in the calculation of what is sufficient, that he seems to gage the stomachs of the Club, as an exciseman does a cask: so that, when all the members are present, they seldom send away three ounces of meat from the table. Upon any vacancy much care and deliberation is used in electing a new member. A candidate's being able to devour a whole turkey with an equal proportion of chine, or eat one haunch of venison with the fat of another as sauce to it, would be no recommendation: on the contrary, there never was more caution used, at the death of a Pope, to elect a successor who appears the most likely to be short-lived, than by this Society of Epicurean hogs to admit nobody of a stomach superior to their own. A Captain of a ship trading to the West-Indies has been admitted an honourary member, having contracted to bring over, as a present to them, a cargo of turtle every voyage; and a few days ago I met Cramwell in prodigious high spirits, when he told me, that he was the happiest man in the world. "Now," says he, we shall have Ortolans as plenty as pigeons; for it was but yesterday, that we balloted into our Society one of the Flanderkin-Bird-Merchants."

This association for the preservation of elegant fare gratifies my friend Cramwell's luxury at a cheap rate: and that he may make as many good meals as possible, he often contrives to introduce himself to the tables of persons of quality. This he effects by sending my lord or her ladyship a present of a Bath Cheese, or a Ruff or Land-Rail from his friends in Lincolnshire or Somersetshire; which seldom fails to procure him an invitation to dinner. He then plays his part as lustily, as if he had kept Lent, or were not
to

to make a dinner again for a fortnight. He never suffers the smallest side dish to escape him : for one is so exceeding good ; another looks so tempting ; another is so great a rarity ; and though he declares he cannot touch a bit more, he will make shift to find room for this or that dainty, because he never tasted it in his life. Wherever he goes, he always takes care to secure to himself the best share of every nicer dish, without the least regard to the rest of the company : he will help himself to a whole bird, though there are but a brace ; and for fear any tid-bit should be snapped up before him, he snatches at it as greedily, as an hungry Frenchman at an ordinary. It once happened, that dining with an Alderman his appetite so far got the better of his good-breeding, that he shaved off all the outside of a plumb-pudding ; and he has ever since been talked of in the city by the name of *Skin-pudding*.

As all his joy and misery constantly arises from his belly, he thinks it is the same with others ; and I heard him ask a perfect stranger to him, who complained that he was sick, “ whether he had over-eat himself.” It is no wonder, that Cramwell should be sometimes troubled with the gout : I called upon him the other morning, and found him with his legs wrapped up in flannel, and a book lying open before him upon the table. On asking him what he was reading, he told me he was *taking physick* ; and on enquiring whose advice he had, “ Oh,” says he, nobody can do me so much good as Mrs. Hannah Glasse. I am here going through a course “ of her *Art of Cookery*, in hopes to get a stomach : “ for indeed, my dear friend, (added he, with tears in “ his eyes) my appetite is quite gone ; and I am sure I “ shall die, if I do not find something in this book, “ which I can eat.”

LXXV. The HISTORY of a GARRET.

RAMBLER, NUMB. 161.

Mr. RAMBLER.

S I R,

YOU have formerly observed that curiosity often terminates in barren knowledge, and that the mind is prompted to study and enquiry rather by the uneasiness of ignorance, than the hope of profit. Nothing can be of less importance to any present interest than the fortune of those who have been long lost in the grave, and from whom nothing now can be hoped or feared. Yet to rouse the zeal of a true antiquary little more is necessary than to mention a name which mankind have conspired to forget; he will make his way to remote scenes of action through obscurity and contradiction, as Tully sought amidst bushes and brambles the tomb of Archimedes.

It is not easy to discover how it concerns him that gathers the produce or receives the rent of an estate, to know through what families the land has passed, who is registered in the conqueror's survey as its possessor, how often it hath been forfeited by treason, or how often sold by prodigality. The power or wealth of the present inhabitants of a country cannot be much encreased by an enquiry after the names of those barbarians, who destroyed one another twenty centuries ago, in contests for the shelter of woods or convenience of pasturage. Yet we see that no man can be at rest in the enjoyment of a new purchase till he has learned the history of his grounds from the antient inhabitants of the parish, and that no nation omits to record the actions of their ancestors, however bloody, savage and rapacious.

The

The same disposition, as different opportunities call it forth, discovers itself in great or little things. I have always thought it unworthy of a wise man to slumber in total inactivity only because he happens to have no employment equal to his ambition or genius; it is therefore my custom to apply my attention to the objects before me, and as I cannot think any place wholly unworthy of notice that affords a habitation to a man of letters, I have collected the history and antiquities of the several garrets in which I have resided.

Quantulacunque estis, vos ego magna voco.

How small to others, but how great to me!

Many of these narratives my industry has been able to extend to a considerable length; but the woman with whom I now lodge has lived only eighteen months in the house, and can give no account of its ancient revolutions; the plaisterer, having, at her entrance, obliterated by his white-wash, all the smoky memorials which former tenants had left upon the cieling, and perhaps drawn the veil of oblivion over politicians, philosophers, and poets.

When I first cheapened my lodgings, the landlady told me, that she hoped I was not an author, for the lodgers on the first floor had stipulated that the upper rooms should not be occupied by a noisy trade. I very readily promised to give no disturbance to her family, and soon dispatched a bargain on the usual terms.

I had not slept many nights in my new apartment before I began to enquire after my predecessors, and found my landlady, whose imagination is filled chiefly with her own affairs, very ready to give me information.

Curiosity, like all other desires, produces pain as well as pleasure. Before she began her narrative, I had heated

heated my head with expectations of adventures and discoveries, of elegance in disguise, and learning in distress; and was somewhat mortified when I heard, that the first tenant was a taylor, of whom nothing was remembered but that he complained of his room for want of light; and, after having lodged in it a month, and paid only a week's rent, pawned a piece of cloth which he was trusted to cut out, and was forced to make a precipitate retreat from this quarter of the town.

The next was a young woman newly arrived from the country, who lived for five weeks with great regularity, and became by frequent treats very much the favourite of the family, but at last received visits so frequently from a cousin in Cheapside, that she brought the reputation of the house into danger, and was therefore dismissed with good advice.

The room then stood empty for a fortnight; my landlady began to think that she had judged hardly, and often wished for such another lodger. At last an elderly man of a grave aspect, read the bill, and bargained for the room, at the very first price that was asked. He lived in close retirement, seldom went till out evening, and then returned early sometimes chearful, and at other times dejected. It was remarkable, that whatever he purchased, he never had small money in his pocket, and though cool and temperate on other occasions, was always vehement and stormy till he received his change. He paid his rent with great exactness, and seldom failed once a week to requite my landlady's civility with a supper. At last, such is the fate of human felicity, the house was alarmed at midnight by the constable, who demanded to search the garrets. My landlady assuring him that he had mistaken the door, conducted him up stairs, where he found the tools of a coiner; but the tenant had crawled along the roof to an empty house, and escaped; much to the joy

joy of my landlady, who declares him a very honest man, and wonders why any body should be hanged for making money when such numbers are in want of it. She however confesses that she shall for the future always question the character of those who take her garret without beating down the price.

The bill was then placed again in the window, and the poor woman was teased for seven weeks by innumerable passengers, who obliged her to climb with them every hour up five stories, and then disliked the prospect, hated the noise of a publick street, thought the stairs narrow, objected to a low cieling, required the walls to be hung with fresher paper, asked questions about the neighbourhood, could not think of living so far from their acquaintance, wished the window had looked to the south rather than the west, told how the door and chimney might have been better disposed, bid her half the price that she asked, or promised to give her earnest the next day, and came no more.

At last, a short meagre man, in a tarnished waistcoat, desired to see the garret, and when he had stipulated for two long shelves and a larger table, hired it at a low rate. When the affair was completed, he looked round him with great satisfaction, and repeated some words which the woman did not understand. In two days he brought a great box of books, took possession of the room, and lived very inoffensively, except that he frequently disturbed the inhabitants of the next floor by unseasonable noises. He was generally in bed at noon, but from evening to midnight he sometimes talked aloud with great vehemence, sometimes stamped as in rage, sometimes threw down his poker, then clattered his chairs, then sat down in deep thought, and again burst out into loud vociferations; sometimes he would sigh as oppressed with misery, and sometimes shake with convulsive laughter. When he encountered any of the family

family he gave way or bowed, but rarely spoke, except that as he went up stairs he often repeated,

— Ὅς υπέρτατα δώματα νῆμι,

This habitant th'aerial regions boast.

hard words, to which his neighbours listened so often, that they learned them without understanding them. What was his employment she did not venture to ask him, but at last heard a printer's boy enquire for the author.

My landlady was very often advised to beware of this strange man, who, though he was quiet for the present, might perhaps become outrageous in the hot months; but as she was punctually paid, she could not find any sufficient reason for dismissing him, till one night he convinced her by setting fire to his curtains, that it was not safe to have an author for her inmate.

She had then for six weeks a succession of tenants who left the house on Saturday, and instead of paying their rent, stormed at their landlady. At last she took in two sisters, one of whom had spent her little fortune in procuring remedies for a lingering disease, and was now supported and attended by the other: she climbed with difficulty to the apartment, where she languished eight weeks, without impatience or lamentation, except for the expence and fatigue which her sister suffered, and then calmly and contentedly expired. The sister followed her to the grave, paid the few debts which they had contracted, wiped away the tears of useless sorrow, and returning to the business of common life, resigned to me the vacant habitation.

Such, Mr. RAMBLER, are the changes which have happened in the narrow space where my present
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fortune has fixed my residence. So true is it that amusement and instruction are always at hand for those who have skill and willingness to find them; and so just is the observation of Juvenal, that a single house will shew whatever is done or suffered in the world.

I am, Sir, &c.



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